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Our Island Story

BROADCASTS GIVEN OVER CFCY CHARLOTTETOWN
IN THE WINTER OF 1948

BY

CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

10TH EDITION 1975

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Women's Resource Centre OISE
WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES CENTRE
ONTARIO INSTITUTE FOR STUDIES IN EDUCATION

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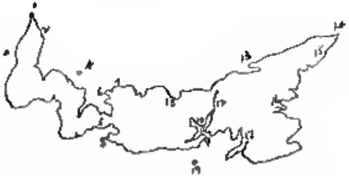

1. North Cape
2. Kildare
3. Miminegash
4. Lennox Island
5. Summerside
6. Malpeque Bay
7. Darnley Basin
8. Bedeque
9. Port La Joie
10. Charlottetown
11. Hillsborough River
12. Scotchfort
13. St. Peters
14. East Point
15. Souris
16. Georgetown
(Brudenelle)
17. Belfast
18. Rustico
19. St. Peters Island

FOREWORD

These broadcasts make no pretence to be even a short history of Prince Edward Island. I was prompted to give them after reading William Coates Barrett's Tales Told Under the Old Town Clock, his series of broadcasts afterwards published, concerning the legends and stories told of the early settlers in Nova Scotia. I thought that the Island had probably very little material to draw upon and I asked the local radio station if they would care to have two or three talks on the subject, however I soon found that it was a question of elimination, rather than searching, and also that any tales I might tell were so interwoven with the history of the Island that it would be necessary to bring in historical facts as a background for my story. The result was that I had thirteen broadcasts instead of two or three. I began to realize also that this was an opportunity to give young people an understanding of the heroic struggle of their ancestors in wresting homes from the wilderness and of the equally difficult task of of winning for themselves and their descendants the freedom of responsible government. These broadcasts brought a request from C.F.C.Y. in Charlottetown to record them for use in their studio. I have since then been urged by so many people, both on the Island and elsewhere, to put them into book form that I have presumed to offer them to the public.

I acknowledge with thanks the permission of Dr. D. C. Harvey, of the executors of the estate of the late Mr. Justice Warburton, of the Dalhousie Review and of Mr. George Hart to quote from their histories and articles. I wish also to thank my friend Miss Laura Young lately retired from the staff of the Redpath Library, McGill University, for her kind help and suggestions, and Mrs Harry Colvin, Summerside, for help in checking up some of the facts

—CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

Summerside
Prince Edward Island
November, 1949

OUR ISLAND STORY

In the March number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine for 1899 an old Prince of Wales student tells of a problem given there, and this was the problem: Prince Edward Island, area 27 174 square miles, coastline, say 600 miles, if the shores crumble away at the rate of 30 inches per annum, what year, what month and day will see the last bit of red sandstone disappear beneath the waves ? The writer says, 'I was too tenderhearted a boy, for that sum made me so sad I never could work it out.' Now, before that dire fate overtakes our beloved Island let us look back, while there is yet time.

It has been said that the Island has no history; this is not true. We have the history of our ancestors. What brought them here ? What hardships and loyalties drove them from their old homes to endure the perils of the deep and to face the fears of the unknown? We have the story of these pioneers in their conquest of the wilderness, sometimes tragic, always heroic. We boast of our oysters — the best in the world; of our foxes — are we not the centre of the fox breeding industry? — of our seed potatoes shipped everywhere, and sometimes we even mention our young men who have gone forth to become professors in universities and leaders in the business, religious and professional world. (It was once said that our chief exports were potatoes and professors — that was before we began exporting foxes!) But we are all too prone to forget the men and women whose steadfastness and courage gave us our heritage. Earlier still in our history we have the records of the Indians found in the soil, in their speech and in their legends and myths that resemble those of other races and set one's imagination racing back hundreds — yes, thousands of years. A study of these might reveal movements of peoples and racial influences that carry us to Mexico, to Asia, to Egypt even, and we find also traces of French, Norse, Irish, Basque and Spanish contacts. We have been laughed at for saying "the Island" but we have a precedent for using this egotistical term. Centuries ago the Indians used it. When they felt poetic, as they often did, they called it 'Epageit' or 'Abegweit' — resting on the waves — and when they thought of it as home, they called it "Minetoo" — the Island.

Who was the first European to set foot on the Island? We do not know. Some believe that Cabot on his first voyage in 1497 in the reign of Henry VII landed here on the Eve of St. John's Day and called it Island of St. John, but the best authorities think that the island on which he landed was off the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, and that Champlain was the first to discover that this was an island in 1604, that he named it and placed it correctly on the map, for Jacques Cartier who undoubtedly came here in 1534 thought it was part of the mainland.

So in these talks on our Island story we can go back for authentic — though slight — information about 400 years — a long time for Canadians whose country has been a united nation for less than 100 years — but a short period of time to Europeans. Ever since Marco Polo and other travellers had brought back wondrous tales from the mysterious East of romantic caravans filled with rare, rich spices, gold, precious stones and

gorgeous silks, the hearts and fancies of adventurous men had been astir, eager to seek their fortunes in India and far Cathay.

Many thousands of years separate the Homo Sapiens who dared to leave the caves of his ancestors for life in the open air and those valiant boys of today who in the words of one of them, "have slipped the sordid bonds of earth and danced the sky on laughter-silvered wings" because men of heroic mould gave their lives that others might "ride secure the cruel sky."

And there are those, less romantic and dramatic who spend their lives in "following knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought." Of such a breed were Jacques Cartier and his 120 intrepid sailors. Just forty-two years after Columbus had — shall we say, re-discovered America? — he set sail across the vast ocean in search of the Northwest Passage to India, in two ships of only 60 tons, a feat I am told no captain to-day would undertake, with no charts and no modern instruments of navigation.

To us of the older generation the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee's lines still brings a thrill.

> In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a shining morn in May
>
> When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away
>
> In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
>
> For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas,

And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear

Over a year passed with no tidings, when one day in autumn two sails were spied on the horizon and amid wild rejoicing the mariners returned. Then

He told them of a region, hard, ironbound and cold,
Nor seas of pearls abounded nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship

But it was not all of wintry blasts that Cartier told them He told (I quote from his diary) of "the fairest land that might possibly be seen" and this was none other than our beloved isle of Abegweit, cradled on the waves Now I am going to quote in part from George Hart's "The Story of Old Abegweit". After describing how Cartier passed Newfoundland and Labrador, passed Bird Island and the Magdalenes where he saw sea-cows, or walruses describing them as "great beasts like large oxen which have two tusks in their heads like elephants' teeth, and swim about in the water", Mr Hart writes "It was a peaceful summer afternoon in old Abegweit. Beyond the red cliffs crowned with red cedar, was no stir of life, save now and then the plaintive cooing of a turtle dove or the cry of a cariboo. As tranquil too were the waters of the bay below, broken only by the swish of paddles as a flotilla of birchbark canoes sped for shore. In a few minutes the Indians would have disappeared around the headland and so missed an unbelievable story to tell over and over again at the council fire. For over the bar and into the bay glided a longboat manned by many oarsmen. And sitting in the bow of the boat was a man whose piercing eyes and dauntless face told that here was a great chief. Half in fear and half in wonder the savages started for the village never stopping till they reached the wigwam fires. There they told of the great white god whose face was like the noontide sun, and of the other gods who paddled the huge canoe. The white oarsmen were the sailors of Jacques Cartier and the chief was the great man himself." And now we are going to read a bit from a translation of Cartier's own diary. "All this land is low and flat, the most delightful that may be seen and full of beautiful trees and plains; the entire coast is studded with sand dunes. It is true we could find no harbour. We went on shore with our boats in several places, and among others we entered into a fine river, but shallow, and because we saw so many Indian canoes crossing it we called it La Riviere des Barques (River of Boats) — [this was probably Malpeque Bay at the Narrows.] We had no other acquaintance with these savages for the wind came on shore and beat us against the coast, and we had to return to our ships. We sailed N.W. till next morning at sunrise when a fog and tempest arose, for which reason we lowered our sails until two hours before noon when the weather cleared and we saw a cape which we called Cap d'Orleans (now Cape Kildare) near Alberton and another which we called Cap des Sauv ages (our North Cape.) On the N. E. side of this cape for about a league there is a dangerous reef of rocks. While near this cape we saw a man running along the shore behind our boats, which were hugging the shore and making signs for us to return and so we began rowing towards him, when he, seeing us approach, fled. Going ashore we put on a stick a woolen scarf and a knife and returned to our ships. This day rounding the land we sailed along the coast some nine or ten leagues, searching out a good port, which it was impossible to find, so low is the land as I have already said and so surrounded with sandbanks. Nevertheless we went ashore four times that day to see the trees which were very beautiful and sweet-smelling, and we found them to be cedars, yews, pines, ashes, birches, elms, willows and many others to us unknown all however without fruit. [Notice that he does not mention maples as maples do not grow in France.] The land on which there is no wood is very good and full of pease, white and red myrtles having the white blossoms on them, strawberries ripe, a wild grain like barley which looks as if it had been sowed and worked, and this land is of the best temperature one could desire and of great warmth. We saw there an infinity of gulls, herons and other birds. In a word there was nothing lacking to the land but good harbours."

Cartier was still looking for a sheltered harbour when he came to the western entrance to Northumberland Strait. Thinking this was a great gulf he turned and sailed away up the coast of New Brunswick. Jacques Cartier landed on our northwest shore July 1st, 1534, a memorable date, when the first white man came to our shores and left a record of what he saw

Exactly 333 years later our great Dominion was born, Dominion Day 1867.

"Can you not picture" writes Mr. Hart, "that tiny ship feeling her way northward through unchartered waters and standing there in the stern, Cartier with his piercing eyes turned from the future for an instant to bid farewell to old Abegweit?"

The 400th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's visit to our shores July 1st, 1934 was celebrated in Charlottetown, when a cairn in his honour was erected on Queen's Square. This cairn bears the following inscription. (The French quotation is from Cartier's diary in the French of the period and side by side with it is a translation made by the Elizabethan geographer Richard Hakluyt).

COMMISSION DES SITES ET DES MONUMENTS
HISTORIQUES DU CANADA

DECOUVERTE DE L'ILE DU PRINCE EDOUARD

POUR COMMEMORER LE QUATRE CENTIEME

ANNIVERSAIRE DE L'ATTERRISSAGE DE JACQUES

CARTIER SUR CETTE ILE LE 30 JUIN ET

1 er JUILLET 1534.

"TOUTE YCELLE TERRE EST BASSE ET ONYE LA

PLUS BELLE QUI SOIT POSSIBLE DE VOIR ET

PLAINE DE BEAUX ABRES ET PRAIRIES."
CARTIER.

HISTORIC SITES AND MONUMENTS BOARD OF

CANADA

DISCOVERY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

COMMEMORATING THE FOUR HUNDREDTH

ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF JACQUES
CARTIER ON THIS ISLAND 30TH JUNE AND
1ST JULY 1534
"ALL THE SAID LAND IS LOW AND PLAINE AND
FAIREST THAT MAY POSSIBLY BE SEEN FULL
OF GOODLY MEDOWES AND TREES"
(HAKLUYT'S TRANSLATION)
ERECTED 1934

A large delegation arrived on the steamer Champlain from France for the unveiling of this cairn. Thus did the people of two races unite in honouring a great French navigator of long ago

II

I am going to begin by quoting again from George Hart's "The Story of Old Abegweit".

"When Carter sailed away a deep silence settled again over forest and meadow. The grey and red fox, the huge timber wolf, the bear, the marten and the beaver roamed undisturbed on land, and the seal and the seacow — the walrus — sunned themselves at the water's edge, unmolested save by the occasional Indian; then the stealthy tread of the stalker, the twang of the bow string, the swish of an arrow, the kill and the wild triumphant whoop; then nature's stillness and peace. Was this the life in old Abegweit before the white man came? We knew it was not so peaceful. Tomahawks and other Indian weapons are sometimes dug up, and in the western part of the province (in fact near Miminegash) remains have been found of old unhappy far off things and battles long ago, and still may be found. The banks of Darnley River were once studded with great shell heaps, kitchen middens, the scrap heaps of Indians who spent a few summers on the spot and then moved on. In these middens' are found not only oyster shells, but also stone axes and arrow tips, pots made of baked clay, and even pipe-bowls carved out of stone or fashioned from lobster claws."

When the bridge was rebuilt across Darnley basin an ancient Indian burial ground was unearthed during the excavations. Here were found skeletons of unusually large size, the skulls of which would easily slip over an ordinary man's head. Ada MacLeod writes and she quotes from a report made by Abraham Gesner on the geology of the Island in 1854. I quote:

"By the encroachment of the sea on the south side a number of Indian skeletons have been exposed and washed from the bank. These skeletons were lying together in different positions, as if the bodies had been thrown into a common pit, the top of which was only one foot beneath the soil. Some of the bones were found to be of great size, and in general they all exceeded in their dimensions those of the race in their present state. The site of this pit on the extremity of a small point of land supports the opinion that the savages had been surprised and cut off, or killed in battle, and as no relics of war like instruments were found at the place except those of the aborigines, it is probable that the event took place before the advent of Europeans. From an old tradition of the affair among the Indians the bay has been called Savage Harbour."

Our Indians are Micmacs; they were a rather war like tribe of the Algonquin race; the word micmac is said by some scholars to mean crafty or stealthy; by others, a good canoemen. They inhabit Nova Scotia and Cape Breton as well as the Island; at one time there were as many as 3,000 Micmacs and now, on the Island, there are only approximately 350. They dwelt in wigwams and lived mainly by hunting and fishing. They had the same love of the hunt as had their brothers of the western plains, and so the elk and the moose on the Island disappeared as did the bison of the prairies.

The late Dr. J. S. Clark, who was an earnest student of Indian life and customs, compiled a Micmac-English dictionary. Miss Holland of Summerside has in her possession what is called "A First Reading Book in the Micmac Language" *which contains a translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew The whole of the New Testament, with several books of the Old Testament was translated, largely by the Rev Mr Rand, who was a devoted missionary to the Indians towards the end of the last century Chief Sark on Lennox Island owns a medal sent to an ancestor by Louis XV when a treaty was made between the French and the Micmacs If only we had a museum of our own !

Dr Clark in the 'P. E. Island Magazine' tells of his wandering in the woods on a bright moolight night when here I quote his own story. "Suddenly as I walked my attention became rivetted upon an object which seemed to stand out like the head of an animal behind a grassy hillock Not only did I see a well formed forehead and a tapering front, but through the intervening grass blades I discerned wrinkles that had all the appearance of animation in the uncertain light and I was irresistibly drawn on until, though I knew no animal was there, I crept close and placed my hand on the moist cool forehead My warm hand was chilled by the touch, it rested on a common looking dun-colored stone, moist with the gathering dew I took it up at once with mingled feelings and examined it closely, to see what could have made it so attractive to me. I saw in a moment that it was no common stone, and from my knowledge of the early Micmacs, I was at once assured that before me lay an ancient war club of uncommon size and weight — he must have been a giant warrior who wielded a club of such weight at the end of an arm-length shaft All the enthusiasm of a discoverer thrill-

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* This book is now in the possession of Mr. Arthur Holland St. Eleanors.

ed within me as I held up the mighty warclub of some forgotten chief — some warrior of the by-gone days who had charged his club with a magic that it would retain down to the end of time. Now I understood the charm which drew me on. I had long known that the warclubs, bows and spears of the Micmacs have always been regarded as animals, living things, and is it any wonder then that the warrior was accompanied by his "animate" utensils when his spirit took its flight to the realms of the blessed. But this charmed stone had lain idle for centuries until it was grey from exposure, as worthless as before it had been chipped out of shapeless flint by prehistoric men perhaps soon after the first hunters came who called the land Megamegee, the home of the true men, before Lief the Norse, the sea-rover, wandered along these shores a thousand years before Jacques Cartier came. There was a deep gash on the point and an unmistakable crack on the poll, which must have been received from a similar weapon at a moment of mortal combat. But the most marked characteristic of the ancient weapon was that mystic charm of animate presence, which no physical creature could reveal or explain."

If you would know what this magic warclub whispered to Dr. Clark as he carried it home you must get the P. E. Island Magazine for July, 1902, where he says he "endeavors to translate into lame English the wild sibylline chanting which it poured into his responsive ear in the soft accents of the Micmac tongue." Unfortunately, when Mr. Clark was away from home visiting Indian tribes in Manitoba, his house was completely destroyed by fire and this warclub and other relics of the past, as well as some valuable MSS., were lost.

The Indians intoned their tales much as our ballads were sung. They were chanted in a weird monotonous voice often accompanied by the tom-tom, or drum. A story was begun with this interesting and rather charming couplet:

"May you be happy, the old people are encamped.

There was once long ago a large old Micmac village."

Here it is in Micmac:

"Weegigijit, Keesozook wigwamk, (that word sounds familiar, doesn't it ?)

Meskeek oodun ulnoo Kessak."

A few of the Micmac wise men had a sort of written language, we are told; instead of letters they used characters, or pictures, representing objects and ideas as in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt from which our modern alphabet is said to be derived, the written expression of an idea passing gradually into the written expression of a sound. The Indian folklore and myths were held to be sacred. The more significant legends were repeated by an ancient Sakumow, or chief, to his followers just before he passed on to the regions of the far west, where Glooscap, the incarnation of the great omniscient spirit, Manitou, went to dwell in the Happy Hunting Ground of the faithful and the brave. Manitou was also the personal guardian of the Micmac to whom he looked for counsel and protection. The Micmacs believed in immortality; some believed that the departed spirits pursued their journey through the sky along the milky way, while the spirits of animals went by the route of certain constellations, known as "the way of the dogs' (We also have our dog star Sirius !).

In the time of Glooscap, their great Lord and Creator, the Micmacs were a mighty people, great in size and strong in battle. They were called the Children of Light, because they dwelt nearest the sunrise of all the American Indians. Glooscap came to his people across the eastern sea in a great stone canoe, when he landed he anchored his canoe and it turned into an island covered with trees, but he could change it back into a canoe again whenever he needed it. Glooscap created man by shooting off pieces of bark from trees, but before he created man he had to kill his twin brother, the Spirit of Evil (not a bad idea, was it?) he turned him into a mountain and he can be seen today — Cape Blomidon — looking with a scowling face out over the Bay of Fundy. Glooscap then created birds and fishes and animals, they were very large at first and could speak Micmac, some became dangerous to man. If you care to know what he did to Squirrel and Bear and Frog, so that many should have power over them, you will find the whole story in Dr. Cyrus MacMillan's 'Canadian Wonder Tales'. He made two wolves his watch dogs and they guarded his tent and followed him about.

The loons were his messengers. Many strange tales are told about Glooscap, he taught his people how to build wigwams and canoes, what plants were good to eat, and the names of the stars.

After a very long life on earth Glooscap became old and feeble, his people no longer obeyed him. One autumn evening, when he was feeling melancholy with a sense of coming doom, his loon messengers came flying to him making weird cries and Glooscap knew the news was bad. They told him that from across the sea strange pale-faced men were coming in boats much larger than the Indian canoes, men smaller than the Micmac but more powerful with deadly weapons, men who would take away their lands and kill all who resisted them. Glooscap knew that his reign was over, that alone he must sail away to the westward, even his faithful dogs must be left behind, but these he turned into two rocks and placed on either side of Blomidon that the evil spirit might not escape. Glooscap sits in his long tent in the Happy Hunting Ground making arrows for his last great battle. When his tent is full of arrows he will return to overcome the white man and bring back the Golden Age of happiness to the Micmac. Why is it that man is ever prone to look back to a Golden Age rather than forward to the new day dawning ?

One can hardly blame the Indian if he looks backward, his new day has been long coming. We brought him Christianity, yes, but we brought him also our diseases and our fire water, we segregated him, deprived him of his natural livelihood, we reduced him to the status of a child, a ward of the state with no rights, no responsibility as a citizen — except that he might fight for his ungracious country. What wonder if the Indian became lazy, irresponsible, dependent ? Pauline Johnson, in her poem The Cattle Thief, expresses in caustic words the resentment of the Indian for what the White Man had done to her race.

'What have you left to us of land, what have you left of game ?

What have you brought but evil and curses since you came ?

How have you paid us for our game, how paid us for our land ?

By a book to save our souls from the sins you brought

in the other hand "

and again

"Give back our land and our country, give back our herds of game,

Give back the furs and the forest that were ours before you came;

Give back the peace and plenty. Then come with your new belief

And blame, if you dare, the hunger that drove him to be a thief."

The dawn of the new day is at last breaking for the Indians of Prince Edward Island. Mr. Justice Arsenault, who has been for six years a trustee for the Indians here and has made an exhaustive study of the Micmac question in the Maritimes, has at last succeeded in awakening the conscience of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa (if departments may be said to have a conscience!) — and a commission came down from Ottawa to look into Indian affairs. There is an interesting story in this connection.

Dame Louisa Augusta Wood made a will dated at Bath, England, May 5th, 1870, in which she gave 2,573 acres of land in Prince Edward Island to be sold and the proceeds held in trust, one half to be used for the benefit of the Indians of that Island. Now how did Dame Wood happen to own this land and why was she interested in our Micmacs? Her father, Col. Fanning, was Governor of the Island from 1786 to 1805. He acquired large tracts of land which he left to his two daughters. The will of Dame Wood was lost and was found only after forty years in the attic of the law Courts in Charlottetown.

When the matter of the trustee fund had been looked into and the trust declared valid the sum of $8,500 was ordered to be paid to the trustees of Indian Affairs to be used for their benefit.

Mr. Justice Arsenault suggested to the Commission that the Indians on the smaller reservations at Rocky Point, Scotchfort and Morell be urged to go to Lennox Island, that a new school be built where Manual Training and Household Science may be taught, that Girl Guides and Boy Scouts be organized, that new houses, a convent, a small hospital and a residence for the Indian Agent be built, and a resident priest be appointed and that the young men be taught Agriculture and encouraged to develop the land which is said to be fertile. There have been disappointing delays due to a shortage of labour and material but the work has been started. A number of Indian families have already moved to the island and about fifteen houses have been built (Spring of 1948). Already, I am told, there has been an awakening of interest among the Indians themselves and one may be assured that at last they are on the way to becoming independent and self-respecting members of society.

Since the above was given over the radio some

criticism has been offered in the Press by Dr John F MacNeill regarding the segregation of the Indians on Lennox Island, which, he declares, is almost inaccessible in late autumn, winter and early spring He says that the agricultural value of the island is very limited, due to the fact that a large proportion of the land consists of swamps and peat bogs and cannot produce a sufficient quantity of food even for the small population of Indians already there, and therefore he says the island is 'unfit for human habitation'

However the plans of Judge Arsenault are being carried out by the Federal Department of Indian Affairs and on September 13th, 1948 Lieutenant Governor J A. Bernard officially opened a combined convent and school which is said to be up-to-date in every way providing equipment for Manual Training and Domestic Science and hospital care for the sick In addition residences for the Indian Agent and the newly appointed resident pastor, Rev Father McInnis, a power house, a community store and about 20 new houses for the Indians have been built Efforts are also being made to improve the farming facilities on the island The undertaking will be watched with keen interest and we cannot but wish it success

III

You may not be as interested as I have become in the origin of the North American Indians. In tracing this we are taken back through the centuries and all around the globe. J. E. Rendle, in the "P. E. Island Magazine," calls the Indians "The First Families of Canada" and he states that the origin of the Red Man has attracted the attention of the most eminent ethnologists in the Old and the New World. "The study is full of interest and prolific in its suggestions", he says.

We know that the Indians came from the highlands of Asia. Whether they crossed Bering Straits or whether they came before America and Asia were separated is uncertain; however the first trace we have of the Red Man is in Mexico, and it is possible that they crossed the Pacific before great changes in the floor of the ocean took place. In Mexico and following up the basin of the Mississippi are thousands of earthmounds and — I quote Mr. Rendle — "There is no longer any doubt that the mysterious mound-builders were the ancestors of the Red Man. Every relic of their supposed civilization corresponds with something that can be clearly traced to ordinary Indian bands, the mode of burial, the wampum found in graves, and their domestic customs are similar in all respects, and tribal traditions have survived attributing these great earthworks to the Red Man's ancestors. By relics picked up here and there the wanderings of the mound builders can be clearly traced from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes. Here they became separated into different groups, who chose for themselves different portions of the New World." The Algonquins to whom the Micmac race belongs, turned east and spread along the Atlantic Seaboard, the Micmacs, as you know, finally settling in what is now Nova Scotia and P. E. Island. I should not really say settled, as being hunters they were wanderers or nomads.

When we know whence the North American Indians came one might think we should be able to trace their language connections. There are numerous languages and dialects among the Indian tribes, but here is something curious; of all the fishermen, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Basque who came in the summers to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence before any Europeans settled in this part of the world, it is said the Basques alone could converse with the Micmacs; there seems to have been an undoubted resemblance between the two languages. You will remember that the Basques form a small island of people in the Pyrenees, surrounded by French and Spanish; they are quite distinct from their neighbours both in language and customs. Most of you will also remember that during the Spanish Civil War, German and Italian airmen practised for the Second World War by dropping bombs on Basque villages and on the escaping inhabitants on the roadways.

If we try to trace the origin of this isolated people and how and where they came in contact with the Indians we get into a maze of controversy in which Paleolithic and Neolithic men appear; the Stone Ages are a bit remote from our island story, but if any of you wish to follow up this fascinating research you will find all the material in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

As for the Micmac legends and folklore, they show

that these Indians had a true sense of the beautiful, a rugged strength and a keen imagination. You may see this for yourself if you read Dr. MacMillan's "Canadian Wonder Tales" which I have mentioned before. I can only refer to a few of the legends, chiefly for the purpose of showing their similarity to the legends of other races. There is the story of the young brave who went wooing the Chief's daughter in another tribe; before he could win his bride her father set the youth prodigious tasks to perform. How familiar we are with this paternal solicitude as to the courage and endurance of his prospective son in law! One of the tests was to kill a dragon that had been attacking the people of his village; immediately we are reminded of Jason and the golden fleece, of Hercules and his labours. Shakespeare sublimated this idea in the casket scene in The Merchant of Venice when he makes the test one of judgement of true values, gold, silver or lead. Do you remember in Midsummer Night's Dream Puck saying "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"? An Indian youth was so fleet of foot that one leg had to be tied up to his body to prevent his running too fast; on special occasion his foot was loosened, then carrying a cup of water he could run around the world. Notice, around the world; where did he get the idea that the world is round?

And now I should like to tell you a story the theme of which is to be found in the folklore of almost every race — the sacrifice of the most loved person for the good or the salvation of the group. This story is about La Grande Source, a spring near Morell in Kings County, P. E. I. It was once a deep awe-inspiring spring, hemmed in by ancient moss-covered trees that seemed to stand guard "like Druids of old", it overflowed into a stream the Micmacs called Minnewauken which in its turn flowed into the Hillsborough River, and it is very difficult to find to-day as it is a mere trickle There was once a tavern near it, kept by a woman known as La Veuve Gentille which was a stopping place for travellers between Port La Joie and St. Peters. La Grande Source and the Minnewauken were believed by the Indians to be the abode of evil spirits A long long time ago a chief built his wigwam near this dreaded spot he had a son and a daughter called the fair Mineota. He warned his son never to cross the stream when returning from hunting lest the monsters dwelling there should attack him For some time the son obeyed his father but, as always happens one evening he was returning home tired and hungry and he forgot his father's warning He started to cross the water in his canoe. As he approached the middle of the stream he heard strange noises coming from the spring the waters began to rise and grow turbulent, he paddled with all his might, but his canoe overturned and, as his father rushed to the rescue, he saw his son drawn beneath the waves by a great monster

The old chief vowed vengeance on the spirits of La Grande Source He hid at night in a hollow tree awaiting there the dawn when the monsters rose from the depths to seek repose on the mossy bank. He took careful aim, shot his arrow and inflicted a serious wound on one of the water deities. Furious with rage they sprang back into the spring and lashed the water until it rose high and, plunging in torrents, it overflowed the banks of the stream carrying everything before it and washing away the chief's wigwam He and Mineota took refuge on a nearby hill, where the god Glooscap appearing announced that the anger of the spirits could only be appeased by the sacrifice of his daughter. The father begged that he might be accepted in her stead but all in vain. The floods rose higher and in despair he told his daughter of the sacrifice demanded. Mineota slipped down into the raging waters and immediately they began to subside. This strange idea of the sacrifice of the innocent and best-loved comes into the folklore of many races. The Greek goddess would only be appeased and send favouring winds to the army waiting to sail to the seige of Troy by the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter Iphigenia. Andromeda was bound to a rock to be devoured by the monster when Perseus appeared just in time. St. George saved a maiden who was to be sacrificed to the dragon, and Abraham was prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac when a ram was sent to take his place. Poor Mineota, there was no one to save her. However there was a compensation. Glooscap appeared again and promised that the spirit of Mineota should return and abide in a stone, conical in shape, which would remain in the bottom of La Grande Source. Here it might be sought to bring healing to a Micmac when all else failed. And this brings us to the story of La Belle Marie in the French Regime.

Marie's mother was a Basque who had settled in Alabama, having married an English bucaneer known as Captain Granville. When their daughter, Marie, was about fifteen years of age the captain sailed away and never returned. Mme. Granville, feeling lonely and knowing that some of her people were living in Acadia took a ship that was sailing north and she and her daughter, whom the French called La Belle Marie, were welcomed everywhere because of Marie's lightness of heart, her fairy-like dancing and her gay songs. She learnt from the Indians the use of the bow, she often joined in their dances and soon became a great favorite of the chief and his son. But Mme. Granville was a woman of commanding, almost masculine appearance, having helped her husband in many a dangerous exploit. The two women wandered about, had no definite abode and spent much time in the vicinity of La Grande Source. It was told that once a belated traveller passing this spring about midnight saw the elderly woman slowly rising from the spring and when she set foot upon the bank, a hand appeared above the surface of the water and passed her a bag, the contents of which jingled like coins as she placed it on the ground. She foretold the weather, sold favouring winds to the sailors and fishermen, and used herbs to cure the sick. Her husband was known to have been a Protestant and she and her daughter rarely attended Mass.

Gradually the Basques and Bretons, on the advice of the priest, avoided the two women and they became more and more intimate with the Micmacs. At an autumn feast of the tribe the chief announced that his son, Kaktookassee would marry the beautiful pale-faced maiden. Many of the braves protested vigorously saying Kaktookassee, in whose veins ran the noblest blood of the Micmacs, must marry a maiden of his own race. The winter went by and in the spring Mme. Granville with her daughter set out by canoe down the North-east River (the Hillsborough) for Port La Joie where she planned to sail for her old home on the Gulf of Mexico, to seek the treasure hidden there as a

dowry befitting the bride of an Indian Chief. That afternoon an empty canoe was seen drifting out to sea. A search party headed by Kaktookassee found the two women; the mother had been scalped and was dead, the girl showed some sign of life and was carried to the nearest wigwam. When all the skill of the medicine man failed to restore her Kaktookassee thought of the Mineota stone and hastened to La Grande Source; he plunged into the depths of the awesome spring and shortly reappeared with the sacred relic. Reverently he bore the stone to the wigwam where Marie lay, her hand was placed upon it, and in a moment her eyelids were seen to quiver, the colour flowed back into her cheeks and she sank into a natural sleep from which she awoke in the morning refreshed, and they were assured of her recovery. But when the Mineota stone was lifted it crumbled to dust and, since the sacred relic had been touched by an alien hand, it lost forever its power of healing.

The marriage was now hastened. A bower in front of the chief's wigwam was built and Indian maidens decorated it with fragrant flowers and branches, and there on a beautiful July day the wedding was celebrated according to the ancient rites of the Micmacs. The ceremony was brief and the happy pair passed through the crowd of Indians out into the sunlight. A figure was seen at the edge of the wood with bow and arrow raised. La Belle Marie gave a wild cry and flung herself in front of Kaktookassee. The death bringing arrow meant for him, pierced his bride and she fell dead at his feet.

IV

In studying the settlement of the French on Ile St. Jean my chief sources of information are History of Prince Edward Island by A. B. Warburton and The French Regime in Prince Edward Island by Dr. D. C. Harvey. The latter says in speaking of the French who first came to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence: "There was a romance about the fishery that appealed very strongly to the adventurers of the Seventeenth Century France, one of whom, Nicholas Denys, has preserved for all time in his 'Description and Natural History of Acadie.'" Professor Ganong, in an introduction to the English translation of this book, says in part: "The narrative gives us an understanding of that fascination in the fishermen's life which led into it so many strong men regardless of its dangers and its labours.

There was adventure a'plenty, the joy of rugged health, the lure of the unknown just beyond, the charm of outdoor life beside a fair harbour during the beautiful Acadian summer, the gratification of taking wild things at will without any to hinder, the triumph of overcoming physical difficulties, the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of hard labour growing in visible piles before the eyes, the delight of embarking such goodly spoils to return full sail to far away homes and families."

Dr. Harvey says that during the Sixteenth Century, after Cartier's brief visit to the Gulf, French fishermen and fur traders were finding vast quantities of fish and fur bearing animals in and about Newfoundland and the Strait of Belle Isle and quotes Nicholas Denys as saying that there were places where

fifteen, twenty and thirty thousand fish were taken every day for six weeks or two months. What wonder then that they ignored the islands in the Gulf, especially 'where winter lingers in the lap of spring.' We living on the Island can understand well how uninviting our shores would seem to fishermen sailing from sunny France in early spring, and our sand-dunes would present serious barriers to them.

By the way I found an article on the sand-dunes in a copy of the 'Prince Edward Island Magazine" of almost half a century ago from which I must quote as I am sure the exuberant extravagance of language fashionable at that time will impress and amuse you. You will learn the story of the physical formation of the Island, if you can pick out the facts from the superabundance of words. "Time once was when where now fair Prince Edward Island lies anchored on the wave, seas primeval urged their thousand billows on in never-ceasing warfare against the rocky boundaries of the ancient gulf, and drove their giant forces in thundering onslaught to dash themselves in mighty impotence against the unyielding fortress of impregnable rocks." And again, 'an angry sky above, rent and torn by lightning shafts, a seething sea beneath coursed by mountainous billows surging landwards in ever increasing strength and impetus. High leaped the maddened billows crowned with foaming crest, far streamed their banners wrought of angry spume, fearful the impact of those battering rams of ocean, dread the din and roar vibrating through the caverns of the trembling cliffs, while cannonades of thunder roared, reverberated, died away.' It is difficult to decide what to omit in this crescendo of sound and fury signifying — not nothing — but the building up of our Island from fragments ground by the ocean into grains of sand over which flowed streams bearing iron carbonates. "Then," the writer continues, "the mighty ocean heaped this spoil of conquest on the shallows of the southern boundary of the gulf, and this Island lifted up its sandstone red against the deep blue of the mighty river flowing where now the waters of Northumberland Strait revel in sportive mood or turbulent." Our little Island home cradled on the wave does not suggest an origin so chaotic, does it ?

But let us return to the fisherman of the Seventeenth Century. They had fished out the water about Newfoundland and had to look elsewhere. Also there were those captains of the industry who wished to establish sedentary fisheries — that is landing places where they could dry and store their fish. And so they came to Isle St. Jean and the Magdalenes. These Basques, Bretons and Normans did not settle or explore at first; they built shacks for the summer, dried some of their fish and tried out oil from cod, whales, seals and sea cows. They took seals for their skins as well and the sea cows for their tusks of ivory and their hides. Such necessities did not involve a knowledge of either the rivers or the harbours, as a landing could easily be effected in many little coves, bays or beaches all around the coast, where their temporary establishments would leave few indications of their restless activities. There is a description of the wholesale slaughter of seacows, which belongs to a later period but which I think I shall give you now while we are speaking of these creatures that have become almost mythical to us, who know them only as having given their name to Sea cow Head and Sea cow Pond.

The sea-cows used to come up on land in hundreds around our North Cape. The fishermen or hunters or — shall we say butchers ? — would get between them and the sea when the wind was blowing off shore, then they would prod the nearest ones with sticks; these in turn would prod those in front of them with their tusks until they were stampeded into the nearby woods, where as many as 300 would be slaughtered with sharp-pointed wooden spears. And this is why, when we seek a quiet cove on the north side for a bathe we don't find a family of sea-cows there ahead of us.

Dr. Harvey says that in the next hundred years several attempts were made by companies and individuals to gain riches by getting the sole right to engage in the fur trade and fisheries of Ile St. Jean. In 1654 the Company of New France granted the whole of Acadia to Nicholas Denys, in return for money payment and on condition that he settle in his domain, "within a period of six years eighty families, a sufficient number of good and virtuous ecclesiastics for holding divine service, aiding the said families and labouring for the conversion of the Indians." The name Acadia is used at this time for all the land bordering the northern Atlantic coasts, later it applies roughly to what is now Nova Scotia. Denys had been in Acadia for about twenty years and had written "A Description and Natural History of Acadia," to which I have already referred. Denys came to Ile St. Jean and lived there quietly with his wife and children, trading with the Indians, fishing, lumbering, building vessels, and farming enough for the needs of the little settlement, but he failed to fulfil the conditions of his grant and so part of his domain was given to Sieur Doublet an apothecary of Harfleur who sold his shop and bought a ship and sailed for the New World with a charter in his pocket which gave him the monopoly of the fisheries about Ile St Jean and the Magdalenes But Doublet knew little of fishing and less of colonizing and his enterprise was less successful than that of Denys Others also failed and Dr Harvey tells us that during the Seventeenth Century the Island had no history After the failure of Doublet there was no permanent settlement here and it was not until half a century passed that the French realized the value and importance of Ile St. Jean

Dr Harvey says that the closing years of the Seventeenth Century and the first decade of the Eighteenth were a period of almost uninterrupted war between France and England and it proved to be a sad time for the French colonies and fisheries The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 gave England permanent possession of Acadia with undefined limits Ile Royale (that is Cape Breton Island) and the Islands of the Gulf (including Ile St. Jean) alone remaining to the French These islands accordingly became very important outposts for the defence of Canada — the name Canada being confined at that time to what is now the Province of Quebec King Louis XIV was very old his country was impoverished and depleted by years of losing a war with the English and now a desperate effort was made to fortify Ile Royale and to develop it by making lavish promises to the Acadians to induce them to leave their homes and settle there By the terms of the Treaty those who did not wish to take the oath of allegiance to England were allowed to leave Acadia within a limited time. The hearts of the unhappy Acadians bade them remain in the homes they had wrested from the wilderness and in the land where their fathers lay buried but the missionaries and the officials did their utmost to lure them away. Few, if any, went as far as Ile Royale and many who came to Ile St. Jean soon returned to Acadia, as they feared the English might attack the Island which was totally undefended. Mr. Hart tells us in "The Story of Old Abegweit" that in the year 1716 "not one Acadian was left on the Island and for the next three years the Micmacs held again undisputed sway."

However in the year 1719 the Compte de St. Pierre, an aristocrat at the court of the young Louis XV, offered to bring out settlers and the French Government ordered Ile Royale to do all in its power to attract Acadians family by family, to Ile St. Jean. The Island was granted free to St. Pierre and his heirs forever on condition that he bring out one hundred colonists the first year and fifty every succeeding year until the Island was well populated. A company was formed to finance the scheme and early the next year three ships set sail with the colonists and their supplies. St. Pierre was ambitious; a site was to be found for a capital of the colony and a suitable harbour for ships of heavy burden. They sailed along the Strait and came to a harbour that has been compared to that of Naples for its beauty — Charlottetown Harbour. A site to the left of the entrance was chosen for the Capital and the first official buildings were raised on the Island. As the city of Charlottetown was built a short distance away on the same harbour we can say that our Capital predates by twenty nine years the founding of Halifax.

Remains of Port La Joie on the farm owned by Mr. J. O. Hyndman.

Carpenters and workmen were brought to the Island and equipment of every kind was bought at Louisbourg in Ile Royale. There were many oak and pine trees then and during the first winter three ships were built, one for taking fish back to Europe, another for the fisheries at the Magdalenes, which had come under the control of St. Pierre's Company, and the third was actually for trade with the West Indies. A survey of the coast was made and St. Pierre (St. Peters), East Point, Savage Harbour, Tracadie, Rustico, Malpeque and Cascumpeque were all reported as good harbours for fishermen to use. Among the animals found on the Island at that time were foxes of all colours, deer, and wolves of great size. A number of English birds are mentioned, such as the skylark and the nightingale, but Mr. Blythe Hurst (Agricola of the Charlottetown Guardian) says this is undoubtedly a case of mistaken identity, as no English birds are native to America. In spite of the extravagant expenditures of St. Pierre's Company they met with keen competition from Ile Royale, disputes arose which were carried to the Minister at Paris for settlement, the English were casting longing eyes on the Island and its fisheries, and finally the Company became completely bankrupt. Dr. Harvey tells us that Compte de St. Pierre was a sycophant dependent on court favour and was not the type of man to make sacrifices for a far-off colony without prospect of immediate gain. The village of St. Peters on the north side of the Island and St. Peters Island in Hillsborough Bay are the only memorials on the Island to this nobleman who had planned to secure for his own private use 1,000 arpents of land on which to build a chateau where he might live as in Feudal days. What a Mecca for sightseers that castle would have been!

Very different is the story of Jean Pierre Roma, though his efforts at colonization ended also in disaster. He was said to have done more in one year for the colony than St. Pierre and his Company did in five. In 1730 the latter's grant had been cancelled and Ile St. Jean was again united to the royal domain. This brought peace to the minds of the colonists and revived to some extent the interest of the Frenchmen and Acadians in the colony. The next year a grant, much less extensive than St. Pierre's, was made to Roma in the eastern part of the Island, comprising the land drained by the three rivers now known as the Brudenell, Montague and Cardigan. Mr. Hart asks us to imagine ourselves standing on the cliff at the tip of Brudenell Point where now a memorial tablet stands in memory of de Roma, there at our back is a long man-made hollow and at the foot of the cliff lie great grey stones that seem to be remnants of an old pier, and in our imagination we may see old scenes from the most pathetic story in our Island history. There Roma must have stood, enraptured with the loveliness of his little kingdom. Where we look down on sleepy Georgetown, he saw fishing shacks, cleared fields and boundless woodlands. And then Roma would turn to inspect the buildings of his model farm; here under his feet were the great cellar his men had built, his home, the storehouse, the bakery and the ice-house. Nearby were the dwellings of the fishermen, labourers, seamen and tradesmen. The forge and the stables also were there. He would have thought of the roads he had built to Souris, Cardigan, St. Pierre and even Port La Joie with the help of the garrison there. They were only five, six or seven feet wide and great trees often lay across them but otherwise his only means of communication was by sea along the coast. Roma, as he stood there must have felt

'How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

And then on one of those rare days in June in the year 1745 a ship was sighted. It anchored off the point and armed men came ashore. They were Englishmen from New England; the inhabitants could offer no resistance; every building was ransacked and everything of value was carried off, even to the cattle and sheep. Then they returned and set fire to the place. Roma and his companions had taken refuge in the woods and when the marauders had left they looked down on the smouldering ruins of what had a few hours before been a flourishing hamlet. For thirteen years Roma had built and dreamed. Heartbroken he reached St. Peters and took ship for Quebec.

V

Last week's talk finished with the ruthless destruction of Roma's colony at Brudenell Point. After making a wilderness there the privateer sailed along the Strait and committed similar ravages at Port La Joie where there was a tiny garrison incapable of protecting the scattered log cabins of one hundred and thirteen settlers. There were other settlements along the north and south shores. After the fall of Acadia to the English the French Government had begun to realize the importance of Ile St. Jean, not only strategically but also economically, as a source of supply of grain and cattle for the inhabitants and garrison at Louisburg in Ile Royale. They sent out settlers from France and urged Acadians who were unwilling to take the oath of allegiance to England to cross again to the Island. To encourage them in 1724 the Minister of Marine and Colonies had ordered the Governor of Ile Royale to send an officer and garrison of twenty or thirty men to Port la Joie and "thus deprive the English of their badly founded notion that they could establish a footing there." Port la Joie is often called Fort la Joye, but the remains of the earthworks seen on the site to-day do not justify the name 'fort' as the elaborate plans drawn up later by Franquet for the defense of the Island here and at St. Peters and Brudenell Point were never carried out.

The officer of the little garrison was accompanied by Father Felix who had already been a missionary to the Acadians for twenty-five years. It is interesting in the light of later developments to note that he had written to the Minister in Paris paying a tribute to the

humanity of the English in their treatment of the Acadians, but added a pledge that he would ever keep alive among the people their fidelity to the King of France. This policy of creating a divided loyalty among the Acadians living under English rule contributed to their ruin for the patience of the English was finally exhausted resulting in the cruel expulsion of the Acadians in 1755 and of the French on the Island in 1758. Another priest, Le Loutre, who seems to have served his King with more zeal than his God, possessed great influence, Judge Warburton says, over the Indians as well as the French and was a veritable thorn in the flesh of the Governor of Nova Scotia. The English authorities were kept in a continual state of alarm and unrest and Ile St. Jean was a centre from which danger was always to be apprehended.

After sending the small garrison to Port la Joie the Governor of Ile Royale visited the Island and found the land so good that he expressed the opinion that, if the king would abandon the custom of granting land to companies from whom the settlers had to hold their farms in feudal tenure, many Acadians would go there willingly from the marshlands where the population had become congested. They would have greater security the farther they were from the English and, most important, in the eyes of the Governor of Ile Royale they would be able to supply farm products to Louisburg. The home government seems to have taken his advice for many Acadians began to cross to the Island, chiefly young men seeking new land to cultivate. Judge Warburton makes the comment that when they had chosen to leave Acadia after it passed under English rule and to live under their country's flag in the Island

of St. John, which was still French, they displayed the same spirit that, in later years, sent the United Empire Loyalists to settle in Canada.

The Island began to prosper, the chief settlements apart from Port La Joie, being St. Peters, considered then and, until the end of the French Regime, its commercial capital, Savage Harbour, East Point, Tracadie, Malpeque and North East River (the Hillsborough). The woods about these settlements were cleared away and rich grain fields appeared. Those visiting the Island declared the crops were abundant and equalled any in France or, in fact, any other part of Europe. Wheat, barley, oats, rye, Indian Corn and peas were grown — no potatoes as there was at that time a strange prejudice against them among the French. They raised cattle and sheep, wove their own cloth, grew flax which supplied them with rough linen for domestic uses. They also raised their own tobacco. They built dykes as they had done in Acadia to keep the tide from overflowing the marshlands and so preserve the rich marsh hay for their cattle. Traces of these dykes may still be seen; I have seen them myself on the farm of Mr. Harrison MacFarlane in Fernwood. There is a bell in the belfry of the United Church in Malpeque which was sent out, Mr. Justice Arsenault says, with two others by King Louis XIV; it bears the inscription in Latin 'Of all men born of women there has been none greater than John the Baptist.' Another of these bells is in the Roman Catholic Church at Rollo Bay, the third has disappeared.

The total population at this time on the Island was about 350 people, not including the Indians; they were

getting established and prospering in a small way. During the summer of 1728 the prospects looked bright for a good harvest, when suddenly a devastating plague of field mice descended, repeating with intensified destruction an attack of four years earlier. From a report made by Roma of an attack ten years later we have an account from first hand of the habits of these pests and of the desolation left behind by them. 'This mouse,' he writes, 'is somewhat bigger than the ordinary mouse, of blackish colour, with short legs and paws unadapted for climbing. It lives in the forest and feeds on herbs; like the squirrel it lays up stores for the winter of seeds, nuts and grasses. Its nests are to be found under rocks and in hollow trunks of trees. Its provident habits enable it to maintain its body in plump condition, affording thus a dainty morsel greatly prized by its enemies, dogs, cats, martens, foxes, owls, hawks and crows. Its fecundity is remarkable; every six weeks the female produces ten or twelve young. After heavy snow has protected them during several successive winters their increase is enormous and they burst forth on their devastating march.' They proceeded in long narrow columns, destroying everything, not a blade of grass being left in their wake. They stopped for neither dykes nor rivers, those in front being pushed on by those behind, in this way bringing their own destruction, and for days after their raid their dead bodies were seen by ships floating along the rivers and out to sea. From Malpeque across to Three Rivers the desolation was complete. The word Souris (Mouse) is not a happy choice for a town's name, standing as it does for destruction and famine. The people were reduced to fish and game as a diet and the next spring they had no seed to sow, except what might be secured from Ile

Royale. Gradually as the land was cleared of trees this menace disappeared. However, as late as 1749 Malpeque experienced a visitation from these pests and the next year locusts swarmed down upon their farms, they are said to have been so voracious a species that they devoured all the growing grain, vegetables, grass and even the buds on the trees. The third year of anguish the wheat crop was completely destroyed by scalding. These poor settlers were said to be reduced to such a state of starvation that they subsisted on the shell fish they gathered on the shore when the tide was out. And this in Malpeque where the land was reported by one visitor to be "superior in quality to all seen up to the present time." All this misfortune was thought to be due to an evil spirit working against the Island; suspicion fell upon a man called Perigord whom the Indians killed and buried on St. Peters Island.

To add to their sorrows Louisburg having fallen to the English in 1745 Ile St. Jean automatically came under English rule and remained so for three years. An agreement was made that the French on the Island remain unmolested for one year, but their lot was not a happy one. They could no longer get supplies from Ile Royale and they were in constant fear of expulsion — and later it proved justifiably so as plans were made to deport all the population back to France. They were for five years without civil or judicial officers and, Dr. Harvey tells us, there is no record from May 1744 to September 1749 at Port La Joie of any priest being on duty on the Island. In 1749 the English, whose aim at one time had been 'to extirpate all Frenchmen from North America,' exchanged Louisburg and its dependencies for Madras in India and so the French were

free again to carry on their colonizing plans on the Island. The English gave an impetus to emigration by settling more British colonists in Nova Scotia and demanding an unqualified oath of allegiance from the French. They were also determined to either pacify or exterminate the Indians whom the French had always treated with more friendliness and respect than had the English. The Micmacs of the Island and of Acadia were invited to come once a year to Port La Joie to celebrate and to receive presents, but even then intoxicating liquor was forbidden to be given to the Indians.

From 1749, when the Island became French again by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, to 1751 a steady stream of Acadians crossed the Straits. Le Loutre had not been satisfied with the rate of the exodus and now in his determination to prevent Acadians and Indians becoming English subjects, he used every device to bring to the Island those who, having comfortable homes and good farms, were satisfied to remain where their fathers had conquered the wilderness and lay buried. The English on the other hand were desirous of keeping the Acadians on the land to supply farm produce to the soldiers and the English colonists. At Beaubassin, a prosperous settlement of Acadians in English territory on the border of the "no-man's-land" of undefined limits, Le Loutre with the help of his Indians forced all who would not migrate willingly to leave the village and then had it burnt to the ground. As many as 800 were sent over to Port La Joie. The Commandant there wrote, "The Acadians came with precipitation, bringing their beasts with them." But they came half naked, their condition was pitiable and there was no shelter at all for them. The officials at Ile

Royale and Quebec did all in their power to give help with provisions and clothing but it was long in coming and these poor refugees never had enough for ordinary comfort. It was a most unfortunate time for them to have come as the older inhabitants had just passed the period of crop failures mentioned before. This was by no means the only case of forced migration. In the course of that autumn and the following spring 1400 refugees arrived, destitute and famished; families had been broken up, children separated from parents and wives from husbands. Again I would quote from a report of the Commandant, "I had very little to give them, my contributions were necessarily meagre and it was only by giving frequently that I did not see any of these people die."

The difficulty of settling these new-comers on the land was accentuated by the fact that no proper survey had ever been made of the Island. The population was increased from 650 persons in 1748 to 2 250 in 1752. Franquet, an officer of Engineers, was sent out from France in 1751. He sailed up East River (Hillsborough) and reported that he received a cordial welcome from these warm hearted Acadians and that he saw fields growing wheat, oats, peas and many kinds of vegetables with such promise of a plentiful yield as he had never seen surpassed even in the most fertile fields of France. He was told by two of the Acadians that the land would yield in abundance everything that man needed for subsistence and that they hoped as time went on to find in the generous fertility of their new fields some recompense for the losses they had suffered in leaving Acadia. Franquet surveyed the Island and made plans for its development and fortification

Now that the new-comers were being absorbed the future began at last to show promise for the Acadians, but Nemesis seemed to be pursuing them. In the fateful year 1755 the pitiless expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia took place and sent about 1400 more destitute refugees to the Island. Again the Commandant did all that was humanly possible with the small supply of food and clothing at his disposal. Little help came from Ile Royale and Quebec. Two dismal failures in crops followed their arrival and the prospect for the winter of 1758 was pitiable indeed unless seed came from France. Such was the condition of Ile. St. Jean when greater calamity still fell upon them, for in this year Louisburg was taken by the English and Ile St Jean came again under English sway. The cruel game in which the Acadians were mere puppets was finished except for the last moves — the agonizing deportation of these long-suffering people from Ile St Jean. Nine transports sailed into Port La Joie to carry into exile 2,000 heart-broken Acadians, whose sorrows no poet has sung, but George Hart has given us poignant prose a picture that will stay in one's memory.—

"Every house in Ile St. Jean was the scene of sorrow — the drooping shoulders and gloomy countenances of the men, the tears and cries of the women and children, all gazing for the last time on the cozy room, on the fire burning in the hearth, on the spinning wheel in the corner. How often had they spent the long winter's evening in that same room, singing or dancing the hours away with their friends! How often had they fished in the sparkling stream or hunted in the woods at their back door! Never again would the songs of Normandy echo across the water of Mor ell or Malpeque! They must leave the broad acres that they had cleared, now rich with golden grain, they must yield their houses and barns, their flocks and herds to a people with different customs and different languages. All roads leading to Fort La Joie were now crowded with carts piled high with the few belongings of the weary, broken-hearted people plodding alongside, and the long voyage to France was begun. The transports were scattered before a terrific storm, two were lost with 700 souls but the rest managed to make port. Of those living in the north shore many managed to escape and were carried by French schooners to Quebec, Miramichi and French-owned St. Pierre and Miquelon. Thirty families took refuge in the woods about Malpeque and actually stayed in hiding there for several years. These two or three hundred sturdy pioneers were all that remained from over four thousand Acadians after fifty years of effort, to perpetuate the French race and character in Ile St. Jean

VI

From the Treaty of Paris in 1763 to 1831 my authority is chiefly Judge Warburton's History of Prince Edward Island and I shall quote frequently from it. There is an interesting little item in a letter from the Governor of Nova Scotia written to the Prime Minister, Mr Pitt, in the summer of 1759 in which he says that he sent two sloops to take off the Acadians still left on St. John's Island but that the sloops returned with the report that all the Acadians had gone off to Canada (this is, Quebec) just before the ships had reached that part of the Island. We know that two or three hundred of them were in hiding in the woods near Malpeque. We learn from a memorandum dated about five years later that, in addition to the Acadians remaining in Nova Scotia who had agreed to take the oath of allegiance, those who were left on the Island of St John had "lately in a solemn manner declared to their officers there in command their intention of taking the oath of allegiance to the English King."

By a Royal proclamation of George III in 1763 the Islands of St John and Cape Breton were annexed to Nova Scotia, but as yet no plan of settlement had been adopted. "In a sense," Judge Warburton says, "the fair appearance of the Island and the known fertility of its soil were not unmixed blessings. Scarcely was the ink on the Treaty of Paris dry when persons of influence in Great Britain, or who had claims, real or imaginary, upon the government, began to petition for grants of land on the Island." Of these the first and most quixotic was the Earl of Egmont. This blustering nobleman's memorial to His Majesty states that he "desires a grant of the whole Island of St. John's estimated at two million acres, with all rights, royalties, privileges, franchises and appurtenances with all civil and criminal jurisdiction." Although the Earl was First Lord of the Admiralty and had nine children and many officer friends with whom he was willing to share the Island, the Lords of Trade and Plantations reported to the King that "His lordship's plans for the colony appear to have been calculated more to answer the purposes of defense and military discipline than to encourage those of agriculture and commerce and are, we conceive, totally and fundamentally adverse in their principle to that system of settlement and tenure of property which has of late been adopted in the colonies with so much advantage to the interests of this kingdom, and we therefore do not see sufficient reason to justify us in advising Your Majesty to comply with his Lordship's proposal." And so the Island has been spared the doubtful advantage of having an aristocracy descended from the noble Earl and his nine children and their friends.

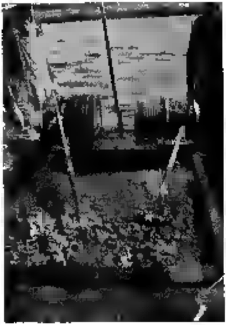
Explicit instructions were sent to the Governor of Nova Scotia concerning Cape Breton and St. John's Island from which I shall quote. "Their advantageous situation with respect to the fishery renders them of the greatest importance to this country, and no measures should be left untried that may tend to promote and encourage the carrying on of the fishery to the utmost extent of which it is capable." Orders were then given to have a survey and full report made of the two islands as to their extent, the rivers and harbours, the nature of the soil, the best places for settlements, etc., and until this was done no grants were to be made to any particular persons but "as much as possible to encourage and protect all temporary establishments for carrying on the fisheries, taking care that such establishments in respect to extent of coast are within the bounds of moderation and (attention C C F members and friends) to discourage any attempt that may, in its natural consequences, operate as a monopoly, or as a means of establishing any undue preference whatever" Is it not surprising to find such protective interest taken at this time by the Home Government in our little island ?

The Lords of Trade and Plantations recommended that, after the Island had been surveyed, it should be divided into three counties of approximately 500 000 acres each the counties to be laid off into parishes and each parish to be subdivided into townships each county, parish and township to have as much as possible the natural advantages of access to the sea-coast or navigable rivers. In each county a town should be laid out and in each parish a site for a church and rectory These details are tiresome but it seems important that we should realize how meticulous the Colonial Office was in their plans for the Island They further say that the Island is particularly valuable for the fertility of its soil and so they propose a higher quit-rent for the Island than for other parts of Nova Scotia (By the way I looked up "quit-rent" in the Oxford Dictionary which gave it as rent usually small, paid for freehold in lieu of service). The Lords of Trade state also that they have been informed that many thousands of acres have been cleared in the most fertile part of the Island They further recommand that out of any grants there should be reserved all mines of gold silver, copper lead and coal The French during their regime had the same idea, that the Government should own all natural resources It would have been interesting had any mineral or coal been discovered, to see how it was managed by the Government. At least it shows that Government ownership of natural resources is not such a revolutionary idea

Accordingly Captain Holland, who had been appointed Surveyor-General of all the British possessions in North America north of the Potomac, was ordered to begin his survey with the Island of St. John on account of the importance of its fisheries and the fertility of its soil Before considering his report let us speak a few words about Captain Holland himself He was a close friend of General Wolfe and served under him at the battle on the Plains of Abraham Wolfe when dying, gave his brace of pistols to Holland These pistols were used in a duel in which his son was killed They are now, I am told, in the Redpath Museum at McGill University, having been sold by a descendant of Captain Holland A grandfather's clock once owned by him when he lived on the Island, is in the possession of John Holland now living in California Again what treasures we have lost by not having a museum on the Island ! Holland and his wife, the daughter of an aristocratic French family of Quebec, arrived on the Island in October 1974 He made his headquarters at Holland Cove near Port La Joie called by him Observation Cove and here their eldest son was born probably the first child of English parents born on the Island A cairn has been erected where his house once stood in memory of Captain Holland

Now I shall quote from a letter written by Captain Holland himself, describing the Island as he saw it. In telling of a disastrous fire which had raged through the eastern part of the Island in 1732 during the French Regime, he writes, "The woods of valuable oak and pine trees were entirely destroyed . . . . It was so extremely violent that all the fishing vessels at St Peters and Morell were burned . . . . In many parts round the Island is rough steep coast from forty to sixty feet high — in some places one hundred — [at Cape Tryon the cliffs are one hundred and ten feet high] — composed of strata of a soft red stone which when exposed to the air for some time becomes harder and is not unfit for building Wherever this sort of coast is it diminishes considerably every year upon the break-up of the frost, which moulders away a great part of it It may probably be from this cause that the sea betwixt the Island and the continent is frequently of a red hue and is called by many people the Red Sea. The rivers are probably sea creeks, the tides flowing up to their heads where generally streams of cold water empty themselves . . . . With proper care the soil produces most kinds of grain, wheat, barley, oats, peas beans, etc , also cabbage, turnips, cauliflower, carrots and potatoes, very good in great abundance ' He tells us that there are bears, otters, martens, foxes, red black and grey, lynxes or wild cats minxes, [Sic] muskrats, and some though very few, caribou hares, extremely good but in the winter are white "

John McGregor, who was Sheriff for the Island during thirty years after Holland's survey, writes of the oysters "They are considered the finest in America and equally delicious as those taken on the English



One of approximately 600 breeding trays in which oyster spat is grown until large enough to plant on oyster beds shores" and adds, "There are two or three varieties, the largest of which are from six to twelve inches long." What a meal one of those oysters would have made! John Stewart, writing at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, says, "The oysters are in great plenty in all the harbours of the Island, in some places beds of them of several acres extent may be found; most of the lime hitherto used here has been burnt from their shells, and it is commonly the practice to burn the live oysters for that purpose, putting many hundred barrels of them in a kiln together." The late Mr Lawrence Burpee in the Canadian Geographic Journal for November 1946 says, "What makes this practice all the more reprehensible is that, even in Stewart's day, the oysters of the Island were preferred to any other American oyster by Europeans who have eaten them." Burpee continues, "It is enough to make all living epicures to grind their teeth, and all dead epicures to turn restlessly in their graves. Need one add that eminent statesmen in Ottawa prize their membership in the Rideau Club, not because it is exclusive but because it happens to be one of the few places where a man may still be served with Malpeque oysters."

But let us forget our succulent shell fish and get back to Holland's survey and the plan for settlement of the Island after his report was sent to London in 1765. There were so many applicants for land that the Government decided to let those whose claims were most valid draw lots for the townships of 20,000 acres which Holland had laid out. There were 69 of these, the Government withholding two, 40 and 59, for its own use. The balloting took place in London on July 23

1767 and 'Thus", Judge Warburton states, "was foisted onto the Island the proprietary or landlord system, which was the cause of continual turmoil and agitation until it was finally abolished in 1877." The two most important conditions of these grants were the payment of quit-rents and the settling of people on the land. The quit-rents ranged from six shillings to two shillings per hundred acres, payable after five years from the date of the grant. Each township was to be settled within ten years, one settler for every two hundred acres; if one third was not settled in four years the lot would be forfeited.

In 1768 the Chief Surveyor of Nova Scotia was sent to the Island to lay out the town of Charlottetown. His instructions were as follows: 'In addition to the several public buildings to be laid out, parcels of land are to be reserved for the following public uses, viz., for an ordnance yard and for King's stores to be situated conveniently for the water; for building barracks for the lodgement of troops; for a Province House and gardens; for a burying ground; for a parsonage and for a Courthouse; and as the houses will for many years to come be composed of wood subject to fire, and as the breadth of the streets may in a great measure prevent its spreading when these accidents happen, the central or main street must be one hundred feet wide, and all other streets not less than eighty feet. Pasture lots are to be laid out for each family to pasture their cows, sheep and pigs and for growing potatoes. The commons is to consist of 500 acres.'

The only other harbours where ships of burden could safely enter, Captain Holland believed, were at

Three Rivers (Cardigan) and Richmond Bay. Accordingly Georgetown and Princetown were planned and laid out on these bays to be the capitals of King's and Prince County respectively. But best laid plans gang aft agley and insignificant Green's Shore on Bedeque Bay became the flourishing town of Summerside and finally the capital of Prince County, while Princetown is now only a name and Makpek, the 'Big Water' of the Indians, on this site is known the world over in its French form, Malpeque, for its oysters, fishing boats alone being seen on its waters. Makpek was, Ada MacLeod tells us in the "Dalhousie Review", the chief Micmac settlement on the island of Abegweit. The Indians in the summer frequently travelled back and forth to the mainland. Their ancient trail can be followed now by road from Borden, (Indian Busloncade, the landing place), through Bedek, the 'sultry place,' on past Indian River, the traditional scene of a battle between the Mohawks and the Micmacs, and on to Makpek.

VII

Our last broadcast gave an account of the planning and laying out of the three towns as capitals of the counties of the Island, and we also told how lots had been cast in London for the 65 townships — Mr Louis Muttart has in his possession one of the stones used in marking off these lots He found it at Hazel Grove Its measurements are about one foot square by five feet in length and has one side in Roman numerals XXII and on the other XXIII It would be interesting to know if anyone else has found such markers Now that the towns had been laid out the next thing was to bring settlers to build houses, as the Acadians' houses were in ruins and to make roads The roads made by Roma and others were merely paths, the widest having been seven feet and fit only for dog-teams; they were by now completely overgrown The rivers were the only highways portages being made between those flowing north and those flowing south If one looks at a map one can easily trace the rivers to their sources and see the routes our ancestors had to take — you will also see that travel by canoe and portages could only be made east of Charlottetown It took usually about four days to get from Charlottetown to Georgetown, unless there happened to be a ship at the wharf Dr Harvey gives us the itinerary It consisted of five stages

(1) by boat or canoe to the head of Hillsborough River

(2) by a rough portage to St Peters Bay

(3) by ferry over the bay

(4) by another portage to Fortune

(5) thence, by some chance ship, to Georgetown

In Benjamin Chappell's Diary, the oldest in Prince Edward Island, the writer who had been living in Malpeque, decided to leave there for Charlottetown. He sailed to Rustico where he left his wife and son, then he set out by boat from New London Harbour, and now we shall follow his diary.

Oct. 3rd 1778 — Reached Lawson's Sunday 4th Reached St. Peters Monday 5th Reached East Point 6 A.M. going northwest lay to till 5 A.M. (he must have meant the next day) Slept there three nights. Left Canso Friday 9th Reached Pictou Island Saturday night, anchored off Point Prim 10 P.M. Sunday night made the fort and got ashore in the King's boat Bless God for His mercy."

We can see how essential it was that roads should be made through the wilderness before settlers in any number would come to the Island. However Governor Franklin, of Nova Scotia, was undaunted and undertook to get settlers by "advertising on the continent of America offering house and pasture lots in any one of the three towns." We may think that modern advertisers reach the acme of optimism in describing their wares but they seem to use understatement compared to this. Let us see how Charlottetown was progressing.

It had in 1768 at most 50 inhabitants and from a report of the time it would seem there were two houses. Their description may be of interest. "A dwelling house 56 by 26, one storey, with a pictured roof, shingled and clapboarded, and filled in between with stone laid in rough mortar, two stacks of chimneys, with two ovens and six fire-places, two parlours two kitchens and lodging rooms, a cellar—stoned—under one half of the house. Also a house intended for a dwelling house of the same dimensions . . . now used as a store-house. There was also a wharf head next the store house, fifty feet wide, carried out thirty feet, solid with stones and timber. Several of the streets of Charlottetown entirely opened." But Franklin was ambitious for Charlottetown: he sent to London estimates for the cost of erecting several public buildings and purchasing a vessel and a rowboat to keep up connection with the mainland.

In 1769 the proprietors of the lots succeeded in persuading the home government to separate the Island of St. John from Nova Scotia, claiming that settlers would not come here as long as the centre of government was at Halifax from which the Island was completely cut off for about four months of the year. They offered to start paying their quit-rents at once instead of waiting for five years, as had been agreed. Accordingly in 1769 Walter Patterson was appointed Captain General and Governor-in-Chief over the Island and on the same date the Lords of the Admiralty were authorized to appoint a Vice-Admiral and Officers of a Court of Admiralty for the Island of St. John. We are coming along! Temporary sheds or houses were built for the lodgement of Government officials. Then the proprietors petitioned the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to provide a church, a court house and a gaol at Charlottettown "to secure their property and to recommend and enforce obedi ence to the law." With only 150 families on the Island one might well wonder why a gaol; but for a church we are told there was not even a barn in which church service could be held.

Mr. Patterson arrived from England in the late summer of 1770. Though he writes in his first despatch "At present for fish there are only lobsters and oysters neither very good," he seems to have been much impressed with the prospects for the future prosperity of the Island, for he writes in his second dispatch to Lord Hillsborough, the Secretary of State most concerned with colonial affairs: "I promised Your Lordship some further accounts of the Island this autumn, and from everything I have tried, both in husbandry and in gardening, my expectations are fully surpassed, such as the raising of Indian corn, which I have done this year myself, and very good too. In every other part of America that I have been, grain, in general, deteriorates, especially oats and barley, but here I have raised both this year to the full as good as the seed sown, which was the best I could purchase in London. The oats were of the Polish kind, as I judged our summer might resemble theirs in Poland, more than that of England, and believe we would be right if we used more of the continental seeds of Europe than we do. I never met with or heard of such an increase of potatoes as I was told of yesterday by two servants belonging to Captain Holland. One of them planted six bushels and has from them raised two hundred bushels; the other had a hundred and sixty bushels from three. This they offered to take their oaths of. As to garden stuffs, there is no country produces better. In short, my lord, if only the proprietors

will exert themselves, this Island will, in a short time, be the garden of America."

Patterson was an Irishman, a man of very fair ability and of a sanguine temperament — perhaps too sanguine, Warburton tells us. He invested a greater part of his fortune on the Island buying much property, all of which he subsequently lost, dying in England a ruined and broken man. His apparent doubt as to the proprietors exerting themselves was more than justified; only five of them came to the Island and a few "made any attempt to comply with the terms of settlement on which their lands were held, and the payment of the quit-rents was as little thought of, for in five years after the arrival of the officials the receipts amounted to little more than would discharge two years' salary to the establishment, which, as may easily be conceived, brought the officers into great distress and materially retarded the progress of the settlement."

The Assembly did not meet till July, 1772. It was composed of the eighteen inhabitants "who could make a tolerable appearance in the House". The first act passed was for the regulation of the fishing of sea-cows which were being rapidly exterminated, and licenses were issued for fishing these enormous beasts weighing sometimes as much as two tons. However it was impossible to enforce the law and soon this valuable source of oil and hides was lost. The complete isolation of the Island during the winter was a serious handicap and Patterson persuaded some hardy men to try crossing in canoes the half-frozen straits between Wood Islands and Pictou, and in this way for many years during the winter months mails were carried to and from the Island. "Governor Patterson and these courageous pioneers," Dr. Hervey says, "deserve much credit for thus inaugurating our winter mail and passenger service."

Shortly after Patterson's arrival he settled a number of Acadians in Lot 17 (St. Eleanor's) and the proprietor of Lot 18, fronting on Richmond Bay, brought several families from Argyleshire. The settlement of New London, Rustico and Elliot River commenced in 1773 and Cove Head and Three Rivers (Cardigan) were settled soon after by Sir James Montgomery the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who did more than any other proprietor for the settlers. About this time Robert Stewart, a proprietor brought immigrants from Scotland in the barque Annabelle. They thought they were going to North Carolina where they had relatives. The ship was cast away on the sandhills at the mouth of Malpeque Harbour in a snow storm in October and the passengers lost all their provisions and much of their clothing. French fishermen, living at Malpeque, gave many of them shelter but some nearly starved to death that winter.

We read in a letter dated October 15th, 1771: "Since my last letter nine families have arrived here, sent by Lieutenant Governor DesBrisay to settle on his Lot near Charlottetown. About twenty are arrived also at Malpeque who are come on their own account to seek a settlement on this Island and I hope they will be accommodated to their satisfaction, as it will be an encouragement to others to follow on the same lay." And so settlers came straggling along to the Island.

The first Supreme Court was held in 1773 when three prisoners were convicted of petty larceny and sentenced to be whipped. It sounds drastic but we must remember there was no gaol and the early settlers saw the need of stamping out such offences against society — we seem to be more lenient in such cases nowadays. A resolution was passed by the Council to open roads from Charlottetown to **Malpeque**, Three Rivers and St. Peters. The need of a church, courthouse and gaol was again urged and Patterson wrote direct to the Colonial Office asking for funds for this purpose. The sum of £3,000 was sent but Dr. Harvey tells us "That money was not fated to raise any edifice, barred or steepled, which should lead the pioneer either by fear or by love to godliness." There were no carpenters capable of doing the work; Patterson advertised in New England for such workmen without success; time went by. There was no money in the Treasury to pay the salaries of the officials who had received no pay since coming to the Island, so the money was used to pay the salaries, including the Governor's! Later, when an enquiry was held before the Assembly, Patterson was exonerated. The failure of the majority of the proprietors to pay their quit-rents thus threw upon the Home Government the responsibility for the expenses of the Island administration.

In the summer of 1775 Governor Patterson returned to England on one year's absence to put before the Home Government and the proprietors the great need of the Island if it was to be supported in its development. His leave was stretched out to five years in spite of the fact that he was told on at least two occasions that it was His Majesty's pleasure that he return at the earliest opportunity However he did seem to be working in the Island's interest while in England The exciting things that happened during his absence we shall take up in our next broadcast

VIII

During the absence of Governor Patterson the Attorney-General, Hon. Phillips Callbeck, took his place. The year 1775 was notable to the Island for more than the Governor's departure for in this year the winter mail service by canoe was started and the American colonies having revolted, two privateers from New England descended upon Charlottetown and carried off the two chief officials and all the plunder they could lay their hands on. Mr. Callbeck went down to the wharf and greeted civilly the captains who had landed with armed parties, he was ordered on board and when he obeyed he was struck across the face. He then received orders to pass over his keys with the threat that otherwise his house and store-houses would be broken into. They carried off all the winter supplies of the town, looted Callbeck's and Patterson's houses, taking curtains, rugs, silver, bedding and all movable furniture and rifling the pantries and wine-cellars. While rummaging in Callbeck's house they broke open his wife's private boxes and read her letters, in one of which they discovered that she was the daughter of a Loyalist of Boston, and so they searched for her with the purpose, to use their own words, "of cutting her throat". Fortunately she escaped, being out at their farm, but Mr. Callbeck wrote: 'These brutal violators of domestic felicity have left her without a single glass of wine, without a candle to burn or a sufficiency of food of the bread kind, most of the furniture taken away and for all I know all her clothes and jewelry.' One piece of furniture was evidently too heavy to carry — a Grandfather's clock which is owned by Mr. Walter Callbeck of Summerside, a descendant of Phillips Callbeck. In 'Americana' for September, 1913, the Secretary of the Scottish Historical Society of North America condemns in terms of the sternest indignation this act of piracy. He says, "The pillaging of the place was not an act of war (though done in the time and colour of war) but of plain unvarnished piracy, and one which ranks with the most contemptible, cowardly, cruel, dastardly, unjustifiable, unnecessary and wanton acts recorded in history since the laws of war have been in existence!" (This was written before the real atrocities of the two World Wars.) The prisoners were put ashore near General Washington's headquarters where they were treated with the utmost courtesy and released. It is interesting to know that the two captains lost their commissions. After Callbeck and Wright returned home a petition was sent to Lord Howe, praying that action be taken for the immediate protection of the Island and a sloop of war accordingly sent with war arms and ammunition from Halifax. Later four companies of soldiers were sent and barracks were built. Mr. Benjamin Chappell records in his diary that in the same year Malpeque also was plundered and Callbeck reports that two privateers landed at St. Peters and 'began their accustomed wanton depredations by shooting oxen and sheep, and taking but few of them away for use.' This is almost the only part the Island took in the American Revolution except that sometimes a British frigate would appear in Charlottetown harbour with a captured ship.

Governor Patterson returned in June, 1780, after his prolonged absence and spoke most highly of Callbeck's management of affairs — as well he might. He

believed the population had doubled and said "They are comfortable in their situation, have large stocks of cattle and abound with all the necessaries of life so far as they regard the table." You may be interested in hearing a list of the officials on the Island at that time Governor-in-Chief, Chief Justice, Attorney General, Secretary and Registrar, Surveyor of Lands, Minister of the Church of England, King's Agent, Clerk of the Crown and Coroner, Clerk of the Council, Naval Officer, Sheriff or Provost Marshal, a Private Secretary and a Schoolmaster. Needless to say the Schoolmaster's salary was the lowest; he was passing rich on £50 a year. Some may think this is a bit top heavy as one clergyman and one schoolmaster suggests rather a small population, others may feel it shows optimism as to the future of the Island. Later there was a Lieutenant-Governor as well Mr DesBrisay filling this post. One of the first acts passed by the Assembly after Patterson's return was to change the name of the Island to New Ireland. In urging its approval to the Home Government the Governor pointed out the confusion existing due to so many places having the name St John referring particularly to St. Johns Newfoundland as "being the place longest known by that name to the mercantile and common people at home, and since ever it has been known the idea of fogs and barrenness have been annexed to it. We are so much confounded with this part in particular that people have sailed for Newfoundland, thinking they were coming hither." The Home Government, however, would not assent to this name as it was already appropriated and stated that the Assembly should have presented a petition to the King instead of "passing a presumptuous act which was warranted by neither law or usage' And so the Island had to put up with Merchant ships settlers and letters going astray until in 1798 its name was changed to Prince Edward Island in honour of Prince Edward Duke of Kent father of Queen Victoria, who was Commander-in-Chief in British North America at that time Though he never visited the island, the Prince's interest in its welfare and the loyalty of its people induced the Assembly to take this step and this time the Privy Council assented to the change of name

I was wondering how many names our island had when I came upon a list in Helen Champion's book to which I have added a few more:

(1) Epageit or Abegweit (Cradle in the waves).
(2) Minegoo (the Island in Micmac)
(3) Ile St Jean
(4) St John's Island
(5) Garden of America (Governor Patterson's name for it)
(6) New Ireland.
(7) The Cradle of Confederation.
(8) The Garden of the Gulf
(9) The Million Acre Farm
(10) The Home of the Silver Fox Industry
(11) Crescent Island (suggested by Mr Lawrence Burpee)
(12) Prince Edward Island.
(13) P E I.
(14) The Island
(15) Spud Island
(16) Christmas Tree Island *

*Suggested by an English boy at the NATO Navigation Course, Summerside.

Ada MacLeod in an article in the Dalhousie Review called "Some Loyalists of Prince Edward Island" quoted Sir Andrew MacPhail as saying that all the "gentlemen" among the Loyalists went to Ontario. Her comment was: "It is probably true, but as for St. John's Island, covered as it then was with dense virgin forests, this was probably no great disadvantage because gentlemen have not always the markings of good axemen." In writing of the first of the Walker family coming to this Island from the lush meadows of Annan, Scotland, she tells that on viewing the giant maples and pines to be levelled in what is now New Annan he "sat doon and grat" and it is recorded that when Chief Justice Stewart arrived he remarked, "Why was I sent here? To judge the trees?" But there was scant time for weeping in those days, and bitter tears had already been shed by the Loyalists. Much is still heard and read about the woes of the exiled Acadians, but Longfellow did not need to go so far afield for his Evangeline. She might easily have been found among the exiles from his own land. One has only to read the novel "Oliver Wiswell" by Kenneth Roberts, an American himself, to get an idea of the brutality with which those men and women were treated who remained loyal to England.

Many had their property forfeited and were banished with the threat of death should they return. In one month 20 ships left New York, carrying 3 000 men, women and children to the mouth of the St. John River; later 1 500 more were brought there. Patterson said that he left no honest means untried to get the suffering Loyalists to the Island and to have justice done them when here However, there was so much uncertainty as to the tenure of the land owing to the evils of absentee landlordism, that many were deterred from coming. A number of landlords offered one fourth of their lots to Loyalists and disbanded soldiers but few availed themselves of the offer Those who did found that the title deed could not be obtained and that the promises made them were seldom kept. Appeals were made by the Loyalists to the Home Government but the influence of the Proprietors was paramount and it took three generations of agitating to bring about, in 1877, the abolition of this abominable system which prevented the Island from getting more of this valuable class of settlers Ada MacLeod tells the story of some of the Loyalists families who came to Bedeque One of the early comers was the founder of the Small family Johannes Wilhelmus von der Schmall (decidedly a gentleman judging by the 'von') whose diary, kept through the Revolutionary War and afterwards is a source of valuable information of the period His descendants have many interesting heirlooms, especially handmade furniture William Schurman after spending months in gaol, set out for Canada with his wife ten children and two faithful slaves There is a tradition that on their journey they were saved from capture much as Robert Bruce was saved Pursued by rebel soldiers they had taken refuge for the night in a cave, in the morning a spider had spun its web across the mouth of the cave and the soldiers passed by The Schurmans came to Tryon and then moved to Bedeque, where they prospered Mr Schurman became a member of the Island Assembly

A neighbour of his was Thomas Hooper whose wife had been lying in bed with her new-born son when the rebels forced an entrance into their home, searching for her husband. They took the bed from under her and subjected her to such cruel treatment that she died a few days later.

In a letter with the heading 'Bedeque Harbour, Island St. John, September 17, 1785,' Hooper wrote to his brother: ‘I have drawn 500 acres in two divisions, 250 on the above harbour, where I can take every kind of shell fish within a quarter of a mile from my door, and oysters in particular a great abundance. The land appears to be good and has eight or ten acres cleared, formerly a French settlement. Major and I are at Charlottetown to get the articles allowed us by the Government. The Government pays us great attention and serves us in every respect. Major is applying for 300 acres of land to which he is entitled.’ Major got his land and made such good use of his time while in Charlottetown that when he was established he brought the governor's daughter as a bride to his new home. Richard Robins, another Loyalist, when returning with two neighbours from Charlottetown, a distance of fifty miles on the ice around the coast, was overtaken by a snowstorm; they reached Seacow Head, only a few miles from home, but Robins was too weak to climb the steep bank and took refuge in a cave. A rescuing party found him frozen to death.

Three Quaker Loyalists were William Wright, whose son built Queen's Wharf in Summerside in 1840, named after the young Queen; John Baker, who built a fine house at McDonald's Point; and Daniel Green, whose father had been a friend of William

Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. The names William Penn and that of his wife, Guielma, are still used in the Green Family. Danial was granted 500 acres of land which is now Summerside. It was called Green's Shore and had been the site of an Indian hunting ground, for many Indian arrows have been found there. It was later a French settlement as the remains of a cellar and of a forge testify. There are many treasured relics of the past owned by the descendants of these colonists, but the treasure they undoubtedly cherish most is the unconquerable spirit of the United Empire Loyalists.

IX

After the Battle of Culloden in 1745 many of the lairds in the Highlands who had followed Prince Charlie were forced into exile and their estates were confiscated. The Highlanders were forbidden to carry arms, to meet together, to hunt and even the wearing — not of the green — but of the kilts was prohibited. The clan system was destroyed and the Highlanders began to emigrate. But it was chiefly a religious motive that brought the Glenaladale Pioneers to the Island in 1772. 'The laird in South Uist in the Hebrides was an ultra zealous Protestant who undertook the conversion of the tenants en masse.' Mrs MacLeod tells us in writing of these pioneers, his method was to station himself at the fork of the road and try to drive them all to the Presbyterian Church when they were on their way to their own Roman Catholic Church. This peculiar type of evangelism was ever afterwards known as the 'Religion of the Yellow Staff,' as that was the colour of the prod he used to get his converts. Next he tried to win the children over by starting schools for them, but this also failed; finally he gave the Catholics a document to sign renouncing their faith and promising to have nothing more to do with their priests; if they refused to sign they were to be driven from their homes. After consulting with the church authorities they decided to emigrate but where was the money to come from? They could scarcely eke out a living on their little crofts. A deliverer arose in the person of John MacDonald, later known as the 'Laird of the Glen'; he was of the Glenaladale clan and the settlers he brought to the Island

are known as the Glenaladale Pioneers. He was persuaded to come here in letters from a party of disbanded Fraser Highlanders who had come to the Island after the fall of Quebec, ten years before.

In the latter part of June, the ship "Alexander" sailed into Hillsborough Bay, past the Acadian capital of Fort La Joie, burned by New Englanders a quarter of a century before, and dropped anchor at the new capital, Charlottetown, then a little village, laid out carefully two years before with wide streets and squares. But the stay was brief, for the settlers were anxious to reach their journey's end, and the captain protestingly threaded his way up the narrow, crooked channel of the North East River to Glenaladale Land Lot 36 (Glenaladale was one of the few proprietors fulfilling their obligations). The name of Scotchford, given by the settlers to the spot where they landed, was suggested by the ruin of Frenchfort passed on the way up the river Workmen had been sent out the previous year by the leader under the charge of his brother Donald so that a number of rude log cabins were awaiting them Among these settlers was the first medical doctor of the Island — Dr. Roderick MacDonald and also the first British-born priest Rev James MacDonald who ministered to the Acadians at Malpeque as well He had a log church built 30 x 20 ft., with a straw thatched roof The religious zeal of the Highlanders was much greater than that of the English, for we read that when an Anglican Bishop came to the Island in 1789 he refused to hold service in the coffee and ball room There Mr. Brisay usually officiated and though he was energetic in his efforts to arouse the people to the necessity of building a church, it was not until 1801 that the first Anglican Church was completed and ready for Divine Service.

Glenaladale did not himself come to the Island until a year after his Highlanders, and on his arrival he found conditions most unsatisfactory. A number were planning to leave, as provisions were scanty, a ship having failed to arrive with supplies, the crops of the previous year had failed, and, most serious of all, there was widespread dissatisfaction with the matter of rent and land tenure. A number of the discouraged moved to Cape Breton and others went farther east along the north shore of the Island. Glenaladale had provisions, farm implements, cattle, horses, sheep and swine brought to the Island and the next year's crop being a success, the colonists became more contented and began gradually to prosper. But many a time during those first cruel years of toil and privation their hearts must have yearned for the homeland and cried

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas.
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
Fair these broad meads — these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

On the outbreak of the American Revolution John MacDonald joined the British Army and recruited a force among his compatriots of the Island which, with a similar body of Nova Scotia High-

landers became the second battalion of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. He returned after eight years in the forces with a distinguished record and the rank of Captain added to his other titles of "Glenaladale" and "Laird of the Glen". He was afterwards known by the affectionate name of "Captain John". His third son, John, was educated abroad for the Church and, after being a priest in Glasgow for five years, brought out a party of Irish Catholic immigrants whom he settled on the family lands on the south bank of the Hillsborough. The most distinguished of all the descendants of "Captain John" was Sir William MacDonald who lived in Montreal and is said to have done more for education in Canada than any other person. Though he was not a University man himself he contributed millions to McGill University, and MacDonald Colleges at St. Anne's and at Guelph were founded by him It is rather interesting that though Sir William made all his money in tobacco, he did not smoke himself Mrs. Macleod writes that of all these early settlers none exerted such an influence as Rev. Angus Bernard (afterwards Bishop) MacEachern

He spent nearly half a century journeying through the pathless forests of the Island and the mainland to the scattered settlements, and there is still preserved in St John's Convent, Charlottetown the combined boat and sled built by his own hands for crossing rivers in the spring At the same time the Gaelic-speaking Dr MacGregor first Presbyterian minister on the Island was engaged in the same task and the two were firm friends Bishop MacEachern was equally respected by the Protestants as by his own people On the spot where stood the little log church at Scotchfort, there now rises a noble Celtic cross of

Scotch granite erected in 1922 by the widely scattered descendants of these pioneers, in honoured memory of the fore-fathers who bore so worthy a part in the upbuilding of Church and Society in the province. Mrs. Macleod writes "Prince Edward Island is not without visible and treasured links with the days of Prince Charlie." A lovely miniature on ivory encircled with the green garter and buckle he wore at Prestonpans is in the possessions of the Hunt Family and Hon. Alan Stewart of Strathgartney has among other treasures the antlers of a deer shot by the Prince.

And now we come to the celebrated Selkirk Settlers. Eight hundred Highlanders were brought out to the Island in the year 1803 by the Earl of Selkirk. He was of the Douglas clan, famed in ballad and legend and when at Edinburgh University he had become a close friend of Sir Walter Scott. He was a remarkable man, of a restless and venturesome disposition and his name or titles have been given to towns, rivers, mountains and settlements from the Island to the Yukon. Ever since the Battle of Culloden conditions for the crofters in the Highlands had been growing steadily worse. Selkirk bought 80,000 acres of the lots of the defaulting proprietors in the vicinity of Point Prim and what is now known as Belfast, the latter name is not after the city of that name in Northern Ireland but a corruption of the French phrase La Belle Face given to this site for its beauty. The story of the voyage of the Polly and her two sister ships has all the material for a romance of the sea. It is a bit surprising that Captain Marryatt, a writer of sea-stories popular when I was young, should have used in one of his tales

Monument to the Glenaladale settlers
at Scotchfort

a tragic incident which took place on the Island rather than taking as the basis of a sea romance the adventures of the famous ship the Polly. The story goes that when the Captain of the Polly was hailed by a British man-of-war in search of men for the navy — it was the time of the Napoleonic wars when the navy was recruited by press gangs — he signalled that his crew and passengers were all down with ship-fever the captain of the man-of-war gave them what help he could and the Polly passed on, safe for the time Another story is that one day a suspicious looking ship was sighted, which gained on them and was discovered to be a pirate ship. The resourceful captain again met the emergency. Fortunately the Polly had formerly been a man-of-war, so the captain opened up the port-holes, stationed crew and passengers about the ship in such a way as to give the impression that the ship was prepared for defence, and the pirate ship sailed away. For some days the Polly, when off the Newfoundland banks, was caught in an ice-pack and was in serious danger but again she escaped. Three children were born on board and three deaths took place. The Polly, which was much the largest ship of the three, brought over three-quarters of the eight hundred Selkirk settlers; they comprised nearly all trades and occupations, elders of the church, dominies (teachers, that is), farmers, soldiers, tailors, blacksmiths, millers and shepherds, in fact they were a complete self-contained group of sturdy Scots highly fitted to meet the emergencies and difficulties of creating new homes out of the wilderness. The Polly was the first ship to arrive at Charlottetown early in August 1803, then they proceeded to Point Prim where they were dismayed to find no one to welcome them

though Lord Selkirk had set sail from Scotland some days before their departure. They saw before them an impenetrable wilderness, for nature again possessed the land that had been cleared fifty years before by the French. They put up what slight shelter they needed and in a day or two Selkirk and his agents arrived and the work of conquering the wilderness began. Now no finer farmland can be seen on Prince Edward Island than that around Belfast and, though many of the descendants of these courageous, hardy pioneers have wandered far, all are intensely proud of their ancestors who came over in the Polly and her sister ships.

Mr. John MacGregor, a leader in the fight for democratic government on the Island, writes of the nationalities of the inhabitants and sums up their characteristics in the following words: "When travelling through the settlement we discover the inhabitants to consist of Englishmen from about every country in the Kingdom, Scotchmen who, it is true, predominate from the Highlands, Hebrides and the southern counties, Irishmen from different parts of the Emerald Isle, Acadian French, American Loyalists, and a few Dutch, Germans and Swedes. The English farmer does not reconcile himself so readily as the Scotch settler does to the privations necessarily connected for the first few years, with being set down in a new country . . . and it is not until he is sensibly assured of succeeding and bettering his conditions that he becomes fully reconciled to the country. The American Loyalists, are in general, industrious and independent in their circumstances, extremely ingenious, building their own homes, doing their own joiner work, mason work, glazing and painting. The men

(4) by another portage to Fortune;

Belfast Church where many of the Selkirk settlers are buried including Lord Selkirk's daughter.

make their own shoes, their ploughs harrows and carts as well as their sledges; the women spin knit, and weave linens and coarse woollen clothes for domestic use It was not long before Scots Irish English, Loyalists and French were united as Islanders, striving for free land free education for all self government representing the whole community happy in their new home of peace and plenty, cradled on the waves

X

As early as 1770 when Governor Patterson arrived on the Island, trouble due to absentee-landlordism began and continued for over one hundred years until in 1877 the Land Purchase Act was passed which vested in the Government of Prince Edward Island all lots previously sold. Our Island thus had a taste of the conditions existing in Ireland for centuries.

Of all the settlers the United Empire Loyalists seemed to have suffered most. They were allowed to settle on the land with the assurance that their titles were good, many of the proprietors having offered them one quarter of their lots. They cleared the land, built houses for themselves and their families, cultivated the fields. Then they were told that they would have to move, that they had no rights whatever. But the Island Government was also in a bad way, owing to the non-payment of the quit-rents by the absentee proprietors. These quit-rents had been designed to meet the expenses of government and many of the officials had to depend on what private means they might have as there were often no salaries forthcoming. Here is how Judge Warburton speaks of the proprietors:

"Some few of these gentlemen honourably endeavoured to fulfill their obligations, but the great majority quite ignored them. Bills drawn on the proprietor's agent by the officers of government, who depended on the quit-rents for their pay, were dishonoured. Those who were without private resources were, for long periods, left without means of support.

Year in and year out, there is the same story of these men's shameless breach of the conditions upon which they held their lands, and of the undertaking they had entered into when they procured the establishment of a separate government for the Island. Many of them held their lands simply for the purpose of speculation, without the slightest intention of performing the conditions of their grants."

Unfortunately they possessed sufficient influence with the authorities in England to thwart the efforts of the local government and legislature to compel them to discharge their obligations. Governor Patterson did much to alleviate the grievous wrongs under which the people of the Island laboured, he made every effort to bring new settlers here and to get fair treatment for them, but there is an undoubted stigma left on his name for misappropriating funds sent from England for building a church, a court house and a gaol. You will remember he and the other members of the government had received no salary for years and he used this money to pay up the arrears, however there was a phrase used which put scarcely the best light on his action. The money was paid the officials (I quote) "So that they might live and dress in a way befitting their station." In spite of the bitter denunciation of Chief Justice Stewart and others, Patterson managed to get the Assembly to exonerate him. He did not gain popularity by taking five years when given one year's leave of absence in England though he probably used the opportunity thus afforded to bring to the attention of the home Government the conditions on the Island due to the failure of the proprietors to carry out their obligations.

After his return to the Island he decided to sell the land of the defaulting landlords and he did so before notice of the proposed sale reached them in England, buying large areas of the land himself at bargain prices. The Island Assembly approved the sale in a bill which was disallowed by His Majesty King George III and the Government was commanded to **submit to the Assembly another bill annulling the sales.**

It is extremely interesting to read that the Assembly gave summary treatment to this bill which they said was "highly detrimental to the settlement of the colony" and that it also appeared to them that it was founded on misrepresentation.

And so little Prince Edward Island began its fight for democracy. Governor Patterson was recalled and General Edmund Fanning, a Loyalist, was sent to take his place. Governor Fanning held office for eighteen years, the longest period of any Governor in the Island's history. His first Assembly he dissolved as there was much ill feeling between those favoring himself and those who had supported Patterson. He issued writs for a new one in March, 1790, in which, he reported to the Secretary of State, harmony prevailed. It must indeed have carried out his wishes for it lasted twelve years and had been called the "Long Parliament of Prince Edward Island."

Mr. Hart says: "Fanning's regime was an era of calm before and after a period of political storm. No great changes were made for better or worse during all his eighteen years of office." A writer of the time says of Fanning: "His ruling passion was that of acquiring landed property in the colony and he succeeded

in securing to himself some of the best tracts without proceeding to any violent measures." It was his daughter, you may remember, Lady Wood, who left a will instructing that her lands on the Island should be sold and half of the proceeds used for the Micmac Indians of the Island.

There are two interesting items in the public accounts for May, 1789:

"To cash paid Benjamin Chappell for repairing the Stocks (The contrivance for punishing offenders) . . . 15s". (He is the writer of the first diary on the Island.)

"To cash paid Ann Richardson for the use of her house for church for one year . . . . £40".

Fanning seemed to think that the latter item was reckless extravagance, for he decided to buy a house, "one part of which he appropriated for the performance of public divine service during the time he shall be continued in the government of this Island, whereby there is and will be a saving of £10 a year to the public, which sum has heretofore annually been paid for the hire of a room for a church." He retired with a pension of £500 in 1804 while poor Patterson who really did much more for the development of the Island, died in extreme poverty in London leaving his wife destitute.

Colonel DesBarres came to the Island in 1805 with the resounding titles of Lieutenant-Governor, Commander-in-chief and Vice-Admiral of Prince Edward Island. He, like Captain Holland, had been aide-de-camp to Wolfe at Quebec and was now eighty three years of age. In spite of his advanced age, this spirited old soldier set about raising a force of militia for the protection of the colony and with the outbreak of the War of 1812 he urged the Assembly to adopt measures for the Island's defense.

However, no attack was made. Perhaps the ghost fleet of which the Governor was Vice Admiral frightened off the Americans! During his regime the Island prospered quietly and immigrants came from Guernsey and from Argyllshire.

Charles Douglas Smith succeeded DesBarres as Governor, about him I am going to quote from Mr George Hart as he sums up in a masterly way his character and actions: "Like Charles I of England he was doubtless a firm believer in the divine right of governors, for, during his sojourn here he kept the colony in a ferment with his many acts of injustice and tyranny. But, unlike Charles I, he had not the nobility of bearing which hides a multitude of sins. As a man, Smith was puffed up by his own importance, overbearing and insolent. As a governor he showed tremendous ignorance of or contempt for British constitutional procedure and British fair play. His period of rule — or rather misrule — was a time of strife between Governor and Assembly. The people's representative stood up valiantly for their rights. They impeached him for many offences among which was "a gross abuse and misapplication of public money." Having two arrogant sons in law and a son under age Smith had ample opportunity of creating a "family compact" and using nepotism to the full. His son was given the rank and salary of a naval officer and the post of Acting Provost Marshal.

Once while holding these exaulted positions, this youth, in a playful or vengeful mood, broke a window in the Legislative Chamber when the Assembly was in session; to use his own words: "I up with my fist and slashed it through the window." For this act of vandalism he was lodged in gaol. Justice for such offenses against property was evidently meted out more promptly in those days than it is today, — but it was not always justice, as we shall see in our next broadcast when we glance at some of the methods of punishment used by our ancestors on the Island.

Smith caused much suffering when he demanded that the inhabitants pay the old arrears in quit-rents. But the people would stand his despotism no longer. A great petition and 'grand remonstrance' was drawn up and signed by men from all three counties. Captain John Stewart was commissioned to carry the petition to the King. The Governor countered by ordering his arrest, but Stewart made his escape in a barrel which was smuggled on board ship. He reached London and presented the Island's petition to King George IV and Smith's reign of injustice was over. His successor was a man of very different calibre but we must leave the study of his regime till next week as I want to tell you the story of Blumine.

Many of you will have heard of Blumine. Mrs. Macleod told her story in the Dalhousie Review for April 1925. I can give you only a resume of it, quoting from her introductory paragraph:

"The little province by the sea has given to the world many notable sons and daughters. But of them all none perhaps excels in romantic interest the Maiden

who in a manner links Prince Edward Island to Carlyle, the great sage of Chelsea She was Margaret Gordon of Charlottetown, the first love of Carlyle"

In 1785 a young doctor, Alexander Gordon came to Charlottetown from Logie O'Buchan Scotland and was attached to two companies of the Black Watch then stationed there Governor Patterson's daughter Margaret and the dashing young medical officer fell in love and married

Mrs Macleod quotes from an old account book of his and she says there were many more similar items

July 10, 1787 — 1/2 doz pairs of stockings 3/8

July 15 1787 — 1 pair large best-plated buckles, 9/0

July 30, 1787 — 1 pott pomatum 1/

August 2, 1787 — 1 pair garters /9

He seems to have been as Mrs Macleod says 'a bit reckless', for though his father-in-law gave him, for loyal service during the American War, 36 acres of land he could not manage to make both ends meet and, when their youngest daughter Margaret was about three or four years old his property was seized for debts and the family left Charlottetown for Halifax where they lived in poverty for a few years, until Dr Gordon's death Two of his daughters were then sent back to Scotland and were brought up by an aunt in Kirkcaldy with a combined income of £45 a year Here came as a teacher young Thomas Carlyle and fell in love with the tall fair graceful Margaret Gordon However the aunt was inflexible, she had higher ambitions for her niece than the impecunious young school teacher. Thomas Carlyle passed on to a leading position in the literary world of his day. He always remembered his "Blumine," the Goddess of Flowers, describing her with a lovely and charming touch in "Sartor Resartus" and his "Reminiscences", and speaking of her frequently to his friends. Jane Walsh, whom he married later in life, was even a bit jealous of Carlyle's "Rose Maiden". This marriage was not happy as both Thomas and Jane were very difficult to live with and a wag has said that if Jane had married some one else, and Thomas his first love, four people, instead of two, would have been unhappy.

Margaret Gordon married Alexander Bannerman, who was later knighted, and just fifty years after she and her family left Prince Edward Island in want and under a cloud, she returned to Charlottetown as Lady Bannerman and Governor's lady with cannon booming and all the town illuminated in her honour. A Charlottetown friend wrote thus of her in a letter: "Few women of her century had such true and wide culture or grasp of intellect, and withal she was one of the most humble and sincere Christians I have ever met."

XI

With the removal of Smith as Governor of Prince Edward Island the people had won the first round in their fight for freedom. It was the same struggle as was carried on elsewhere, for the control of the expenditure of public funds, in other words for responsible government, for he who pays the piper should be allowed to call the tune. Although the Island raised all the money by this time for carrying on the government, except for paying the Governor's salary, the Governor and his Council had complete control over expenditures and were responsible only to the Colonial Office in far-away London.

For seven prosperous years from 1824 to 1831 there was a lull in the struggle, for John Stewart, having presented his petition to the king for the removal of Smith, came back accompanied by Col. John Ready as Lieutenant Governor, a man who must ever be held in honour by us, for he did everything possible to understand our problems and to promote our interests in the seven years he held office.

Judge Warburton says of him: "He was not long in winning the confidence and respect of the people. During his first summer here he visited almost every section of the Island. He made the public interests his own and acquainted himself with the country and its needs. With energy and ability he devoted himself to the work of building up and improving the province. Not by precept alone, but by his own example, and active exertions, and largely at his own expense, he led the way in promoting the Island's welfare. He encouraged agriculture, which he saw must be the staple industry of the Island. To improve the stock he imported from England, for breeding purposes, some of the finest animals that have been brought here. He gave an impetus to the profession of agriculture which it has never lost." Shortly after his arrival he caused a general election to be held. In the opening session His Excellency gave, as his reason for so soon calling the members together, the need of revising and continuing such beneficial acts as had expired, or were about to expire, and for considering such other measures as were necessary for the welfare and good government of the Island.

Much useful legislation was enacted at this session; among other matters measures were taken for the encouragement of education, for the preservation of oysters, appointing juries, regulating pilots and the fisheries, preventing forest fires, etc., etc. A large sum from the small revenue was devoted to roads and bridges. The British Parliament had passed an act to regulate the trade between His Majesty's possessions in America and the West Indies and opening free ports in the various colonies, the Assembly drew the attention of the Governor to the fact that no free port had been mentioned for the Island and begged him to bring the matter to the notice of the Secretary of State They suggested that Charlottetown Three Rivers and Princetown be opened to this commerce — Summerside was still only Green Shore. Governor Ready endeavoured to make himself fully acquainted with conditions everywhere on the Island and on the opening of the second session he congratulated the Legislature on the increasing industry and tranquility apparent on all sides However, the struggle between the Assembly and the Council with regard to the expenditure of funds came up in an intensified form in this and subsequent sessions. The Secretary of State for the Colonies took the Assembly's part in the controversy and wrote the Governor to express to the Council his regret that they should lay claims to rights which were outworn and which were not easy to reconcile to the principles of the British Constitution. Still the quarrel continued.

A bill was introduced to prevent the importation and circulation of base copper coin and much difficulty was experienced on the Island because of the scarcity of proper circulating currency. There is an interesting article in Mr. Benjamin Bremner's "An Island Scrap Book" from which I should like to quote. It is the story of the Holey Dollar.

"The story of this interesting specimen of Canadian money brings us at once into the atmosphere of pirates on the Spanish Main who reckoned their gains in 'pieces of eight.' A few centuries ago the Spanish Government minted a large thick silver coin that was current over much of the world and was known as the Spanish Dollar. It had such a wide circulation and was so eagerly sought after that the British Government merely restamped it and used it for circulation in the Old Country. At the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the last century this coin was in circulation in Eastern Canada and the New England States. Its purchasing power varied in different localities, being very high in Halifax and as a consequence enterprising merchants collected them and sent them to Halifax to make profit on the exchange." Due to this and other

causes the currency problem on the Island became serious and, for once in his long regime, Governor Smith had an inspiration for the benefit of the Island. He had collected all the Spanish dollars available and ordered a disc cut from center of them valued at one shilling, the remaining portion being valued at 5 shillings; thus there were two coins where one had been before and the advantage was that they were negotiable only on the Island. However, there was a canny Scot (I believe) who discovered that the shilling piece had almost two shillings' worth of silver in it, and he began secretly collecting the coins to send them to England to be melted down. When he had a goodly number he shipped them off but Davey Jones received them and for all we know they are still reposing in his locker. These two coins are extremely rare now and far too expensive for the ordinary collector. Mr. Brammer tells us that a numismatist in Vancouver is the only proud possessor of the pair of coins as far as he knew. Still the difficulty of the currency remained unsolved. Various experiments were tried: paper money was used for a short time, then actually leather notes were introduced; it was even suggested that grain be used as a means of exchange. One writer of the time remarked that he expected to see birch bark and shingles introduced as legal tender. About the middle of the century merchants had designed and imported kegs of copper coins. In 1871, two years before we entered Confederation, we adopted the decimal system and used dollars and cents and so our currency problem was solved.

When, in my last broadcast, reference was made to the imprisoning of Governor Smith's son for breaking a window I suggested that some typical cases of

the administration of justice in the early days in Charlottetown should be glanced at tonight. In 1804 a man at the other end of the social scale, a negro called Black Jack, was found guilty of stealing 10d and the court was pleased to pass the following sentence, "that the said Black Jack be placed at the end of a cart or sled and be whipped from the gaol to the stocks thence to the wharf and thence back to the gaol, but during the said whipping he is to receive not more than sixty lashes Such humane treatment was not exhibited later in Governor Smith's day, when a man had been thus beaten and the Governor considering the punishment not sufficiently severe, ordered that he should be beaten again the next day They were unable to carry out his instructions as the man had already died "These were the days", Mr Burpee tells us in the 'Canadian Geographic Magazine', "when hungry men were hanged for stealing a loaf of bread and sentenced to 39 lashes for minor offences (one wonders what were the minor offences) and when a jury brought in a verdict of 'not guilty' because, they said though they had no doubt of the man's guilt, he had a wife and seven children, and to send him to gaol would be a severe burden on the community." We have in these cases evidence of man's inhumanity to man, I suppose What shall we say of the present day laxity? Is it just an automatic swinging of the pendulum? There was a day, we are told, when Summerside 'made the punishment fit the crime.' A thief who had abstracted five pounds from a merchant's till was taken to Queen's Wharf a rope tied around his waist (not his neck as might have been done perhaps in Charlottetown!) and he was ducked in the chill October waters a separate douse for each pound he stole.

In Governor Ready's first session of the Assembly measures were taken up and enacted for the encouragement of Education, we are told. At long last the government body was becoming conscious of the sinister neglect of education on the Island. Time and again in Smith's regime the Assembly had passed bills and voted money for education, only to have them thrown out by the Council.

As far back as 1790 Governor Fanning had announced to the Legislature: "It becomes my indispensable duty in obedience to His Majesty's royal instructions, to recommend to you the expediency of entering upon some methods for the erecting and maintenance of schools, in order for the training up of youth to necessary knowledge of the principles of religion and virtue." We find eleven years later that he is urging the erection of a school house and the endowment of a public school, though an act for raising a revenue for erecting and maintaining Public Schools in this Province passed by the Assembly, had been thrown out by the Council. In spite of all the agitation as late as 1828 the amount spent per year on education for the whole province is the incredibly small sum of under $1,400.

Following is a description of schools and teachers of these early days which I found in the 'Prince Edward Island Magazine': "Usually persons of shipwrecked character and blasted prospects in life, after every other resource failed, became a teacher; sometimes a man too proud to beg, too upright to steal, would consent to wield the birch." If the population of a village moved away the school house was moved along with them. In those days teachers would compete for schools, not schools for teachers, though the lot of the teacher was not a happy or, one would think, a very profitable one; he was boarded from house to house and was held in no respect whatever but rather as a handyman. One teacher, who had been a court crier in the old country, is said to have summoned his children into the schoolhouse with "Oyez, oyez, oyez! Come into the school." Before dismissing school at noon he would say grace and also before dismissing it in the afternoon. One district had a schoolhouse which had been a cabin on a ship that was wrecked, and the teacher had also been ship-wrecked! This teacher boasted that he had the loudest school in the Island; his children read and spelt aloud in unison and their voices could be heard for a long distance landward and out-to-sea. In these schools the birch rod and the fool's cap seem to have been the chief equipment; fighting boys were made to play "Wrap Jacket", that is each was armed with a switch and they beat each other until one was exhausted. About the middle of the century in country districts, teachers being difficult to get, the post was sometimes filled up by a "farmer teacher." He would be up early and get a lot of work done and then go to school and have a rest. If any of you who are listening in had ancestors who were teachers I hope they did not belong to any of the types described in this talk.

In 1829 an act was actually got through both houses establishing an academy in Charlottetown but it was not till 1836 that a loan could be raised to put up the building. In 1860, when Edward VII as Prince of Wales visited the Island this Central Academy was

renamed for him. About the same time St. Andrew's College, later to become St. Dunstan's University, was founded by Bishop McEachern. It was not until 1830 that Roman Catholics, through the Imperial Parliament, received the franchise and other rights and privileges previously enjoyed only by the Protestants. It took almost one hundred years for the authorities to agree that women also were citizens and capable of casting a vote. One may wonder if women's status has anything to do with the changed attitude in Government circles towards the education of our children.

There were three Grammar Schools, one in each county; the masters were appointed by the Governor; the master of the Charlottetown school received the munificent salary of £100 (under $500); the masters of the other two schools received £50 each and the masters of the district schools were reimbursed annually to the extent of £12 (less than $60); and in spite of their naural lack of preparation these district school teachers had to pass an examination before the Board of Education appointed by the Governor in Council. Those were indeed the good old days.

XII

Tonight our talk is about "Wooden Ships and Iron Men", about ship-building and ship wrecks. It is only in the nature of things that Prince Edward Island should have produced, in proportion to its size, more able-bodied seamen and deep sea captains than any other part of British North America. The story of ship-building here began as early as 1721 in the French regime when a ship of 100 tons was built at St. Peters for carrying codfish to Europe. Another was built about the same time for seal and sea-cow industry and one of 65 tons for the West Indian trade.

However, the "age of sail" did not begin for the Island until early in the 19th Century. Mr Hart says of the Island "it came of age with a sickle in one hand and a ship's tiller in the other." Our groves of fine birch, pine and oak stood ready for the axe and every harbour, creek and bay soon echoed the sound of the ship-builders' hammer. The chief places where ship-building was carried on were Murray Harbour, Charlottetown, Summerside, Georgetown, Cardigan, St Peters, Souris, Morell, Bedeque, Bideford and Port Hill. Between 1830 and 1873, when we entered Confederation, 3,000 ships were built on the Island, averaging 200 tons.

In 1851, the year that responsible government was granted to the Island, James C. Pope built Summerside's first ship and about ten years later Summerside, which had been known as Green's Shore, became the second most important port on the Island. "At first,

Mr. Hart says, "Island men were only builders and financiers who built their ships to sell abroad. Most of the smaller vessels were used in the coastal trade and the larger ones were loaded with timber and sold, cargo and all, in England and occasionally in the West Indies." But Islanders soon came to realize that they had other products to sell and that their supply of trees was not inexhaustible. There were markets for potatoes, oats, wheat, and cattle fattened on the rich Island pastures; in a short time our ships and our sailors were to be seen in all parts of the world. Our people had become sea-conscious and they sailed the Seven Seas. It is said that out of a class of boys in one country district school thirteen schoolmates became shipmasters.

Again I quote from Mr. Hart: "Island seamen became noted for their great skill and physique. Point Prim gave perhaps more men to the sea than any other district. These were the descendants of the Skye pioneers, hardy men, rugged men, men born to command, Kings of the sea." This lure and love of the sea is given perfect expression by Masefield in his "Sea Fever." May I quote it in full?

I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea
    and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
    white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
    breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

The worst disaster that ever befell fishermen in this part of the world was the great "American gale" in October, 1851. Off the north coast of the Island is a wide stretch of the best mackerel fishing to be found anywhere and many fishermen from Nova Scotia and New England frequented these fishing grounds. The sun rose clearly on the morning of Friday, October 4th, and the sea was as calm "as innocence asleep." More than one hundred schooners all sails set were seen standing in towards the Island — a magnificent sight — the captains were probably expecting to get their fish in the shallow water; it was late in the season but often the best catches are made then. During the day the brilliant sunshine turned to a grayish sky and towards evening it became black and threatening; the wind was blowing freshly from the south-east and about 4 P.M. the fleet started to take off, but they were too late trying to work clear of the land or to lie at anchor and outride the storm. After sunset a heavy swell arose and the captains watched their glasses with anxious faces.

The next morning, what wind! What rain! What devastation! The water was convulsive, the beach a seething mass of foam, the roar was deafening and terrifying. The wind had shifted east and then north; the night that followed was indescribable; the storm continued in undiminished fury all day Saturday and Saturday night. Continuing on Sunday it diminished towards night. The rain and the spray had made it impossible for the watchers on land to see what was taking place at sea. As the storm abated help could be given; our sand dunes were a blessing; had our north shore been rock-bound probably none would have been saved and no bodies recovered. It is impossible to describe the desolation. On the Cavendish shore one of the wrecks was seen with thirteen men almost naked from the buffeting of the gale lashed to the rigging. A waterlogged vessel was aground, boarding it the searchers found ten men — all the crew — dead in the cabin; in an adjoining cove fourteen men, who had tasted no food since the beginning of the gale on Friday, and this was Sunday, in desperation made two empty casks fast to ropes and threw them into the water; they floated ashore and the ropes were fastened to trees by the landsmen, four of the men were able to save themselves by this means. Later the hull was lifted by a tremendous wave and landed in the sand near a cliff and the other men were enabled to scramble to safety.

At Rustico the loss of life was shocking beyond words; one New Englander lost four sons and a nephew; the details are too harrowing. On Monday between East Point and North Cape lay eighty wrecks and about 150 drowned men. Many ships and men were lost out at sea. In the "News of Gloucester," (Mass.), the most important fishing town in New England, the storm was reported and I wish to quote from this paper the expressions of gratitude of the survivors towards the people of the Island.

They (the survivors) all speak in the warmest terms of gratitude of the universal hospitality and kindness which they and all the shipwrecked men received at the hands of these generous and humane

Islanders. In the midst of the storm they were on the shore to render every aid in their power to save life. After it had abated they cheerfully offered their services to assist in the preservation of property. They bore from the wrecks the bodies of those who had perished, prepared them for the grave at their own expense and administered to them the last sad rites of humanity. Nor was that all, they opened their doors to those who had no shelter, fed and clothed the destitute and bestowed upon the sufferers every possible assistance that could alleviate their misfortune, and every attention humanity could devise. At the instance of many of our returned townsmen our exchanges of Halifax and P.E. Island papers, are requested to make known to their readers the feelings of grateful remembrance in which the wrecked fishermen of Gloucester will always hold the generous hospitality extended to them in their misfortune."

Everyone has heard of the clipper ship, called the Marco Polo, for the famous Venetian traveller of the Thirteenth Century. She was considered the fastest ship of her day, was built in Saint John, N.B., and after thirty two years on the sea making history, returned to the Maritimes to rest her bones on the beach at Cawnpore, Cavendish. Mr. G. H. Bell of Summerside, and his brother Captain Harry Bell watched her from their ship with a telescope, as she approached the shore and ran aground in hazy weather. Mr. Bell tells me that across the bow were two carved reclining figures of Marco Polo with an elephant standing between them and that the figurehead under the bowsprit was in the form of a woman. Of all the things that must have been salvaged from this famous ship we know of only two treasures. One of the Marco Polo figures, which was for years nailed to the wall of Mr. John Johnstone's barn at Long River, was given by him to Mr F E Holman of Saint John for the Historical Museum there; the other is the elephant which was found in a woodpile, badly defaced and mutilated It was "too hard to chop up" and so was salvaged. It had been beautifully restored and Chief Justice Thane A. Campbell has it hanging on the wall of his dining room in Stanley.* The life story of the Marco Polo is told by F W. Wallace in his book "Wooden Ships and Iron Men." I am going to quote a part of it for you.

"One of the most famous ships that sailed the seas in the days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men" was the Marco Polo. This remarkable ship was built at Saint John N.B., in 1850 and in the heyday of her career was considered the fastest ship afloat. She was a three decker of 1600 tons, 184 feet in length and designed for the East India trade. Her dimensions were such that it was designed to await the spring tide before launching. They were unable to check her rapid movement when she was sliding down the ways, and she ran aground in the mud on the opposite side of the creek and then heeled over. Two weeks later she was hauled off slightly "hogged", but not otherwise damaged. Her maiden voyage was to Liverpool with a cargo of timber and scrap iron."

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* Since giving this broadcast I have received a letter from Mr. R. K. Clements of Montague saying that he has in his office the other figures of Marco Polo.

Although not designed for a clipper ship it was claimed by sailor-men of that day that the slight twist received by her hull during the time she lay on the flats accounted for her speed, but many of the fast voyages to her credit were no doubt largely due to the men who commanded her.

She was taken over by the Black Ball Line and put on the Australian trade route at the time of the tremendous gold rush there in 1852. She was luxuriously fitted up — even for our day — for the emigrant service. Here is Mr. Wallace's description in part: 'On deck forward of the poop, which was used as a ladies' cabin, was a 'home on deck' used as a dining salon. It was ceiled with maple, and the pilasters were panelled with ornamental silvered glass, coins of various countries being a feature of the decorations. Between each pilaster was a circular aperture about six feet in circumference over which was placed a sheet of plate glass with a cleverly painted picturesque view in the centre with a frame work and scroll in opaque colors and gold. The saloon doors were panelled in stained glass bearing figures of Commerce and Industry.
The upholstery was in embossed crimson velvet; the berths in separate staterooms were rendered cheerful by circular glass hatchlights of novel and effective construction." It sounds quite palatial for a ship taking men to the gold fields, doesn't it? But it does not seem to have interfered with her speed, for with Captain James Forbes in command she beat the new steamer 'Australia' by a week in sailing from Liverpool to Melbourne in 68 days, her best days run on the voyage being 364 miles.

The Marco Polo made in all six trips to Australia, carrying on her first trip 930 passengers and a crew of 60 men. On her second trip she brought back £280 000 worth of gold dust. She continued in the Australian trade until 1867. "After this" Wallace says, "she trailed out from the company of the clipper packets — water soaked and strained — and went into tramping, but finally came under the Norwegian flag and staggered across the Western Ocean, timber-laden and with a windmill pump discharging the water which seeped in through her strained and sodden fabric which had to be held together with frappings. In August 1883 on her way from Quebec she sprang a leak in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and was stranded at Cavendish where she broke up completely in a gale some weeks later."

Where are now the captains
Of those racing roaring days
Who of knowledge and of courage
Drove the clippers on their ways —
To the farthest ounce of pressure,
To the latest stitch of sail
Carried on' before the tempest
Till the waters lapped the rail?
Oh the merry, manly skippers
Of the traders and the clippers,
They are sleeping East and West
And the brave blue sea shall hold them
And the oceans five enfold them
In the haven where they rest

Where are now the Captains
Of the gallant days agone?
They are biding in their places,
And the Great Deep bears no traces
Of their good ships passed and gone
They are biding in their places,
Where the light of God's own grace is,
And the Great Deep thunders on.
Yea, with never port to steer for,
And with never storm to fear for,
They are waiting, worn and white,
And they hear no more the calling
Of the watches or the falling
Of the sea rain in the night.

We know that one captain is lying safe in a church-yard in Liverpool. On his tombstone is written, "Sacred to the memory of Captain James Nicol Forbes, who commanded the famous clipper ship the Marco Polo."

XIII

As this is the last broadcast in this series I hope you will bear with me if I recall to your minds the land question and our fight for democratic government which were interwoven in the development of our Island story. I spoke of the seven prosperous years under Colonel Ready and the regret felt by all at his departure. His tenure of office was distinguished by "activity, energy and usefulness," it was said at the time; the population largely increased and commerce and agriculture took on renewed life during his term on the Island. He was followed by Colonel Young — the governorship of the colonies seems to have been then, as now, a reward for distinguished military service, though often they must have looked back with regret to the field of battle. A great wave of new settlers came to the Island during Young's short term of office, due to a number of bad years in the British Isles. They came from the Island of Skye, from Ireland, from Devon, Cornwall, Norfolk and Suffolk. The Island increased also in wealth; forty new ships were built in one year and overseas trade increased amazingly. In 1832 a link was forged with the outside world when a little steamer, the Pocahontas, began to carry mail and passengers twice a week between Charlottetown and Pictou, the first regular communication with the mainland. All this prosperity brought little happiness to the farming communities for, no sooner did the landlords hear of it, than they demanded the payment of rents, adding the arrears which had been accumulating throughout the years of struggle and hardship. Evictions were attempted by the bailiff such as took place in Ireland. Mr. Hart says: "On one occasion some of the King's County farmers resisted the bailiff and hamstrung his horses." Sir Charles Fitzroy, who was the Governor at this time advised the landlords to sell a part of their lands or to allow the tenants something for their improvements An effort was made in 1839 to curtail the power of the Council which had been opposing every reform initiated in the Assembly by creating a Legislative Council apart from the Executive Council as one public man remarked "It was just cutting a rotten orange in two in order to improve its flavor". It was not until 1853 that the Land Purchasing Act was passed through the two Houses but the Imperial Parliament would not guarantee a loan to buy the land from the proprietors in order to sell it at a moderate rate to the tenants and in consequence very few estates were bought A Land Commission was appointed in 1860 to investigate the whole question, and Judge Warburton says their report the next year was a valuable one recommending the enforcement of the Land Purchase Act with certain guards and modifications Twenty years before this Lord Durham then Governor of British North America had been asked by the Colonial Secretary for his opinion on the subject He expressed it in no uncertain terms It is altogether too long to quote but I must give a few excerpts from it to show how an unprejudiced person viewed the question 'The extreme improvidence — I might say the reckless improvidence — which dictated these grants (the lots drawn for in London) is obvious the total neglect of the government as to the enforcing the conditions of these grants is no less so but in the meantime the inhabitants of the Island are subjected to the greatest inconvenience — nay the most serious injury — from the state of the property in land. The absent proprietors will neither improve the land themselves nor let others improve it. . . Your Lordship can scarcely conceive the degree of injury inflicted on a new settlement hemmed in by wilderness land which has been placed under the control of government and is entirely neglected by absent proprietors.' But, as we know, nothing was done nor was the report of the Commissioners of 1861 acted upon. The inhabitants were kept in a state of uncertainty until 1877 when the British Government agreed to enforce the Land Purchase Act, and so all the estates not already purchased by the Island Government were vested in it, and at long last our people were enabled to reap the reward of their labour. In the fight for freedom on this Island we owe the deepest gratitude to three generations of men whose determination, tempered by patience and restraint, brought us "self government, free schools and free land." But how many of us knew even the names of these men? Are our children in school taught to honour them as patriots? Perhaps if they had risen in rebellion and killed to gain their goal they would have been honoured more! Who knows?

Why should this be so? I would mention only two illustrious men who devoted their lives to the service of their Island home. One is George Coles, born and bred in Charlottetown, who became leader of the Liberal Party on the Island; the other, Edward Whalen, came as an immigrant boy with his mother to Halifax. The Hon. Joseph Howe got interested in this poor boy and educated him. At the age of 18 in 1843 he came to Charlottetown and at once began to work with Coles in the struggle for reform. The newspaper, 'The Island Argus', for August 31st, 1875, speaks thus in part about these two men: "Closely allied to Mr. Coles in the work for reform was the late Hon. Edward Whalen. These two names are inseparably associated with the liberal and progressive measure of the past . . . . Coles was daring, original, practical and invincible, but his education was defective and his knowledge of history, government and political science necessarily limited. Whalen was clear, quick, polished, well bred, skilful in debate and eloquent with tongue and pen . . . . The original mind of Coles conceived ideas and invented plans; Whalen gave them shape and comeliness. Then both united in carrying them into execution — one by rousing appeals from the platform to the stalwart yeomen of the country — in unpolished language to be sure, but vigorous appeals to the reason and understanding; the other by eloquent language, a smooth composition suited alike to the learned and uneducated, or withering satire that silenced if it did not convince his opponents.' 'Together these two men' writes Mr. Hart, 'gave to their generation and to posterity a free education and a voice in the government."

It would seem unnecessary to tell the story of Confederation. Everyone knows that the meeting in the Provincial Building, Charlottetown, in 1864 originated by Sir Charles Tupper persuading the governments of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to appoint delegates to meet at Charlottetown to consider the advisability of the three provinces uniting. While this meeting was going on a ship arrived from Quebec with eight Ministers of the Crown who proposed that a wider union be discussed —

of all of British North America. Here began the plans that ultimately were consummated at Quebec and brought about Confederation which was confirmed by the Imperial Government in the British North America Act of 1867. Those were indeed men of vision who "Providence being their guide, builded better than they knew." However, it was not all plain sailing; neither Nova Scotia nor New Brunswick was satisfied with the terms when first presented to them. It took six years for Prince Edward Island to become "Canadian." The opposition was widespread. Edward Whalen, the strongest supporter of Confederation, had died. It may surprise you to know how determined was the opposition here. It was expressed in a resolution passed by the Assembly. I shall quote it in full: "This House cannot admit that a federal union of the North American provinces and colonies which would include Prince Edward Island could ever be accomplished on terms that would prove advantageous to the interests and well-being of the people of this Island, separated as it is, and must ever remain, from the neighboring provinces by an immovable barrier of ice for many months in the year; and this House deems it to be its sacred and imperative duty to declare that any federal union of the North American Colonies that would embrace this Island would be as hostile to the feelings and wishes, as it would be opposed to the best and most vital interests of the people."

Pressure was brought to bear on this recalcitrant little island; the Colonial Secretary sent a letter urging the Island to join Canada and made a suggestion that otherwise the Island might be called upon to pay the Governor's salary; the Canadian Government imposed

a duty on Island exports, finally a delegation of three members of the Cabinet came down from Ottawa to offer more generous terms. Tempora mutantur, times have indeed changed, neither Canada nor Britain is making any effort today to bring Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation. The Island remained self-sufficient and obdurate.

In 1871 something happened to make the Islanders realize they could not stand alone. The Hon. J. C. Pope and his coalition government passed an act in two days for the construction of a railway from Georgetown to Cascumpec; this railway was to cost not more than $5,000 a mile. The need of a railway was indeed great; the roads were impassable in spring, winter and autumn owing to the nature of the soil; lumbering stage coaches, truck horses and oxen were the only means of transport by land. One travelled by ship when going from Summerside to Charlottetown; in fact no journey of any length was made by land. Besides a railway would mean an increase in our trade, enable us to develop our resources and would make for better communication with the mainland. The building of the railway was a wise step from a commercial point of view, but so small and youthful a country with a population of only 80,000 was not able to shoulder the enormous cost. The cost of the railway was enormous because the builders had no contract for the whole job and the railway went wandering around every little hill and brook. It would never pay for itself as expected, the people could not be taxed heavily enough to meet the cost, the treasury was empty. We had to eat humble pie and go to the Dominion. After trips to Ottawa and much controversy we were offered most generous terms. The Dominion was to advance $8,000,000 for buying the land from the large proprietors; the Island was to receive $50 per head of its population, the Dominion Government was to foot the bill of certain public services continuous steam service with the mainland was to be established; the Island should be represented in the Dominion Parliament by six members the railway debt was to be assumed by Canada which would then own the Prince Edward Island railway The Assembly agreed — as well they might — there was nothing very heroic in our entering into the Dominion. One can imagine the first members to go to Ottawa feeling a bit shame-faced

Nevertheless Mr Hart describes thus the celebration in Charlottetown when we were received into the Dominion of Canada. "On July 1st 1873 Canada celebrated the sixth anniversary of her birthday by welcoming the Island into the family At an early hour on that day Charlottetown was gayly decked with bunting and flags, streamers and bright ribbons Even the ships in the river and harbour — and there were many in those days — were decorated in honor of the occasion At noon the Dominion flag was run up on the Colonial Building, on the Post Office and at Fort Edward From the fort a salute of twenty-one guns boomed, the people who had gathered at Queen's Square sang lustily the National Anthem and the church and city bells rang merrily Then from the balcony of the Provincial Building the Sheriff read in loud, clear tones the Union Proclamation telling the world that Prince Edward Island had become a province of the Dominion of Canada At last Islanders had become Canadians and from that date the story of the

Island province is part of the history of Canada."

But we as Islanders are distinguished for our modesty about our Island and our achievements. Still we must not hide our light under a bushel; there are a few things about which we may honestly be proud. In 1852 the first telegraph cable in America was laid between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine; many people will be surprised to know that the first automobile to be run in America was invented by Rev. Father Belcourt of Rustico in 1866. It got under way and ran for half a mile in the presence of 900 guests! In New Glasgow was built the first Canadian ship to sail to New Zealand. We have produced presidents of banks, statesmen of the first rank both in Canada and the United States, professors in universities in both countries from the Atlantic to the Pacific and leaders in the Church of outstanding ability. Then to come down to material things are not our potatoes and oysters known to be the best in the world? And of course we are the centre of the black and silver fox industry. But there, if I go on I shall be boasting! However, I should never go so far as the lady who, when visiting in Toronto, made some purchase at a wholesale house and gave her address to have them sent to Summerside, Prince Edward Island. The salesman asked, "Prince Edward Island? Do you have dollars and cents there?" She answered with the utmost scorn in her voice, "Young man, there are nine provinces in Canada and Prince Edward Island is the most important!"

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Broadcasts given over CFCY Charlottetown
in the winter of 1948

by

CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

10th Edition 1975

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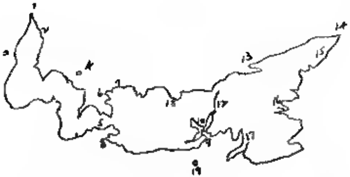
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1. North Cape
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3. Miminegash
4. Lennox Island
5. Summerside
6. Molpeque Bay
7. Darnley Basin
8 Bedeque
9 Port La Joie
10 Charlottetown
11. Hillsborough River
12 Scotchfort
13. St. Peters
14 East Point
15 Souris
16 Georgetown
(Brudenelle)
17 Belfast
18. Rustico
19 St Peters Island

FOREWORD

These broadcasts make no pretence to be even a short history of Prince Edward Island. I was prompted to give them after reading William Coates Barrett's Tales Told Under the Old Town Clock, his series of broadcasts afterwards published, concerning the legends and stories told of the early settlers in Nova Scotia. I thought that the Island had probably very little material to draw upon and I asked the local radio station if they would care to have two or three talks on the subject, however I soon found that it was a question of elimination, rather than searching, and also that any tales I might tell were so interwoven with the history of the Island that it would be necessary to bring in historical facts as a background for my story. The result was that I had thirteen broadcasts instead of two or three. I began to realize also that this was an opportunity to give young people an understanding of the heroic struggle of their ancestors in wresting homes from the wilderness and of the equally difficult task of of winning for themselves and their descendants the freedom of responsible government. These broadcasts brought a request from C F C Y in Charlottetown to record them for use in their studio. I have since then been urged by so many people, both on the Island and elsewhere, to put them into book form that I have presumed to offer them to the public.

I acknowledge with thanks the permission of Dr. D. C. Harvey, of the executors of the estate of the late Mr. Justice Warburton, of the Dalhousie Review and of Mr. George Hart to quote from their histories and articles. I wish also to thank my friend Miss Laura Young, lately retired from the staff of the Redpath Library, McGill University, for her kind help and suggestions, and Mrs Harry Colvin, Summerside, for help in checking up some of the facts.

—CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN.

Summerside
Prince Edward Island
November, 1949

OUR ISLAND STORY

In the March number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine for 1899 an old Prince of Wales student tells of a problem given there, and this was the problem: Prince Edward Island, area 27,174 square miles, coastline, say 600 miles, if the shores crumble away at the rate of 30 inches per annum, what year, what month and day will see the last bit of red sandstone disappear beneath the waves ? The writer says, "I was too tenderhearted a boy, for that sum made me so sad I never could work it out." Now, before that dire fate overtakes our beloved Island let us look back, while there is yet time.

It has been said that the Island has no history; this is not true. We have the history of our ancestors What brought them here ? What hardships and loyalties drove them from their old homes to endure the perils of the deep and to face the fears of the unknown? We have the story of these pioneers in their conquest of the wilderness, sometimes tragic, always heroic. We boast of our oysters — the best in the world, of our foxes — are we not the centre of the fox breeding industry? — of our seed potatoes shipped everywhere, and sometimes we even mention our young men who have gone forth to become professors in universities and leaders in the business, religious and professional world. (It was once said that our chief exports were potatoes and professors — that was before we began exporting foxes!) But we are all too prone to forget the men and women whose steadfastness and courage gave us our heritage Earlier still in our history we have the records of the Indians found in the soil, in their speech and in their legends and myths that resemble those of other races and set one's imagination racing back hundreds — yes, thousands of years. A study of these might reveal movements of peoples and racial influences that carry us to Mexico, to Asia, to Egypt even, and we find also traces of French, Norse, Irish, Basque and Spanish contacts. We have been laughed at for saying 'the Island' but we have a precedent for using this egotistical term. Centuries ago the Indians used it. When they felt poetic, as they often did, they called it 'Epageit' or 'Abegweit' — resting on the waves — and when they thought of it as home, they called it "Minetoo" — the Island.

Who was the first European to set foot on the Island ? We do not know. Some believe that Cabot on his first voyage in 1497 in the reign of Henry VII landed here on the Eve of St. John's Day and called it Island of St. John, but the best authorities think that the island on which he landed was off the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, and that Champlain was the first to discover that this was an island, in 1604, that he named it and placed it correctly on the map, for Jacques Cartier who undoubtedly came here in 1534 thought it was part of the mainland.

So in these talks on our Island story we can go back for authentic — though slight — information about 400 years — a long time for Canadians whose country has been a united nation for less than 100 years — but a short period of time to Europeans. Ever since Marco Polo and other travellers had brought back wondrous tales from the mysterious East of romantic caravans filled with rare, rich spices, gold, precious stones and

gorgeous silks, the hearts and fancies of adventurous men had been astir, eager to seek their fortunes in India and far Cathay.

Many thousands of years separate the Homo Sapiens who dared to leave the caves of his ancestors for life in the open air and those valiant boys of today who, in the words of one of them, "have slipped the sordid bonds of earth and danced the sky on laughter-silvered wings" because men of heroic mould gave their lives that others might "ride secure the cruel sky."

And there are those, less romantic and dramatic, who spend their lives in "following knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought." Of such a breed were Jacques Cartier and his 120 intrepid sailors. Just forty-two years after Columbus had — shall we say, re-discovered America ? — he set sail across the vast ocean in search of the Northwest Passage to India, in two ships of only 60 tons, a feat I am told no captain to-day would undertake, with no charts and no modern instruments of navigation.

To us of the older generation the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee's lines still brings a thrill:

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a shining morn in May
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas,

And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle
and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts
with fear.

Over a year passed with no tidings, when one day in autumn two sails were spied on the horizon and amid wild rejoicing the mariners returned. Then

He told them of a region, hard, ironbound and
cold,
Nor seas of pearls abounded nor mines of shining
gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word
upon the lip
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the
early ship

But it was not all of wintry blasts that Cartier told them He told, (I quote from his diary) of "the fairest land that might possibly be seen", and this was none other than our beloved isle of Abegweit, cradled on the waves. Now I am going to quote in part from George Hart's "The Story of Old Abegweit". After describing how Cartier passed Newfoundland and Labrador, passed Bird Island and the Magdalenes, where he saw sea-cows, or walruses, describing them as "great beasts like large oxen, which have two tusks in their heads like elephants' teeth, and swim about in the water", Mr. Hart writes "It was a peaceful summer afternoon in old Abegweit Beyond the red cliffs, crowned with red cedar, was no stir of life, save now and then the plaintive cooing of a turtle dove or the cry of a cariboo As tranquil too were the waters of the bay below, broken only by the swish of paddles as a flotilla of birchbark canoes sped for shore In a few minutes the Indians would have disappeared around the headland and so missed an unbelievable story to tell over and over again at the council fire For over the bar and into the bay glided a longboat manned by many oarsmen And sitting in the bow of the boat was a man whose piercing eyes and dauntless face told that here was a great chief. Half in fear and half in wonder the savages started for the village never stopping till they reached the wig-wam fires There they told of the great white god whose face was like the noontide sun, and of the other gods who paddled the huge canoe. The white oarsmen were the sailors of Jacques Cartier and the chief was the great man himself." And now we are going to read a bit from a translation of Cartier's own diary "All this land is low and flat, the most delightful, that may be seen and full of beautiful trees and plains; the entire coast is studded with sand dunes. It is true we could find no harbour We went on shore with our boats in several places, and among others we entered into a fine river, but shallow, and because we saw so many Indian canoes crossing it we called it La Riviere des Barques (River of Boats) — [this was probably Malpeque Bay at the Narrows.] We had no other acquaintance with those savages for the wind came on shore and beat us against the coast, and we had to return to our ships. We sailed N.W till next morning at sunrise when a fog and tempest arose, for which reason we lowered our sails until two hours before noon when the weather cleared and we saw a cape which we called Cap d'Orleans, (now Cape Kildare) near Alberton and another which we called Cap des Sauv-ages (our North Cape.) On the N. E. side of this cape, for about a league there is a dangerous reef of rocks. While near this cape, we saw a man running along the shore behind our boats, which were hugging the shore, and making signs for us to return, and so we began rowing towards him, when he, seeing us approach, fled. Going ashore we put on a stick a woolen scarf and a knife and returned to our ships. This day rounding the land we sailed along the coast, some nine or ten leagues, searching out a good port, which it was impossible to find, so low is the land, as I have already said and so surrounded with sandbanks. Nevertheless we went ashore four times that day to see the trees which were very beautiful and sweet-smelling, and we found them to be cedars, yews, pines, ashes, birches, elms, willows, and many others to us unknown all however without fruit. [Notice that he does not mention maples as maples do not grow in France.] The land on which there is no wood is very good and full of pease, white and red, myrtles, having the white blossoms on them; strawberries ripe, a wild grain like barley, which looks as if it had been sowed and worked; and this land is of the best temperature one could desire and of great warmth. We saw there an infinity of gulls, herons and other birds. In a word there was nothing lacking to the land but good harbours."

Cartier was still looking for a sheltered harbour when he came to the western entrance to Northumberland Strait. Thinking this was a great gulf he turned and sailed away up the coast of New Brunswick. Jacques Cartier landed on our northwest shore July 1st, 1534, a memorable date, when the first white men came to our shores and left a record of what he saw.

Exactly 333 years later our great Dominion was born, Dominion Day 1867.

"Can you not picture" writes Mr. Hart, "that tiny ship feeling her way northward through unchartered waters and, standing there in the stern, Cartier with his piercing eyes turned from the future for an instant to bid farewell to old Abegweit?"

The 400th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's visit to our shores, July 1st, 1934 was celebrated in Charlottetown, when a cairn in his honour was erected on Queen's Square. This cairn bears the following inscription. (The French quotation is from Cartier's diary in the French of the period and side by side with it is a translation made by the Elizabethan geographer Richard Hakluyt).

COMMISSION DES SITES ET DES MONUMENTS
HISTORIQUES DU CANADA
DECOUVERTE DE L'ILE DU PRINCE EDOUARD
POUR COMMEMORER LE QUATRE CENTIEME
ANNIVERSAIRE DE L'ATTERRISSAGE DE JACQUES
CARTIER SUR CETTE ILE LE 30 JUIN ET
1 er JUILLET 1534
"TOUTE YCELLE TERRE EST BASSE ET ONYE LA
PLUS BELLE QUI SOIT POSSIBLE DE VOIR ET
PLAINE DE BEAUX ABRES ET PRAIRIES."
CARTIER

HISTORIC SITES AND MONUMENTS BOARD OF
CANADA
DISCOVERY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
COMMEMORATING THE FOUR HUNDREDTH

ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF JACQUES
CARTIER ON THIS ISLAND 30TH JUNE AND
1ST JULY 1534
"ALL THE SAID LAND IS LOW AND PLAINE AND
FAIREST THAT MAY POSSIBLY BE SEEN FULL
OF GOODLY MEDOWES AND TREES"
(HAKLUYT'S TRANSLATION)
ERECTED 1934

A large delegation arrived on the steamer Champlain from France for the unveiling of this cairn Thus did the people of two races unite in honouring a great French navigator of long ago.

II

I am going to begin by quoting again from George Hart's "The Story of Old Abegweit".

"When Cartier sailed away a deep silence settled again over forest and meadow. The grey and red fox, the huge timber wolf, the bear, the marten and the beaver roamed undisturbed on land, and the seal and the seacow — the walrus — sunned themselves at the water's edge, unmolested save by the occasional Indian; then the stealthy tread of the stalker, the twang of the bow string, the swish of an arrow, the kill and the wild triumphant whoop, then nature's stillness and peace. Was this the life in old Abegweit before the white man came? We know it was not so peaceful. Tomahawks and other Indian weapons are sometimes dug up, and in the western part of the province (in fact near Miminegash) remains have been found 'of old unhappy far off things and battles long ago' and still may be found. The banks of Darnley River were once studded with great shell heaps, kitchen middens, the scrap heaps of Indians who spent a few summers on the spot and then moved on. In these 'middens' are found, not only oyster shells, but also stone axes and arrow tips, pots made of baked clay, and even pipe-bowls carved out of stone or fashioned from lobster claws."

When the bridge was rebuilt across Darnley basin an ancient Indian burial ground was unearthed during the excavations. Here were found skeletons of unusually large size, the skulls of which would easily slip over an ordinary man's head. Ada MacLeod writes and she quotes from a report made by Abraham Gesner on the geology of the Island in 1854. I quote:

"By the encroachment of the sea on the south side, a number of Indian skeletons have been exposed and washed from the bank. These skeletons were lying together in different positions, as if the bodies had been thrown into a common pit, the top of which was only one foot beneath the soil. Some of the bones were found to be of great size, and in general they all exceeded in their dimensions those of the race in their present state. The site of this pit on the extremity of a small point of land supports the opinion that the savages had been surprised and cut off, or killed in battle, and as no relics of war-like instruments were found at the place, except those of the aborigines, it is probable that the event took place before the advent of Europeans. From an old tradition of the affair among the Indians, the bay has been called Savage Harbour."

Our Indians are Micmacs; they were a rather warlike tribe of the Algonquin race; the word micmac is said by some scholars to mean crafty or stealthy, by others, a good canoeman. They inhabit Nova Scotia and Cape Breton as well as the Island, at one time there were as many as 8,000 Micmacs and now, on the Island, there are only approximately 350. They dwelt in wigwams and lived mainly by hunting and fishing. They had the same love of the hunt as had their brothers of the western plains, and so the elk and the moose on the Island disappeared as did the bison of the prairies.

The late Dr. J. S. Clark, who was an earnest student of Indian life and customs, compiled a Micmac-English dictionary; Miss Holland of Summerside has in her possession what is called "A First Reading Book in the Micmac Language" *which contains a translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew. The whole of the New Testament, with several books of the Old Testament was translated, largely by the Rev. Mr. Rand, who was a devoted missionary to the Indians towards the end of the last century. Chief Sark on Lennox Island owns a medal sent to an ancestor by Louis XV when a treaty was made between the French and the Micmacs. If only we had a museum of our own!

Dr. Clark in the 'P. E. Island Magazine' tells of his wandering in the woods on a bright moollght night when, here I quote his own story: "Suddenly as I walked my attention became rivetted upon an object which seemed to stand out like the head of an animal behind a grassy hillock. Not only did I see a well formed forehead and a tapering front, but through the intervening grass blades I discerned wrinkles that had all the appearance of animation in the uncertain light, and I was irresistibly drawn on, until, though I knew no animal was there, I crept close and placed my hand on the moist cool forehead. My warm hand was chilled by the touch, it rested on a common looking dun-colored stone, moist with the gathering dew. I took it up at once with mingled feelings, and examined it closely, to see what could have made it so attractive to me. I saw in a moment that it was no common stone, and from my knowledge of the early Micmacs, I was at once assured that before me lay an ancient war club of uncommon size and weight — he must have been a giant warrior who wielded a club of such weight at the end of an armlength shaft. All the enthusiasm of a discoverer thrill-

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* This book is now in the possession of Mr. Arthur Holland, St. Eleanors.

ed within me as I held up the mighty warclub of some forgotten chief — some warrior of the by-gone days who had charged his club with a magic that it would retain down to the end of time. Now I understood the charm which drew me on I had long known that the warclubs, bows and spears of the Micmacs have always been regarded as animals, living things; and is it any wonder then that the warrior was accompanied by his 'animate' utensils when his spirit took its flight to the realms of the blessed. But this charmed stone had lain idle for centuries until it was grey from exposure, as worthless as before it had been chipped out of shapeless flint by prehistoric man perhaps soon after the first hunters came who called the land Megamagee, the home of the true men, before Lief the Norse, the sea-rover, wandered along these shores a thousand years before Jacques Cartier came. There was a deep gash on the point and an unmistakable crack on the poll, which must have been received from a similar weapon at a moment of mortal combat. But the most marked characteristic of the ancient weapon was that mystic charm of animate presence, which no physical creature could reveal or explain."

If you would know what this magic warclub whispered to Dr. Clark as he carried it home you must get the P. E. Island Magazine for July, 1902, where he says he "endeavors to translate into lame English the wild sibylline chanting which it poured into his responsive ear in the soft accents of the Micmac tongue" Unfortunately, when Mr. Clark was away from home visiting Indian tribes in Manitoba, his house was completely destroyed by fire and this warclub and other relics of the past, as well as some valuable MSS, were lost

The Indians intoned their tales much as our ballads were sung. They were chanted in a weird monotonous voice often accompanied by the tom-tom, or drum. A story was begun with this interesting and rather charming couplet:

"May you be happy; the old people are encamped.

There was once long ago a large old Micmac village."

Here it is in Micmac:

"Wsegigrjil, Keesozook wigwamk, (that word sounds familiar, doesn't it ?)

Meskeek oodun ulnoo Kessak."

A few of the Micmac wise men had a sort of written language, we are told, instead of letters they used characters, or pictures, representing objects and ideas as in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt from which our modern alphabet is said to be derived, the written expression of an idea passing gradually into the written expression of a sound. The Indian folklore and myths were held to be sacred. The more significant legends were repeated by an ancient Sakumow, or chief, to his followers just before he passed on to the regions of the far west, where Glooscap, the incarnation of the great omniscient spirit, Manitou, went to dwell in the Happy Hunting Ground of the faithful and the brave. Manitou was also the personal guardian of the Micmac to whom he looked for counsel and protection. The Micmacs believed in immortality, some believed that the departed spirits pursued their journey through the sky along the milky way, while the spirits of animals went by the route of certain constellations, known as 'the way of the dogs' (We also have our dog-star Sirius !).

In the time of Glooscap, their great Lord and Creator, the Micmacs were a mighty people, great in size and strong in battle. They were called the Children of Light, because they dwelt nearest the sunrise of all the American Indians Glooscap came to his people across the eastern sea in a great stone canoe; when he landed he anchored his canoe and it turned into an island covered with trees, but he could change it back into a canoe again whenever he needed it. Glooscap created man by shooting off pieces of bark from trees, but before he created man he had to kill his twin brother, the Spirit of Evil (not a bad idea, was it?) he turned him into a mountain and he can be seen today — Cape Blomidon — looking with a scowling face out over the Bay of Fundy. Glooscap then created birds and fishes and animals; they were very large at first and could speak Micmac; some became dangerous to man. If you care to know what he did to Squirrel and Bear and Frog, so that many should have power over them, you will find the whole story in Dr. Cyrus MacMillan's 'Canadian Wonder Tales'. He made two wolves his watch dogs and they guarded his tent and followed him about

The loons were his messengers Many strange tales are told about Glooscap, he taught his people how to build wigwams and canoes, what plants were good to eat, and the names of the stars.

After a very long life on earth Glooscap become old and feeble, his people no longer obeyed him One autumn evening, when he was feeling melancholy with a sense of coming doom, his loon messengers came flying to him making weird cries and Glooscap knew the news was bad. They told him that from across the sea strange pale-faced men were coming in boats much larger than the Indian canoes, men smaller than the Micmac but more powerful, with deadly weapons, men who would take away their lands and kill all who resisted them. Glooscap knew that his reign was over, that alone he must sail away to the westward, even his faithful dogs must be left behind, but these he turned into two rocks and placed on either side of Blomidon that the evil spirit might not escape. Glooscap sits in his long tent in the Happy Hunting Ground, making arrows for his last great battle When his tent is full of arrows he will return to overcome the white man and bring back the Golden Age of happiness to the Micmac. Why is it that man is ever prone to look back to a Golden Age rather than forward to the new day dawning ?

One can hardly blame the Indian if he looks backward; his new day has been long coming. We brought him Christianity, yes, but we brought him also our diseases and our fire water; we segregated him, deprived him of his natural livelihood, we reduced him to the status of a child, a ward of the state with no rights, no responsibility as a citizen — except that he might fight for his ungracious country. What wonder if the Indian became lazy, irresponsible, dependent ? Pauline Johnson, in her poem, The Cattle Thief, expresses in caustic words the resentment of the Indian for what the White Man had done to her race

"What have you left to us of land, what have you left
of game ?
What have you brought but evil and curses since you
came ?

How have you paid us for our game, how paid us for
our land ?

By a book to save our souls from the sins you brought

in the other hand "

and again:

"Give back our land and our country, give back our
herds of game;

Give back the furs and the forest that were ours before you came;

Give back the peace and plenty. Then come with your
new belief,

And blame, if you dare, the hunger that drove him to
be a thief "

The dawn of the new day is at last breaking for the Indians of Prince Edward Island. Mr. Justice Arsenault, who has been for six years a trustee for the Indians here and has made an exhaustive study of the Micmac question in the Maritimes, has at last succeeded in awakening the conscience of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa (if departments may be said to have a conscience!) — and a commission came down from Ottawa to look into Indian affairs. There is an interesting story in this connection

Dame Louisa Augusta Wood made a will dated at Bath, England, May 5th , 1870, in which she gave 2,573 acres of land in Prince Edward Island to be sold and the proceeds held in trust, one half to be used for the benefit of the Indians of that Island. Now how did Dame Wood happen to own this land and why was she interested in our Micmacs ? Her father, Col. Fanning, was Governor of the Island from 1786 to 1805. He acquired large tracts of land which he left to his two daughters. The will of Dame Wood was lost and was found only after forty years in the attic of the law Courts in Charlottetown.

When the matter of the trustee fund had been looked into and the trust declared valid the sum of $8,500 was ordered to be paid to the trustees of Indian Affairs to be used for their benefit.

Mr. Justice Arsenault suggested to the Commission that the Indians on the smaller reservations at Rocky Point, Scotchfort and Morell be urged to go to Lennox Island, that a new school be built where Manual Training and Household Science may be taught, that Girl Guides and Boy Scouts be organized, that new houses, a convent, a small hospital and a residence for the Indian Agent be built, and a resident priest be appointed and that the young men be taught Agriculture and encouraged to develop the land which is said to be fertile. There have been disappointing delays due to a shortage of labour and material but the work has been started. A number of Indian families have already moved to the island and about fifteen houses have been built (Spring of 1948). Already, I am told, there has been an awakening of interest among the Indians themselves and one may be assured that at last they are on the way to becoming independent and self-respecting members of society.

Since the above was given over the radio some

criticism has been offered in the Press by Dr. John F. MacNeill regarding the segregation of the Indians on Lennox Island, which, he declares, is almost inaccessible in late autumn, winter and early spring. He says that the agricultural value of the island is very limited, due to the fact that a large proportion of the land consists of swamps and peat bogs and cannot produce a sufficient quantity of food even for the small population of Indians already there, and therefore he says the island is 'unfit for human habitation.'

However the plans of Judge Arsenault are being carried out by the Federal Department of Indian Affairs and on September 13th, 1948, Lieutenant Governor J. A. Bernard officially opened a combined convent and school which is said to be up-to-date in every way providing equipment for Manual Training and Domestic Science and hospital care for the sick. In addition residences for the Indian Agent and the newly appointed resident pastor, Rev. Father McInnis, a power house, a community store and about 20 new houses for the Indians have been built. Efforts are also being made to improve the farming facilities on the island. The undertaking will be watched with keen interest and we cannot but wish it success.

III

You may not be as interested as I have become in the origin of the North American Indians. In tracing this we are taken back through the centuries and all around the globe J. E Rendle, in the "P. E. Island Magazine," calls the Indians "The First Families of Canada" and he states that the origin of the Red Man has attracted the attention of the most eminent ethnologists in the Old and the New World "The study is full of interest and prolific in its suggestions", he says

We know that the Indians came from the highlands of Asia. Whether they crossed Bering Straits or whether they came before America and Asia were separated is uncertain however the first trace we have of the Red Man is in Mexico, and it is possible that they crossed the Pacific before great changes in the floor of the ocean took place. In Mexico and following up the basin of the Mississippi are thousands of earthmounds and — I quote Mr. Rendle — "There is no longer any doubt that the mysterious mound-builders were the ancestors of the Red Men Every relic of their supposed civilization corresponds with something that can be clearly traced to ordinary Indian bands, the mode of burial, the wampum found in graves, and their domestic customs are similar in all respects, and tribal traditions have survived attributing these great earthworks to the Red Man's ancestors By relics picked up here and there the wanderings of the mound builders can be clearly traced from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes Here they became separated into different groups, who chose for themselves different portions of the New World". The Algonquins to whom the Micmac race belongs, turned east and spread along the Atlantic Seaboard, the Micmacs, as you know, finally settling in what is now Nova Scotia and P. E Island I should not really say settled, as being hunters they were wanderers, or nomads.

When we know whence the North American Indians came one might think we should be able to trace their language connections. There are numerous languages and dialects among the Indian tribes, but here is something curious of all the fishermen, French Spanish, Portuguese and Basque who came in the summers to fish in the Gulf of St Lawrence, before any Europeans settled in this part of the world, it is said the Basques alone could converse with the Micmacs: there seems to have been an undoubted resemblance between the two languages. You will remember that the Basques form a small island of people in the Pyrennes, surrounded by French and Spanish, they are quite distinct from their neighbours both in language and customs Most of you will also remember that during the Spanish Civil War, German and Italian airmen practised for the Second World War by dropping bombs on Basque villages and on the escaping inhabitants on the roadways.

If we try to trace the origin of this isolated people and how and where they came in contact with the Indians we get into a maze of controversy in which Paleolithic and Neolithic men appear; the Stone Ages are a bit remote from our island story, but if any of you wish to follow up this fascinating research you will find all the material in the Encyclopedia Britannica

As for the Micmac legends and folklore, they show

that these Indians had a true sense of the beautiful, a rugged strength and a keen imagination You may see this for yourself if you read Dr. MacMillan's "Canadian Wonder Tales" which I have mentioned before. I can only refer to a few of the legends, chiefly for the purpose of showing their similarity to the legends of other races There is the story of the young brave who went wooing the Chief's daughter in another tribe; before he could win his bride her father set the youth prodigious tasks to perform. How familiar we are with this paternal solicitude as to the courage and endurance of his prospective son-in-law ! One of the tests was to kill a dragon that had been attacking the people of his village; immediately we are reminded of Jason and the golden fleece, of Hercules and his labours Shakespeare sublimated this idea in the casket scene in The Merchant of Venice when he makes the test one of judgement of true values, gold, silver or lead Do you remember in Midsummer Night's Dream Puck saying "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"? An Indian youth was so fleet of foot that one leg had to be tied up to his body to prevent his running too fast; on special occasion his foot was loosened, then carrying a cup of water he could run around the world Notice, **around** the world; where did he get the idea that the world is round ?

And now I should like to tell you a story the theme of which is to be found in the folklore of almost every race — the sacrifice of the most loved person for the good or the salvation of the group This story is about La Grande Source, a spring near Morell in Kings County, P.E.I. It was once a deep awe-inspiring spring, hemmed in by ancient moss-covered trees that seemed to stand guard "like Druids of old", it overflowed into a stream the Micmacs called Minnewauken which in its turn flowed into the Hillsborough River, and it is very difficult to find to-day as it is a mere trickle There was once a tavern near it, kept by a woman known as La Veuve Gentille, which was a stopping place for travellers between Port La Joie and St. Peters La Grande Source and the Minnewauken were believed by the Indians to be the abode of evil spirits A long, long time ago a chief built his wigwam near this dreaded spot; he had a son and a daughter, called the fair Mineota He warned his son never to cross the stream when returning from hunting lest the monsters dwelling there should attack him For some time the son obeyed his father, but, as always happens, one evening he was returning home, tired and hungry, and he forgot his father's warning He started to cross the water in his canoe As he approached the middle of the stream he heard strange noises coming from the spring, the waters began to rise and grow turbulent, he paddled with all his might, but his canoe overturned, and, as his father rushed to the rescue, he saw his son drawn beneath the waves by a great monster

The old chief vowed vengeance on the spirits of La Grande Source He hid at night in a hollow tree awaiting there the dawn when the monsters rose from the depths to seek repose on the mossy bank He took careful aim, shot his arrow and inflicted a serious wound on one of the water deities Furious with rage they sprang back into the spring and lashed the water until it rose high and, plunging in torrents, it overflowed the banks of the stream, carrying everything before it and washing away the chief's wigwam He and Mineota took refuge on a nearby hill, where the god Glooscap, appearing, announced that the anger of the spirits could only be appeased by the sacrifice of his daughter. The father begged that he might be accepted in her stead but all in vain. The floods rose higher and in despair he told his daughter of the sacrifice demanded. Mineota slipped down into the raging waters and immediately they began to subside. This strange idea of the sacrifice of the innocent and best-loved comes into the folklore of many races. The Greek goddess would only be appeased and send favouring winds to the army waiting to sail to the seige of Troy, by the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter, Iphigenia; Andromeda was bound to a rock to be devoured by the monster when Perseus appeared just in time; St George saved a maiden who was to be sacrificed to the dragon; and Abraham was prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac when a ram was sent to take his place. Poor Mineota, there was no one to save her. However there was a compensation, Glooscap appeared again and promised that the spirit of Mineota should return and abide in a stone, conical in shape, which would remain in the bottom of La Grande Source. Here it might be sought to bring healing to a Micmac when all else failed. And this brings us to the story of La Belle Marie in the French Regime.

Marie's mother was a Basque who had settled in Alabama, having married an English bucaneer known as Captain Granville. When their daughter, Marie, was about fifteen years of age the captain sailed away and never returned. Mme Granville, feeling lonely and knowing that some of her people were living in Acadia, took a ship that was sailing north and she and her daughter, whom the French called La Belle Marie, were welcomed everywhere because of Marie's lightness of heart, her fairy-like dancing and her gay songs. She learnt from the Indians the use of the bow; she often joined in their dances and soon became a great favorite of the chief and his son. But Mme. Granville was a woman of commanding, almost masculine, appearance, having helped her husband in many a dangerous exploit. The two women wandered about, had no definite abode and spent much time in the vicinity of La Grande Source. It was told that once a belated traveller passing this spring about midnight saw the elderly woman slowly rising from the spring and when she set foot upon the bank, a hand appeared above the surface of the water and passed her a bag, the contents of which jingled like coins as she placed it on the ground. She foretold the weather, sold favouring winds to the sailors and fishermen, and used herbs to cure the sick. Her husband was known to have been a Protestant and she and her daughter rarely attended Mass.

Gradually the Basques and Bretons, on the advice of the priest, avoided the two women and they became more and more intimate with the Micmacs. At an autumn feast of the tribe the chief announced that his son, Kaktookassee would marry the beautiful pale-faced maiden. Many of the braves protested vigorously, saying Kaktookassee, in whose veins ran the noblest blood of the Micmacs, must marry a maiden of his own race. The winter went by and in the spring Mme. Granville with her daughter set out by canoe down the North-east River (the Hillsborough) for Port La Joie where she planned to sail for her old home on the Gulf of Mexico, to seek the treasure hidden there as a

dowry befitting the bride of an Indian Chief. That afternoon an empty canoe was seen drifting out to sea. A search party headed by Kaktookassee found the two women; the mother had been scalped and was dead, the girl showed some sign of life and was carried to the nearest wigwam. When all the skill of the medicine man failed to restore her Kaktookassee thought of the Mineota stone and hastened to La Grande Source; he plunged into the depths of the awesome spring and shortly reappeared with the sacred relic. Reverently he bore the stone to the wigwam where Marie lay, her hand was placed upon it, and in a moment her eyelids were seen to quiver, the colour flowed back into her cheeks and she sank into a natural sleep from which she awoke in the morning refreshed, and they were assured of her recovery. But when the Mineota stone was lifted it crumbled to dust and, since the sacred relic had been touched by an alien hand, it lost forever its power of healing.

The marriage was now hastened. A bower in front of the chief's wigwam was built and Indian maidens decorated it with fragrant flowers and branches, and there, on a beautiful July day the wedding was celebrated according to the ancient rites of the Micmacs. The ceremony was brief and the happy pair passed through the crowd of Indians out into the sunlight. A figure was seen at the edge of the wood with bow and arrow raised. La Belle Marie gave a wild cry and flung herself in front of Kaktookassee. The death-bringing arrow, meant for him, pierced his bride and she fell dead at his feet.

IV

In studying the settlement of the French on Ile St Jean my chief sources of information are History of Prince Edward Island by A. B. Warburton and The French Regime in Prince Edward Island by Dr. D. C. Harvey. The latter says, in speaking of the French who first came to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, "There was a romance about the fishery that appealed very strongly to the adventurers of the Seventeenth Century France, one of whom, Nicholas Denys, has preserved for all time in his "Description and Natural History of Acadia." Professor Ganong, in an introduction to the English translation of this book, says in part: "The narrative gives us an understanding of that fascination in the fisherman's life which led into it so many strong men regardless of its dangers and its labours .... There was adventure a'plenty, the joy of rugged health, the lure of the unknown just beyond, the charm of outdoor life beside a fair harbour during the beautiful Acadian summer, the gratification of taking wild things at will without any to hinder .... the triumph of overcoming physical difficulties, the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of hard labour growing in visible piles before the eyes, the delight of embarking much goodly spoils to return full sail to far-away homes and families."

Dr. Harvey says that during the Sixteenth Century, after Cartier's brief visit to the Gulf, French fishermen and fur-traders were finding vast quantities of fish and fur-bearing animals in and about Newfoundland and the Strait of Belle Isle and quotes Nicholas Denys as saying that there were places where

fifteen, twenty and thirty thousand fish were taken every day for six weeks or two months. What wonder then that they ignored the islands in the Gulf, especially 'where winter lingers in the lap of spring.' We living on the Island can understand well how uninviting our shores would seem to fishermen sailing from sunny France in early spring, and our sand-dunes would present serious barriers to them.

By the way I found an article on the sand-dunes in a copy of the "Prince Edward Island Magazine" of almost half a century ago from which I must quote as I am sure the exuberant extravagance of language fashionable at that time will impress and amuse you. You will learn the story of the physical formation of the Island, if you can pick out the facts from the superabundance of words. "Time once was when where now fair Prince Edward Island lies 'anchored on the wave' seas primeval urged their thousand billows on in never-ceasing warfare against the rocky boundaries of the ancient gulf, and drove their giant forces in thundering onslaught to dash themselves in mighty impotence against the unyielding fortress of impregnable rocks." And again, "an angry sky above, rent and torn by lightning shafts, a seething sea beneath, coursed by mountainous billows surging landwards in ever-increasing strength and impetus. High leaped the maddened billows crowned with foaming crest, far streamed their banners wrought of angry spume, fearful the impact of those battering rams of ocean, dread the din and roar vibrating through the caverns of the trembling cliffs, while cannonades of thunder roared, reverberated, died away." It is difficult to decide what to omit in this crescendo of sound and fury signifying — not nothing — but the building up of our Island from fragments ground by the ocean into grains of sand over which flowed streams bearing iron carbonates. "Then," the writer continues, "the mighty ocean heaped this spoil of conquest on the shallows of the southern boundary of the gulf, and this Island lifted up its sandstone, red against the deep blue of the mighty river flowing where now the waters of Northumberland Strait revel in sportive mood or turbulent." Our little Island home cradled on the waves does not suggest an origin so chaotic, does it ?

But let us return to the fishermen of the Seventeenth Century. They had fished out the water about Newfoundland and had to look elsewhere. Also there were those captains of the industry who wished to establish sedentary fisheries — that is landing places where they could dry and store their fish. And so they came to Isle St Jean and the Magdalenes. These Basques, Bretons and Normans did not settle or explore at first; they built shacks for the summer, dried some of their fish and tried out oil from cod, whales, seals and sea cows. They took seals for their skins as well, and the sea cows for their tusks of ivory and their hides. Such necessities did not involve a knowledge of either the rivers or the harbours, as a landing could easily be effected in many little coves, bays or beaches all around the coast, where their temporary establishments would leave few indications of their restless activities. There is a description of the wholesale slaughter of seacows, which belongs to a later period but which I think I shall give you now while we are speaking of these creatures, that have become almost mythical to us, who know them only as having given their name to Sea cow Head and Sea cow Pond

The sea-cows used to come up on land in hundreds around our North Cape The fishermen, or hunters, or — shall we say butchers ? — would get between them and the sea when the wind was blowing off shore, then they would prod the nearest ones with sticks, these in turn would prod those in front of them with their tusks until they were stampeded into the nearby woods, where as many as 300 would be slaughtered with sharp-pointed wooden spears. And this is why, when we seek a quiet cove on the north side for a bathe we don't find a family of sea-cows there ahead of us

Dr. Harvey says that in the next hundred years several attempts were made by companies and individuals to gain riches by getting the sole right to engage in the fur trade and fisheries of Ile St. Jean In 1654 the Company of New France granted the whole of Acadia to Nicholas Denys, in return for money payment and on condition that he settle in his domain, "within a period of six years eighty families, a sufficient number of good and virtuous ecclesiastics for holding divine service, aiding the said families and labouring for the conversion of the Indians" The name Acadia is used at this time for all the land bordering the northern Atlantic coasts, later it applies roughly to what is now Nova Scotia Denys had been in Acadia for about twenty years and had written, "A Description and Natural History of Acadia," to which I have already referred Denys came to Ile St Jean and lived there quietly with his wife and children, trading with the Indians, fishing, lumbering, building vessels, and farming enough for the needs of the little settlement, but he failed to fulfil to conditions of his grant and so part of his domain was given to Sieur Doublet, an apothecary of Harfleur, who sold his shop and bought a ship and sailed for the New World with a charter in his pocket which gave him the monopoly of the fisheries about Ile St. Jean and the Magdalenes. But Doublet knew little of fishing and less of colonizing and his enterprise was less successful then that of Denys. Others also failed and Dr. Harvey tells us that during the Seventeenth Century the Island had no history. After the failure of Doublet there was no permanent settlement here, and it was not until half a century passed that the French realized the value and importance of Ile St. Jean.

Dr. Harvey says that the closing years of the Seventeenth Century and the first decade of the Eighteenth were a period of almost uninterrupted war between France and England, and it proved to be a sad time for the French colonies and fisheries. The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 gave England permanent possession of Acadia, with undefined limits; Ile Royale (that is Cape Breton Island) and the Islands of the Gulf (including Ile St. Jean) alone remaining to the French. These islands accordingly became very important outposts for the defence of Canada — the name Canada being confined at that time to what is now the Province of Quebec. King Louis XIV was very old, his country was impoverished and depleted by years of losing a war with the English, and now a desperate effort was made to fortify Ile Royale and to develop it by making lavish promises to the Acadians to induce them to leave their homes and settle there. By the terms of the Treaty, those who did not wish to take the oath of allegiance to England were allowed to leave Acadia within a limited time. The hearts of the unhappy Acadians bade them remain in the homes they had wrested from the wilderness and in the land where their fathers lay buried, but the missionaries and the officials did their utmost to lure them away. Few, if any, went as far as Ile Royale and many who came to Ile St. Jean soon returned to Acadia, as they feared the English might attack the Island which was totally undefended. Mr. Hart tells us in 'The Story of Old Abegweit' that in the year 1716 "not one Acadian was left on the Island and for the next three years the Micmacs held again undisputed sway."

However in the year 1719 the Compte de St. Pierre, an aristocrat at the court of the young Louis XV, offered to bring out settlers and the French Government ordered Ile Royale to do all in its power to attract Acadians, family by family, to Ile St. Jean. The Island was granted free to St. Pierre and his heirs forever on condition that he bring out one hundred colonists the first year and fifty every succeeding year until the Island was well populated. A company was formed to finance the scheme and early the next year three ships set sail with the colonists and their supplies. St. Pierre was ambitious; a site was to be found for a capital of the colony and a suitable harbour for ships of heavy burden. They sailed along the Strait and came to a harbour that has been compared to that of Naples for its beauty — Charlottetown Harbour. A site to the left of the entrance was chosen for the Capital and the first official buildings were raised on the Island. As the city of Charlottetown was built a short distance away on the same harbour we can say that our Capital predates by twenty-nine years the founding of Halifax

Remains of Port La Joie on the farm owned by Mr J O Hyndman.

Carpenters and workmen were brought to the Island and equipment of every kind was bought at Louisbourg in Ile Royale. There were many oak and pine trees then and during the first winter three ships were built, one for taking fish back to Europe, another for the fisheries at the Magdalenes, which had come under the control of St Pierre's Company, and the third was actually for trade with the West Indies. A survey of the coast was made and St. Pierre (St. Peters), East Point, Savage Harbour, Tracadie, Rustico, Malpeque and Cascumpeque were all reported as good harbours for fishermen to use. Among the animals found on the Island at that time were foxes of all colours, deer, and wolves of great size. A number of English birds are mentioned, such as the skylark and the nightingale, but Mr. Blythe Hurst (Agricola of the Charlottetown Guardian) says this is undoubtedly a case of mistaken identity, as no English birds are native to America. In spite of the extravagant expenditures of St. Pierre's Company they met with keen competition from Ile Royale, disputes arose which were carried to the Minister at Paris for settlement, the English were casting longing eyes on the Island and its fisheries, and finally the Company became completely bankrupt. Dr. Harvey tells us that Compte de St. Pierre was a sycophant dependent on court favour and was not the type of man to make sacrifices for a far-off colony without prospect of immediate gain. The village of St. Peters on the north side of the Island and St. Peters Island in Hillsborough Bay are the only memorials on the Island to this nobleman who had planned to secure for his own private use 1,000 arpents of land on which to build a chateau where he might live as in Feudal days. What a Mecca for sightseers that castle would have been!

Very different is the story of Jean Pierre Roma, though his efforts at colonization ended also in disaster. He was said to have done more in one year for the colony than St. Pierre and his Company did in five. In 1730 the latter's grant had been cancelled and Ile St. Jean was again united to the royal domain. This brought peace to the minds of the colonists and revived to some extent the interest of the Frenchmen and Acadians in the colony. The next year a grant, much less extensive than St. Pierre's, was made to Roma in the eastern part of the Island, comprising the land drained by the three rivers now known as the Brudenell, Montague and Cardigan. Mr. Hart asks us to imagine ourselves standing on the cliff at the tip of Brudenelle Point where now a memorial tablet stands in memory of de Roma, there at our back is a long man-made hollow and at the foot of the cliff lie great grey stones that seem to be remnants of an old pier, and in our imagination we may see old scenes from the most pathetic story in our Island history. There Roma must have stood, enraptured with the loveliness of his little kingdom. Where we look down on sleepy Georgetown, he saw fishing shacks, cleared fields and boundless woodlands. And then Roma would turn to inspect the buildings of his model farm, here under his feet were the great cellar his men had built, his home, the storehouse, the bakery and the ice-house. Nearby were the dwellings of the fishermen, labourers, seamen and tradesmen. The forge and the stables also were there. He would have thought of the roads he had built, to Souris, Cardigan, St. Pierre and even Port La Joie, with the help of the garrison there. They were only five, six or seven feet wide and great trees often lay across them but otherwise his only means of communication was by sea along the coast. Roma, as he stood there must have felt:

> "How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

And then on one of those rare days in June in the year 1745 a ship was sighted. It anchored off the point and armed men came ashore. They were Englishmen from New England; the inhabitants could offer no resistance; every building was ransacked and everything of value was carried off, even to the cattle and sheep. Then they returned and set fire to the place. Roma and his companions had taken refuge in the woods and when the marauders had left they looked down on the smouldering ruins of what had a few hours before been a flourishing hamlet. For thirteen years Roma had built and dreamed. Heartbroken he reached St. Peters and took ship for Quebec.

V

Last week's talk finished with the ruthless destruction of Roma's colony at Brudenell Point. After making a wilderness there the privateer sailed along the Strait and committed similar ravages at Port La Joie where there was a tiny garrison incapable of protecting the scattered log cabins of one hundred and thirteen settlers. There were other settlements along the north and south shores. After the fall of Acadie to the English the French Government had begun to realize the importance of Ile St. Jean, not only strategically but also economically, as a source of supply of grain and cattle for the inhabitants and garrison at Louisburg in Ile Royale. They sent out settlers from France and urged Acadians who were unwilling to take the oath of allegiance to England to cross again to the Island. To encourage them in 1724 the Minister of Marine and Colonies had ordered the Governor of Ile Royale to send an officer and garrison of twenty or thirty men to Port la Joie and "thus deprive the English of their badly founded notion that they could establish a footing there." Port la Joie is often called Fort la Joye, but the remains of the earthworks seen on the site to-day do not justify the name 'fort' as the elaborate plans drawn up later by Franquet for the defense of the Island here and at St. Peters and Brudenell Point were never carried out.

The officer of the little garrison was accompanied by Father Felix who had already been a missionary to the Acadians for twenty-five years. It is interesting in the light of later developments to note that he had written to the Minister in Paris paying a tribute to the

humanity of the English in their treatment of the Acadians, but added a pledge that he would ever keep alive among the people their fidelity to the King of France. This policy of creating a divided loyalty among the Acadians living under English rule contributed to their ruin for the patience of the English was finally exhausted resulting in the cruel expulsion of the Acadians in 1755 and of the French on the Island in 1758. Another priest, Le Loutre, who seems to have served his King with more zeal than his God, possessed great influence, Judge Warburton says, over the Indians as well as the French and was a veritable thorn in the flesh of the Governor of Nova Scotia. The English authorities were kept in a continual state of alarm and unrest and Ile St. Jean was a centre from which danger was always to be apprehended.

After sending the small garrison to Port la Joie the Governor of Ile Royale visited the Island and found the land so good that he expressed the opinion that, if the king would abandon the custom of granting land to companies from whom the settlers had to hold their farms in feudal tenure, many Acadians would go there willingly from the marshlands where the population had become congested. They would have greater security the farther they were from the English and, most important, in the eyes of the Governor of Ile Royale, they would be able to supply farm products to Louisburg. The home government seems to have taken his advice for many Acadians began to cross to the Island, chiefly young men seeking new land to cultivate. Judge Warburton makes the comment that when they had chosen to leave Acadie after it passed under English rule and to live under their country's flag in the Island

of St. John, which was still French, they displayed the same spirit that, in later years, sent the United Empire Loyalists to settle in Canada.

The Island began to prosper, the chief settlements, apart from Port La Joie, being St. Peters, considered then and, until the end of the French Regime, its commercial capital, Savage Harbour, East Point, Tracadie, Malpeque and North East River (the Hillsborough). The woods about these settlements were cleared away and rich grain fields appeared Those visiting the Island declared the crops were abundant and equalled any in France or, in fact, any other part of Europe Wheat, barley, oats, rye, Indian Corn and peas were grown — no potatoes as there was at that time a strange prejudice against them among the French They raised cattle and sheep, wove their own cloth, grew flax which supplied them with rough linen for domestic uses. They also raised their own tobacco. They built dykes as they had done in Acadia to keep the tide from overflowing the marshlands and so preserve the rich marsh hay for their cattle. Traces of these dykes may still be seen, I have seen them myself on the farm of Mr Harrison MacFarlane in Fernwood There is a bell in the belfry of the United Church in Malpeque which was sent out, Mr Justice Arsenault says, with two others by King Louis XIV, it bears the inscription in Latin 'Of all men born of women there has been none greater than John the Baptist'. Another of these bells is in the Roman Catholic Church at Rollo Bay, the third has disappeared

The total population at this time on the Island was about 350 people, not including the Indians; they were

getting established and prospering in a small way. During the summer of 1728 the prospects looked bright for a good harvest, when suddenly a devastating plague of field mice descended, repeating with intensified destruction an attack of four years earlier. From a report made by Roma of an attack ten years later we have an account from first hand of the habits of these pests and of the desolation left behind by them. 'This mouse,' he writes, 'is somewhat bigger than the ordinary mouse, of blackish colour, with short legs and paws unadapted for climbing. It lives in the forest and feeds on herbs; like the squirrel it lays up stores for the winter of seeds, nuts and grasses. Its nests are to be found under rocks and in hollow trunks of trees. Its provident habits enable it to maintain its body in plump condition, affording thus a dainty morsel greatly prized by its enemies, dogs, cats, martens, foxes, owls, hawks and crows. Its fecundity is remarkable; every six weeks the female produces ten or twelve young. After heavy snow has protected them during several successive winters their increase is enormous and they burst forth on their devastating march.' They proceeded in long narrow columns, destroying everything, not a blade of grass being left in their wake. They stopped for neither dykes nor rivers, those in front being pushed on by those behind, in this way bringing their own destruction and for days after their raid their dead bodies were seen by ships, floating along the rivers and out to sea. From Malpeque across to Three Rivers the desolation was complete. The word Souris (Mouse) is not a happy choice for a town's name, standing as it does for destruction and famine. The people were reduced to fish and game as a diet and the next spring they had no seed to sow, except what might be secured from Ile

Royale Gradually as the land was cleared of trees this menace disappeared However, as late as 1749 Malpeque experienced a visitation from these pests and the next year locusts swarmed down upon their farms, they are said to have been so voracious a species that they devoured all the growing grain, vegetables, grass and even the buds on the trees The third year of anguish the wheat crop was completely destroyed by scalding These poor settlers were said to be reduced to such a state of starvation that they subsisted on the shell fish they gathered on the shore when the tide was out. And this in Malpeque where the land was reported by one visitor to be "superior in quality to all seen up to the present time" All this misfortune was thought to be due to an evil spirit working against the Island, suspicion fell upon a man called Perigord whom the Indians killed and buried on St Peters Island.

To add to their sorrows, Louisburg having fallen to the English in 1745, Ile St Jean automatically came under English rule and remained so for three years An agreement was made that the French on the Island remain unmolested for one year, but their lot was not a happy one They could no longer get supplies from Ile Royale and they were in constant fear of expulsion — and later it proved justfiably so as plans were made to deport all the population back to France They were for five years without civil or judicial officers and, Dr. Harvey tells us, there is no record from May 1744 to September 1749 at Port La Joie of any priest being on duty on the Island. In 1749 the English, whose aim at one time had been 'to extirpate all Frenchmen from North America,' exchanged Louisburg and its dependencies for Madras in India and so the French were

free again to carry on their colonizing plans on the Island. The English gave an impetus to emigration by settling more British colonists in Nova Scotia and demanding an unqualified oath of allegiance from the French. They were also determined to either pacify or exterminate the Indians whom the French had always treated with more friendliness and respect than had the English. The Micmacs of the Island and of Acadia were invited to come once a year to Port La Joie to celebrate and to receive presents, but even then intoxicating liquor was forbidden to be given to the Indians.

From 1749, when the Island became French again by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, to 1751 a steady stream of Acadians crossed the Straits. Le Loutre had not been satisfied with the rate of the exodus and now, in his determination to prevent Acadians and Indians becoming English subjects, he used every device to bring to the Island those who, having comfortable homes and good farms were satisfied to remain where their fathers had conquered the wilderness and lay buried. The English on the other hand were desirous of keeping the Acadians on the land to supply farm produce to the soldiers and the English colonists. At Beaubassin, a prosperous settlement of Acadians in English territory on the border of the 'no-man's-land' of undefined limits, Le Loutre with the help of his Indians forced all who would not migrate willingly to leave the village and then had it burnt to the ground. As many as 800 were sent over to Port La Joie. The Commandant there wrote, "The Acadians came with precipitation, bringing their beasts with them." But they came half naked, their condition was pitiable and there was no shelter at all for them. The officials at Ile

Royale and Quebec did all in their power to give help with provisions and clothing but it was long in coming and these poor refugees never had enough for ordinary comfort. It was a most unfortunate time for them to have come as the older inhabitants had just passed the period of crop failures mentioned before. This was by no means the only case of forced migration. In the course of that autumn and the following spring 1400 refugees arrived, destitute and famished, families had been broken up, children separated from parents and wives from husbands. Again I would quote from a report of the Commandant, "I had very little to give them, my contributions were necessarily meagre and it was only by giving frequently that I did not see any of these people die."

The difficulty of settling these new-comers on the land was accentuated by the fact that no proper survey had ever been made of the Island. The population was increased from 650 persons in 1748 to 2,250 in 1752. Franquet, an officer of Engineers, was sent out from France in 1751. He sailed up East River (Hillsborough) and reported that he received a cordial welcome from these warm-hearted Acadians and that he saw fields growing wheat, oats, peas and many kinds of vegetables with such promise of a plentiful yield as he had never seen surpassed even in the most fertile fields of France. He was told by two of the Acadians that the land would yield in abundance everything that man needed for subsistence and that they hoped as time went on to find in the generous fertility of their new fields some recompense for the losses they had suffered in leaving Acadia. Franquet surveyed the Island and made plans for its development and fortification.

Now that the new-comers were being absorbed the future began at last to show promise for the Acadians, but Nemesis seemed to be pursuing them. In the fateful year 1755 the pitiless expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia took place and sent about 1400 more destitute refugees to the Island. Again the Commandant did all that was humanly possible with the small supply of food and clothing at his disposal. Litle help came from Ile Royale and Quebec. Two dismal failures in crops followed their arrival and the prospect for the winter of 1758 was pitiable indeed unless seed came from France. Such was the condition of Ile St. Jean when greater calamity still fell upon them, for in this year Louisburg was taken by the English and Ile St. Jean came again under English sway. The cruel game in which the Acadians were mere puppets was finished except for the last moves — the agonizing deportation of these long-suffering people from Ile St. Jean. Nine transports sailed into Port La Joie to carry into exile 2,000 heart-broken Acadians, whose sorrows no poet has sung, but George Hart has given in poignant prose a picture that will stay in one's memory —

"Every house in Ile St. Jean was the scene of sorrow — the drooping shoulders and gloomy countenances of the men, the tears and cries of the women and children, all gazing for the last time on the cozy room, on the fire burning in the hearth, on the spinning wheel in the corner . . . How often had they spent the long winter's evening in that same room, singing or dancing the hours away with their friends! How often had they fished in the sparkling stream or hunted in the woods at their back door! Never again would the songs of Normandy echo across the water of Morell or Malpèque! They must leave the broad acres that they had cleared, now rich with golden grain; they must yield their houses and barns, their flocks and herds to a people with different customs and different languages. All roads leading to Fort La Joie were now crowded with carts piled high with the few belongings of the weary, broken-hearted people plodding alongside; and the long voyage to France was begun. The transports were scattered before a terrific storm, two were lost with 700 souls but the rest managed to make port. Of those living in the north shore many managed to escape and were carried by French schooners to Quebec, Miramichi and French-owned St. Pierre and Miquelon. Thirty families took refuge in the woods about Malpeque and actually stayed in hiding there for several years. These two or three hundred sturdy pioneers were all that remained from over four thousand Acadians after fifty years of effort, to perpetuate the French race and character in Ile St. Jean.

VI

From the Treaty of Paris in 1763 to 1831 my authority is chiefly Judge Warburton's History of Prince Edward Island and I shall quote frequently from it. There is an interesting little item in a letter from the Governor of Nova Scotia written to the Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, in the summer of 1759 in which he says that he sent two sloops to take off the Acadians still left on St. John's Island but that the sloops returned with the report that all the Acadians had gone off to Canada (this is, Quebec) just before the ships had reached that part of the Island. We know that two or three hundred of them were in hiding in the woods near Malpeque. We learn from a memorandum dated about five years later that, in addition to the Acadians remaining in Nova Scotia who had agreed to take the oath of allegiance, those who were left on the Island of St. John had "lately in a solemn manner declared to their officers there in command their intention of taking the oath of allegiance to the English King."

By a Royal proclamation of George III in 1763 the Islands of St. John and Cape Breton were annexed to Nova Scotia, but as yet no plan of settlement had been adopted. "In a sense," Judge Warburton says, "the fair appearance of the Island and the known fertility of its soil were not unmixed blessings. Scarcely was the ink on the Treaty of Paris dry when persons of influence in Great Britain, or who had claims, real or imaginary, upon the government, began to petition for grants of land on the Island." Of these the first and most quixotic was the Earl of Egmont. This blustering nobleman's memorial to His Majesty states that he "desires a grant of the whole Island of St. John's, estimated at two million acres, with all rights, royalties, privileges, franchises and appurtenances with all civil and criminal jurisdiction" Although the Earl was First Lord of the Admiralty and had nine children and many officer friends with whom he was willing to share the Island, the Lords of Trade and Plantations reported to the King that "His lordship's plans for the colony appear to have been calculated more to answer the purposes of defense and military discipline than to encourage those of agriculture and commerce and are, we conceive, totally and fundamentally adverse in their principle to that system of settlement and tenure of property which has of late been adopted in the colonies with so much advantage to the interests of this kingdom, and we therefore do not see sufficient reason to justify us in advising Your Majesty to comply with his Lordship's proposal." And so the Island has been spared the doubtful advantage of having an aristocracy descended from the noble Earl and his nine children and their friends.

Explicit instructions were sent to the Governor of Nova Scotia concerning Cape Breton and St. John's Island from which I shall quote "Their advantageous situation with respect to the fishery renders them of the greatest importance to this country, and no measures should be left untried that may tend to promote and encourage the carrying on of the fishery to the utmost extent of which it is capable." Orders were then given to have a survey and full report made of the two islands as to their extent, the rivers and harbours, the nature of the soil, the best places for settlements, etc , and until this was done no grants were to be made to any particular persons but "as much as possible to encourage and protect all temporary establishments for carrying on the fisheries, taking care that such establishments, in respect to extent of coast are within the bounds of moderation, and (attention C.C.F. members and friends) to discourage any attempt that may, in its natural consequences, operate as a monopoly, or as a means of establishing any undue preference whatever." Is it not surprising to find such protective interest taken at this time by the Home Government in our little island ?

The Lords of Trade and Plantations recommended that, after the Island had been surveyed, it should be divided into three counties of approximately 500,000 acres each, the counties to be laid off into parishes and each parish to be subdivided into townships, each county, parish and township to have as much as possible the natural advantages of access to the sea-coast or navigable rivers. In each county a town should be laid out, and in each parish a site for a church and rectory. These details are tiresome but it seems important that we should realize how meticulous the Colonial Office was in their plans for the Island. They further say that the Island is particularly valuable for the fertility of its soil and so they propose a higher quit-rent for the Island than for other parts of Nova Scotia. (By the way I looked up 'quit-rent' in the Oxford Dictionary which gave it as rent, usually small, paid for freehold in lieu of service). The Lords of Trade state also that they have been informed that many thousands of acres have been cleared in the most fertile part of the Island. They further recommend that out of any grants there should be reserved all mines of gold, silver, copper, lead and coal. The French during their regime had the same idea, that the Government should own all natural resources. It would have been interesting, had any mineral or coal been discovered, to see how it was managed by the Government At least it shows that Government ownership of natural resources is not such a revolutionary idea

Accordingly Captain Holland, who had been appointed Surveyor-General of all the British possessions in North America north of the Potomac, was ordered to begin his survey with the Island of St John on account of the importance of its fisheries and the fertility of its soil. Before considering his report let us speak a few words about Captain Holland himself He was a close friend of General Wolfe and served under him at the battle on the Plains of Abraham Wolfe, when dying, gave his brace of pistols to Holland These pistols were used in a duel in which his son was killed They are now, I am told, in the Redpath Museum at McGill University, having been sold by a descendant of Captain Holland A grandfather's clock once owned by him when he lived on the Island, is in the possession of John Holland, now living in California Again what treasures we have lost by not having a museum on the Island ! Holland and his wife, the daughter of an aristocratic French family of Quebec, arrived on the Island in October, 1974. He made his headquarters at Holland Cove near Port La Joie, called by him Observation Cove, and here their eldest son was born, probably the first child of English parents born on the Island A cairn has been erected where his house once stood, in memory of Captain Holland

Now I shall quote from a letter written by Captain Holland himself, describing the Island as he saw it In telling of a disastrous fire which had raged through the eastern part of the Island in 1732 during the French Regime, he writes, "The woods of valuable oak and pine trees were entirely destroyed . . . It was so extremely violent that all the fishing vessels at St Peters and Moreli were burned . . . In many parts round the Island is rough steep coast from forty to sixty feet high — in some places one hundred — [at Cape Tryon the cliffs are one hundred and ten feet high,] — composed of strata of a soft red stone which, when exposed to the air for some time, becomes harder and is not unfit for building. Wherever this sort of coast is it diminishes considerably every year upon the break-up of the frost, which moulders away a great part of it It may probably be from this cause that the sea betwixt the Island and the continent is frequently of a red hue and is called by many people the Red Sea The rivers are probably sea creeks, the tides flowing up to their heads where generally streams of cold water empty themselves . . . With proper care the soil produces most kinds of grain, wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, etc., also cabbage, turnips, cauliflower, carrots and potatoes, very good in great abundance." He tells us that "here are bears, otters, martens, foxes, red, black and grey, lynxes or wild cats, minxes, [Sic] muskrats, and some, though very few, caribou, hares, extremely good, but in the winter are white"

John McGregor, who was Sheriff for the Island during thirty years after Holland's survey, writes of the oysters: "They are considered the finest in America and equally delicious as those taken on the English

One of approximately 600 breeding trays in which oyster spat is grown until large enough to plant on oyster beds shores", and adds, "There are two or three varieties, the largest of which are from six to twelve inches long." What a meal one of those oysters would have made! John Stewart, writing at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, says, "The oysters are in great plenty in all the harbours of the Island; in some places beds of them of several acres extent may be found; most of the lime hitherto used here has been burnt from their shells, and it is commonly the practice to burn the live oysters for that purpose, putting many hundred barrels of them in a kiln together." The late Mr. Lawrence Burpee in the Canadian Geographic Journal for November 1946 says: "What makes this practice all the more reprehensible is that, even in Stewart's day, the oysters of the Island were preferred to any other American oyster by Europeans who have eaten them." Burpee continues, "It is enough to make all living epicures to grind their teeth, and all dead epicures to turn restlessly in their graves. Need one add that eminent statesmen in Ottawa prize their membership in the Rideau Club, not because it is exclusive, but because it happens to be one of the few places where a man may still be served with Malpeque oysters."

But let us forget our succulent shell fish and get back to Holland's survey and the plan for settlement of the Island after his report was sent to London in 1765. There were so many applicants for land that the Government decided to let those whose claims were most valid draw lots for the townships of 20,000 acres which Holland had laid out. There were 69 of these, the Government withholding two, 40 and 59, for its own use. The balloting took place in London on July 23, 1767 and "Thus", Judge Warburton states, "was foisted onto the Island the proprietary, or landlord system, which was the cause of continual turmoil and agitation until it was finally abolished in 1877." The two most important conditions of these grants were the payment of quit-rents and the settling of people on the land. The quit-rents ranged from six shillings to two shillings per hundred acres, payable after five years from the date of the grant. Each township was to be settled within ten years, one settler for every two hundred acres; if one third was not settled in four years the lot would be forfeited.

In 1768 the Chief Surveyor of Nova Scotia was sent to the Island to lay out the town of Charlottetown. His instructions were as follows: "In addition to the several public buildings to be laid out, parcels of land are to be reserved for the following public uses, viz., for an ordnance yard and for King's stores to be situated conveniently for the water; for building barracks for the lodgement of troops; for a Province House and gardens; for a burying ground, for a parsonage and for a Courthouse; and as the houses will, for many years to come be composed of wood subject to fire, and as the breadth of the streets may, in a great measure, prevent its spreading, when these accidents happen, the central or main street must be one hundred feet wide, and all other streets not less than eighty feet. Pasture lots are to be laid out for each family to pasture their cows, sheep and pigs and for growing potatoes. The commons is to consist of 500 acres."

The only other harbours where ships of burden could safely enter, Captain Holland believed, were at

Three Rivers (Cardigan) and Richmond Bay. Accordingly Georgetown and Princetown were planned and laid out on these bays to be the capitals of King's and Prince County respectively. But best laid plans gang aft agley and insignificant Green's Shore on Bedeque Bay became the flourishing town of Summerside and finally the capital of Prince County, while Princetown is now only a name and Makpek, the 'Big Water' of the Indians, on this site is known the world over in its French form, Malpeque, for its oysters, fishing boats alone being seen on its waters. Makpek was, Ada MacLeod tells us in the "Dalhousie Review", the chief Micmac settlement on the island of Abegweit. The Indians in the summer frequently travelled back and forth to the mainland. Their ancient trail can be followed now by road from Borden, (Indian Busloacade, the landing place), through Bedek, the 'sultry place,' on past Indian River, the traditional scene of a battle between the Mohawks and the Micmacs, and on to Makpek.

VII

Our last broadcast gave an account of the planning and laying out of the three towns as capitals of the counties of the Island, and we also told how lots had been cast in London for the 65 townships — Mr. Louis Muttart has in his possession one of the stones used in marking off these lots. He found it at Hazel Grove. Its measurements are about one foot square by five feet in length and has one side in Roman numerals XXII and on the other XXIII. It would be interesting to know if anyone else has found such markers. Now that the towns had been laid out the next thing was to bring settlers, to build houses, as the Acadians' houses were in ruins, and to make roads. The roads made by Roma and others were merely paths, the widest having been seven feet and fit only for dog teams, they were by now completely overgrown. The rivers were the only highways, portages being made between those flowing north and those flowing south. If one looks at a map one can easily trace the rivers to their sources and see the routes our ancestors had to take — you will also see that travel by canoe and portages could only be made east of Charlottetown. It took usually about four days to get from Charlottetown to Georgetown, unless there happened to be a ship at the wharf. Dr. Harvey gives us the itinerary. It consisted of five stages:

(1) by boat or canoe to the head of Hillsborough River,

(2) by a rough portage to St. Peters Bay;

(3) by ferry over the bay;

(4) by another portage to Fortune;

(5) thence, by some chance ship, to Georgetown.

In Benjamin Chappel's Diary, the oldest in Prince Edward Island, the writer who had been living in Malpeque, decided to leave there for Charlottetown. He sailed to Rustico where he left his wife and son, then he set out by boat from New London Harbour, and now we shall follow his diary.

"Oct. 3rd 1778 — Reached Lawson's Sunday 4th. Reached St. Peters Monday 5th. Reached East Point 6 A.M. going northwest . . lay to till 5 A.M. (he must have meant the next day) Slept there three nights. Left Canso Friday, 9th. Reached Pictou Island Saturday night, anchored off Point Prim 10 P.M., Sunday night made the fort and got ashore in the King's boat. Bless God for His mercy."

We can see how essential it was that roads should be made through the wilderness before settlers in any number would come to the Island. However Governor Franklin, of Nova Scotia, was undaunted and undertook to get settlers by "advertising on the continent of America offering house and pasture lots in any one of the three towns." We may think that modern advertisers reach the acme of optimism in describing their wares but they seem to use understatement compared to this. Let us see how Charlottetown was progressing.

It had in 1768 at most 50 inhabitants and from a report of the time it would seem there were two houses. Their description may be of interest: "A dwelling house, 56 by 26, one storey, with a pictured roof, shingled and clapboarded, and filled in between with stone laid in rough mortar, two stacks of chimneys, with two ovens and six fire-places, two parlours, two kitchens and lodging rooms, a cellar—stoned—under one half of the house .Also a house intended for a dwelling house of the same dimensions . . now used as a store-house. There was also a wharf head next the store house, fifty feet wide, carried out thirty feet, solid with stones and timber. Several of the streets of Charlottetown entirely opened." But Franklin was ambitious for Charlottetown, he sent to London estimates for the cost of erecting several public buildings and purchasing a vessel and a rowboat to keep up connection with the mainland.

In 1769 the proprietors of the lots succeeded in persuading the home government to separate the Island of St. John from Nova Scotia, claiming that settlers would not come here as long as the centre of government was at Halifax from which the Island was completely cut off for about four months of the year. They offered to start paying their quit-rents at once instead of waiting for five years, as had been agreed. Accordingly in 1769 Walter Patterson was appointed Captain General and Governor-in-Chief over the Island and on the same date the Lords of the Admiralty were authorized to appoint a Vice-Admiral and Officers of a Court of Admiralty for the Island of St. John. We are coming along! Temporary sheds or houses were built for the lodgement of Government officials. Then the proprietors petitioned the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to provide a church, a court house and a gaol at Charlotettown "to secure their property and to recommend and enforce obedience to the law." With only 150 families on the Island one might well wonder why a gaol ! but for a church we are told there was not even a barn in which church service could be held.

Mr. Patterson arrived from England in the late summer of 1770. Though he writes in his first despatch "At present for fish there are only lobsters and oysters neither very good;" he seems to have been much impressed with the prospects for the future prosperity of the Island, for he writes in his second dispatch to Lord Hillsborough, the Secretary of State most concerned with colonial affairs: "I promised Your Lordship some further accounts of the Island this autumn, and from everything I have tried, both in husbandry and in gardening, my expectations are fully surpassed, such as the raising of Indian corn, which I have done this year myself, and very good too. In every other part of America that I have been, grain, in general, deteriorates, especially oats and barley; but here I have raised both this year to the full as good as the seed sown, which was the best I could purchase in London. The oats were of the Polish kind, as I judged our summer might resemble theirs in Poland, more than that of England, and believe we would be right if we used more of the continental seeds of Europe than we do. I never met with or heard of such an increase of potatoes as I was told of yesterday by two servants belonging to Captain Holland. One of them planted six bushels and has from them raised two hundred bushels; the other had a hundred and sixty bushels from three. This they offered to take their oaths of. As to garden stuffs, there is no country produces better. In short, my lord, if only the proprietors

will exert themselves, this Island will, in a short time, be the garden of America."

Patterson was an Irishman, a man of very fair ability and of a sanguine temperament — perhaps too sanguine, Warburton tells us. He invested a greater part of his fortune on the Island, buying much property, all of which he subsequently lost, dying in England a ruined and broken man. His apparent doubt as to the proprietors exerting themselves was more than justified, only five of them came to the Island and a few "made any attempt to comply with the terms of settlement on which their lands were held and the payment of the quit-rents was as little thought of, for in five years after the arrival of the officials the receipts amounted to little more than would discharge two years' salary to the establishment, which, as may easily be conceived, brought the officers into great distress and materially retarded the program of the settlement."

The Assembly did not meet till July, 1772. It was composed of the eighteen inhabitants 'who could make a tolerable appearance in the House' The first act passed was for the regulation of the fishing of sea-cows which were being rapidly exterminated and licenses were issued for fishing these enormous beasts weighing sometimes as much as two tons However it was impossible to enforce the law and soon this valuable source of oil and hides was lost The complete isolation of the Island during the winter was a serious handicap and Patterson persuaded some hardy men to try crossing in canoes the half-frozen straits between Wood Islands and Pictou, and in this way for many years during the winter months mails were carried to and from the Island "Governor Patterson and these courageous pioneers," Dr. Harvey says, "deserve much credit for thus inaugurating our winter mail and passenger service."

Shortly after Patterson's arrival he settled a number of Acadians in Lot 17 (St. Eleanor's) and the proprietor of Lot 18, fronting on Richmond Bay, brought several families from Argyleshire. The settlement of New London, Rustico and Elliot River commenced in 1773, and Cove Head and Three Rivers (Cardigan) were settled soon after by Sir James Montgomery, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who did more than any other proprietor for the settlers. About this time Robert Stewart, a proprietor, brought immigrants from Scotland in the barque Annabella. They thought they were going to North Carolina where they had relatives. The ship was cast away on the sandhills at the mouth of Malpeque Harbour in a snow storm in October and the passengers lost all their provisions and much of their clothing. French fishermen, living at Malpeque, gave many of them shelter but some nearly starved to death that winter.

We read in a letter dated October 15th., 1771, "Since my last letter nine families have arrived here, sent by Lieutenant Governor DesBrisay to settle on his Lot near Charlottetown. About twenty are arrived also at Malpeque who are come on their own account to seek a settlement on this Island and I hope they will be accommodated to their satisfaction, as it will be an encouragement to others to follow on the same lay." And so settlers came straggling along to the Island.

The first Supreme Court was held in 1773 when three prisoners were convicted of petty larceny and sentenced to be whipped It sounds drastic but we must remember there was no gaol and the early settlers saw the need of stamping out such offences against society — we seem to be more lenient in such cases nowadays. A resolution was passed by the Council to open roads from Charlottetown to **Malpeque,** Three Rivers and St Peters The need of a church, courthouse and gaol was again urged and Patterson wrote direct to the Colonial Office asking for funds for this purpose. The sum of £3,000 was sent but Dr Harvey tells us: "That money was not fated to raise any edifice, barred or steepled, which should lead the pioneer either by fear or by love to godliness" There were no carpenters capable of doing the work, Patterson advertised in New England for such workmen without success, time went by. There was no money in the Treasury to pay the salaries of the officials who had received no pay since coming to the Island, so the money was used to pay the salaries, including the Governor's! Later, when an enquiry was held before the Assembly, Patterson was exonerated The failure of the majority of the proprietors to pay their quit-rents thus threw upon the Home Government the responsibility for the expenses of the Island administration.

In the summer of 1775 Governor Patterson returned to England on one year's absence to put before the Home Government and the proprietors the great need of the Island if it was to be supported in its development His leave was stretched out to five years in spite of the fact that he was told on at least two occasions that it was His Majesty's pleasure that he return at the earliest opportunity. However he did seem to be working in the Island's interest while in England. The exciting things that happened during his absence we shall take up in our next broadcast.

VIII

During the absence of Governor Patterson the Attorney-General, Hon Phillips Callbeck, took his place. The year 1775 was notable to the Island for more than the Governor's departure, for in this year the winter mail service by canoe was started and, the American colonies having revolted, two privateers from New England descended upon Charlottetown and carried off the two chief officials and all the plunder they could lay their hands on Mr. Callbeck went down to the wharf and greeted civilly the captains who had landed with armed parties, he was ordered on board and when he obeyed he was struck across the face. He then received orders to pass over his keys with the threat that otherwise his house and store-houses would be broken into They carried off all the winter supplies of the town, looted Callbeck's and Patterson's houses, taking curtains, rugs, silver, bedding and all movable furniture and rifling the pantries and wine-cellars While rummaging in Callbeck's house they broke open his wife's private boxes and read her letters, in one of which they discovered that she was the daughter of a Loyalist of Boston, and so they searched for her with the purpose, to use their own words, "of cutting her throat". Fortunately she escaped, being out at their farm, but Mr. Callbeck wrote, "These brutal violators of domestic felicity have left her without a single glass of wine, without a candle to burn or a sufficiency of food of the bread kind, most of the furniture taken away and for all I know all her clothes and jewelry." One piece of furniture was evidently too heavy to carry — a Grandfather's clock which is owned by Mr Walter Callbeck of Summerside, a descendant of Phillips Callbeck. In 'Americana' for September, 1913, the Secretary of the Scottish Historical Society of North America condemns in terms of the sternest indignation this act of piracy. He says, 'The pillaging of the place was not an act of war (though done in the time and colour of war) but of plain, unvarnished piracy, and one which ranks with the most contemptible, cowardly, cruel, dastardly, unjustifiable, unnecessary and wanton acts recorded in history, since the laws of war have been in existence!" (This was written before the real atrocities of the two World Wars) The prisoners were put ashore near General Washington's headquarters where they were treated with the utmost courtesy and released It is interesting to know that the two captains lost their commissions. After Callbeck and Wright returned home a petition was sent to Lord Howe, praying that action be taken for the immediate protection of the Island and a sloop of war accordingly sent with war arms and ammunition from Halifax Later four companies of soldiers were sent and barracks were built Mr. Benjamin Chappell records in his diary that in the same year Malpeque also was plundered and Callbeck reports that two privateers landed at St. Peters and 'began their accustomed wanton depredations by shooting oxen and sheep, and taking but few of them away for use'. This is almost the only part the Island took in the American Revolution except that sometimes a British frigate would appear in Charlottetown harbour with a captured ship.

Governor Patterson returned in June, 1780, after his prolonged absence and spoke most highly of Callbeck's management of affairs — as well he might. He

believed the population had doubled and said, "They are comfortable in their situation, have large stocks of cattle and abound with all the necessaries of life so far as they regard the table." You may be interested in hearing a list of the officials on the Island at that time Governor-in-Chief, Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Secretary and Registrar, Surveyor of Lands, Minister of the Church of England, King's Agent, Clerk of the Crown and Coroner, Clerk of the Council, Navel Officer, Sheriff or Provost Marshal, a Private Secretary and a Schoolmaster. Needless to say the Schoolmaster's salary was the lowest; he was passing rich on £50 a year. Some may think this is a bit top heavy as one clergyman and one schoolmaster suggests rather a small population; others may feel it shows optimism as to the future of the Island. Later there was a Lieutenant-Governor as well, Mr. DesBrisay filling this post. One of the first acts passed by the Assembly after Patterson's return was to change the name of the Island to New Ireland In urging its approval to the Home Government the Governor pointed out the confusion existing due to so many places having the name St. John, referring particularly to St. Johns, Newfoundland, as 'being the place longest known by that name to the mercantile and common people at home; and since ever it has been known the idea of fogs and barrenness have been annexed to it We are so much confounded with this part in particular that people have sailed for Newfoundland, thinking they were coming hither.' The Home Government, however, would not assent to this name as it was already appropriated and stated that the Assembly should have presented a petition to the King, instead of "passing a presumptuous act which was warrented by neither law or usage." And so the Island had to put up with Merchant ships, settlers and letters going astray until in 1798 its name was changed to Prince Edward Island in honour of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who was Commander in-Chief in British North America at that time. Though he never visited the Island, the Prince's interest in its welfare and the loyalty of its people induced the Assembly to take this step and this time the Privy Council assented to the change of name

I was wondering how many names our Island had when I came upon a list in Helen Champion's book to which I have added a few more:

(1) Epageit or Abegweit (Cradle in the waves).
(2) Minegoo (the Island in Micmac).
(3) **Ile St. Jean.**
(4) St John's Island.
(5) Garden of America (Governor Patterson's name for it).
(6) New Ireland.
(7) The Cradle of Confederation.
(8) The Garden of the Gulf.
(9) The Million Acre Farm.
(10) The Home of the Silver Fox Industry.
(11) Crescent Island (suggested by Mr. Lawrence Burpee).
(12) Prince Edward Island
(13) P E I
(14) The Island
(15) Spud Island
(16) Christmas Tree Island *

Ada MacLeod in an article in the Dalhousie Review called 'Some Loyalists of Prince Edward Island' quoted Sir Andrew MacPhail as saying that all the 'gentlemen' among the Loyalists went to Ontario. Her comment was "It is probably true, but as for St John's Island, covered as it then was with dense virgin forests, this was probably no great disadvantage because gentlemen have not always the markings of good axemen." In writing of the first of the Walker family coming to this Island from the lush meadows of Annan, Scotland, she tells that on viewing the giant maples and pines to be levelled in what is now New Annan he 'sat doon and grat' and it is recorded that when Chief Justice Stewart arrived he remarked, 'Why was I sent here? To judge the trees?" But there was scant time for weeping in those days, and bitter tears had already been shed by the Loyalists Much is still heard and read about the woes of the exiled Acadians, but Longfellow did not need to go so far afield for his Evangeline. She might easily have been found among the exiles from his own land. One has only to read the novel 'Oliver Wiswell" by Kenneth Roberts, an American himself, to get an idea of the brutality with which those men and woman were treated who remained loyal to England.

Many had their property forfeited and were banished with the threat of death should they return In one month 20 ships left New York, carrying 3,000 men, women and children to the mouth of the St John River; later 1,500 more were brought there. Patterson

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*Suggested by an English boy at the NATO Navigation Course, Summerside.

said that he left no honest means untried to get the suffering Loyalists to the Island and to have justice done them when here. However, there was so much uncertainty as to the tenure of the land, owing to the evils of absentee landlordism, that many were deterred from coming. A number of landlords offered one fourth of their lots to Loyalists and disbanded soldiers, but few availed themselves of the offer. Those who did found that the title deed could not be obtained and that the promises made them were seldom kept. Appeals were made by the Loyalists to the Home Government, but the influence of the Proprietors was paramount and it took three generations of agitating to bring about, in 1877, the abolition of this abominable system which prevented the Island from getting more of this valuable class of settlers. Ada MacLeod tells the story of some of the Loyalists families who came to Bedeque. One of the early comers was the founder of the Small family, Johannes Wilhelmus von der Schmall (decidedly a gentleman judging by the 'von') whose diary, kept through the Revolutionary War and afterwards, is a source of valuable information of the period. His descendents have many interesting heirlooms, especially handmade furniture. William Schurman, after spending months in gaol, set out for Canada with his wife, ten children and two faithful slaves. There is a tradition that on their journey they were saved from capture much as Robert Bruce was saved. Pursued by rebel soldiers they had taken refuge for the night in a cave; in the morning a spider had spun its web across the mouth of the cave and the soldiers passed by. The Schurmans came to Tryon, and then moved to Bedeque, where they prospered. Mr Schurman became a member of the Island Assembly

A neighbour of his was Thomas Hooper whose wife had been lying in bed with her new-born son when the rebels forced an entrance into their home, searching for her husband. They took the bed from under her and subjected her to such cruel treatment that she died a few days later.

In a letter with the heading 'Bedeque Harbour', Island St. John, September 17, 1785, Hooper wrote to his brother: "I have drawn 500 acres in two divisions, 250 on the above harbour, where I can take every kind of shell fish within a quarter of a mile from my door, and oysters in particular, a great abundance. The land appears to be good and has eight or ten acres cleared, formerly a French settlement. Major and I are at Charlottetown to get the articles allowed us by the Government. The Government pays us great attention and serves us in every respect. Major is applying for 300 acres of land to which he is entitled." Major got his land and made such good use of his time while in Charlottetown that when he was established he brought the governor's daughter as a bride to his new home. Richard Robins, another Loyalist, when returning with two neighbours from Charlottetown, a distance of fifty miles on the ice around the coast, was overtaken by a snowstorm; they reached Seacow Head, only a few miles from home, but Robins was too weak to climb the steep bank and took refuge in a cave. A rescuing party found him frozen to death.

Three Quaker Loyalists were William Wright, whose son built Queen's Wharf in Summerside in 1840, named after the young Queen; John Baker, who built a fine house at McDonald's Point, and Daniel Green, whose father had been a friend of William

Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. The names William Penn and that of his wife, Guielma, are still used in the Green Family. Daniel was granted 500 acres of land which is now Summerside; it was called Green's Shore and had been the site of an Indian hunting ground, for many Indian arrows hava been found there. It was later a French settlement as the remains of a cellar and of a forge testify. There are many treasured relics of the past owned by the descendants of these colonists, but the treasure they undoubtedly cherish most is tha unconquerable spirit of the United Empire Loyalists

IX

After the Battle of Culloden in 1745 many of the lairds in the Highlands who had followed Prince Charlie were forced into exile and their estates were confiscated. The Highlanders were forbidden to carry arms, to meet together, to hunt and even the wearing — not of the green — but of the kilts was prohibited. The clan system was destroyed and the Highlanders began to emigrate. But it was chiefly a religious motive that brought the Glenaladale Pioneers to the Island in 1772. "The laird in South Uist in the Hebrides was an ultra-zealous Protestant who undertook the conversion of the tenants en masse," Mrs. MacLeod tells us in writing of these pioneers; his method was to station himself at the fork of the road and try to drive them all to the Presbyterian Church when they were on their way to their own Roman Catholic Church. This peculiar type of evangelism was ever afterwards known as the 'Religion of the Yellow Staff,' as that was the colour of the prod he used to get his converts. Next he tried to win the children over by starting schools for them, but this also failed; finally he gave the Catholics a document to sign, renouncing their faith and promising to have nothing more to do with their priests; if they refused to sign they were to be driven from their homes. After consulting with the church authorities they decided to emigrate but where was the money to come from? They could scarcely eke out a living on their little crofts. A deliverer arose in the person of John MacDonald, later known as the "Laird of the Glen"; he was of the Glenaladale clan and the settlers he brought to the Island

are known as the Glenaladale Pioneers. He was persuaded to come here in letters from a party of disbanded Fraser Highlanders who had come to the Island after the fall of Quebec, ten years before.

In the latter part of June, the ship "Alexander" sailed into Hillsborough Bay, past the Acadian capital of Port La Joie, burned by New Englanders a quarter of a century before, and dropped anchor at the new capital, Charlottetown, then a little village, laid out carefully two years before with wide streets and squares. But the stay was brief, for the settlers were anxious to reach their journey's end, and the captain protestingly threaded his way up the narrow, crooked channel of the North East River to Glenaladale Land Lot 36 (Glenaladale was one of the few proprietors fulfilling their obligations). The name of Scotchford, given by the settlers to the spot where they landed, was suggested by the ruin of Frenchfort passed on the way up the river. Workmen had been sent out the previous year by the leader under the charge of his brother Donald, so that a number of rude log cabins were awaiting them. Among these settlers was the first medical doctor of the Island — Dr. Roderick MacDonald, and also the first British-born priest, Rev. James MacDonald, who ministered to the Acadians at Malpeque as well. He had a log church built 30 x 20 ft., with a straw-thatched roof. The religious zeal of the Highlanders was much greater than that of the English, for we read that when an Anglican Bishop came to the Island in 1789 he refused to hold service in the coffee and ball-room. There Mr. Brisay usually officiated, and, though he was energetic in his efforts to arouse the people to the necessity of building a church, it was not until 1801 that the first Anglican Church was completed and ready for Divine Service

Glenaladale did not himself come to the Island until a year after his Highlanders, and on his arrival he found conditions most unsatisfactory A number were planning to leave, as provisions were scanty, a ship having failed to arrive with supplies, the crops of the previous year had failed, and, most serious of all, there was widespread dissatisfaction with the matter of rent and land tenure. A number of the discouraged moved to Cape Breton and others went farther east along the north shore of the Island. Glenaladale had provisions, farm implements, cattle, horses, sheep and swine brought to the Island and, the next year's crop being a success, the colonists became more contented and began gradually to prosper. But many a time during those first cruel years of toil and privation their hearts must have yearned for the homeland and cried:

From the lone shielding of the misty island
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides
Fair these broad meads, — these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land

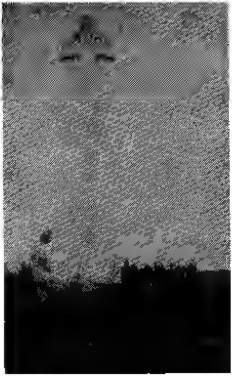
On the outbreak of the American Revolution John MacDonald joined the British Army and recruited a force among his compatriots of the Island which, with a similar body of Nova Scotia High-

landers became the second battalion of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. He returned after eight years in the forces with a distinguished record and the rank of Captain added to his other titles of "Glenaladale" and "Laird of the Glen". He was afterwards known by the affectionate name of "Captain John". His third son, John, was educated abroad for the Church and, after being a priest in Glasgow for five years, brought out a party of Irish Catholic immigrants whom he settled on the family lands on the south bank of the Hillsborough. The most distinguished of all the descendants of "Captain John" was Sir William MacDonald who lived in Montreal and is said to have done more for education in Canada than any other person. Though he was not a University man himself he contributed millions to McGill University, and MacDonald Colleges at St. Anne's and at Guelph were founded by him. It is rather interesting that, though Sir William made all his money in tobacco, he did not smoke himself. Mrs. Macleod writes that of all these early settlers none exerted such an influence as Rev. Angus Bernard (afterwards Bishop) MacEachern.

He spent nearly half a century journeying through the pathless forests of the Island and the mainland to the scattered settlements, and there is still preserved in St. John's Convent, Charlottetown, the combined boat and sled built by his own hands for crossing rivers in the spring. At the same time the Gaelic-speaking Dr. MacGregor, first Presbyterian minister on the Island, was engaged in the same task and the two were firm friends. Bishop MacEachern was equally respected by the Protestants as by his own people. On the spot where stood the little log church at Scotchfort, there now rises a noble Celtic cross of

Scotch granite, erected in 1922 by the widely scattered descendants of these pioneers, in honoured memory of the fore-fathers who bore so worthy a part in the upbuilding of Church and Society in the province. Mrs. Macleod writes "Prince Edward Island is not without visible and treasured links with the days of Prince Charlie" A lovely miniature on ivory encircled with the green garter and buckle he wore at Prestonpans is in the possessions of the Hunt Family and Hon Alan Stewart of Strathgartney has among other treasures the antlers of a deer shot by the Prince

And now we come to the celebrated Selkirk Settlers. **Eight hundred Highlanders were brought out** to the Island in the year 1803 by the Earl of Selkirk. He was of the Douglas clan, famed in ballad and legend and when at Edinburgh University he had become a close friend of Sir Walter Scott He was a remarkable man, of a restless and venturesome disposition and his name or titles have been given to towns, rivers, mountains and settlements from the Island to the Yukon Ever since the Battle of Culloden conditions for the crofters in the Highlands had been growing steadily worse. Selkirk bought 80,000 acres of the lots of the defaulting proprietors in the vicinity of Point Prim and what is now known as Belfast, the latter name is not after the city of that name in Northern Ireland but a corruption of the French phrase La Belle Face, given to this site for its beauty The story of the voyage of the Polly and her two sister ships has all the material for a romance of the sea. It is a bit surprising that Captain Marryatt, a writer of sea-stories popular when I was young, should have used in one of his tales

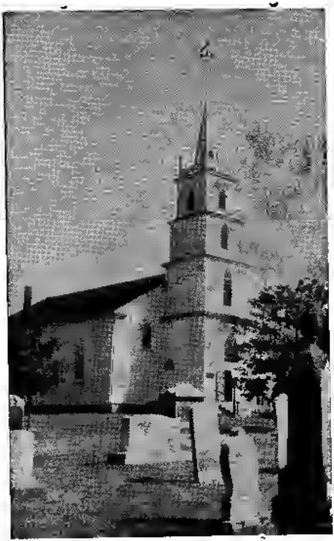


Monument to the Glenaladale settlers
at Scotchfort

a tragic incident which took place on the Island rather than taking as the basis of a sea romance the adventures of the famous ship the Polly. The story goes that when the Captain of the Polly was hailed by a British man-of-war in search of men for the navy — it was the time of the Napoleonic wars when the navy was recruited by press gangs — he signalled that his crew and passengers were all down with ship-fever; the captain of the man-of-war gave them what help he could and the Polly passed on, safe for the time. Another story is that one day a suspicious looking ship was sighted, which gained on them and was discovered to be a pirate ship. The resourceful captain again met the emergency. Fortunately the Polly had formerly been a man-of-war, so the captain opened up the port-holes, stationed crew and passengers about the ship in such a way as to give the impression that the ship was prepared for defence, and the pirate ship sailed away. For some days the Polly, when off the Newfoundland banks, was caught in an ice-pack and was in serious danger but again she escaped. Three children were born on board and three deaths took place. The Polly, which was much the largest ship of the three, brought over three-quarters of the eight hundred Selkirk settlers; they comprised nearly all trades and occupations, elders of the church, dominies (teachers, that is), farmers, soldiers, tailors, blacksmiths, millers and shepherds, in fact they were a complete self-contained group of sturdy Scots highly fitted to meet the emergencies and difficulties of creating new homes out of the wilderness. The Polly was the first ship to arrive at Charlottetown early in August, 1803, then they proceeded to Point Prim where they were dismayed to find no one to welcome them,

though Lord Selkirk had set sail from Scotland some days before their departure. They saw before them an impenetrable wilderness, for nature again possessed the land that had been cleared fifty years before by the French. They put up what slight shelter they needed and in a day or two Selkirk and his agents arrived and the work of conquering the wilderness began. Now no finer farmland can be seen on Prince Edward Island than that around Belfast and, though many of the descendants of these courageous, hardy pioneers have wandered far, all are intensely proud of their ancestors who came over in the Polly and her sister ships.

Mr. John MacGregor, a leader in the fight for democratic government on the Island, writes of the nationalities of the inhabitants and sums up their characteristics in the following words: "When travelling through the settlement we discover the inhabitants to consist of Englishmen from about every country in the Kingdom, Scotchmen, who, it is true, predominate, from the Highlands, Hebrides and the southern counties, Irishmen from different parts of the Emerald Isle, Acadian French, American Loyalists; and a few Dutch, Germans and Swedes. The English farmer does not reconcile himself so readily as the Scotch settler does to the privations necessarily connected, for the first few years, with being set down in a new country . . and it is not until he is sensibly assured of succeeding and bettering his conditions that he becomes fully reconciled to the country. The American Loyalists, are, in general, industrious and independent in their circumstances, extremely ingenious, building their own homes, doing their own joiner work, mason work, glazing and painting. The men



(4) by another portage to Fortune,
Belfast Church where many of the Selkirk settlers are buried including Lord Selkirk's daughter.

make their own shoes, their ploughs, harrows and carts, as well as their sledges; the women spin, knit, and weave linens and coarse woollen clothes for domestic use." It was not long before Scots, Irish, English, Loyalists and French were united as Islanders, striving for free land, free education for all, self government representing the whole community, happy in their new home of peace and plenty, cradled on the waves.

X

As early as 1770, when Governor Patterson arrived on the Island, trouble due to absentee-landlordism began and continued for over one hundred years, until in 1877 the Land Purchase Act was passed which vested in the Government of Prince Edward Island all lots previously sold. Our Island thus had a taste of the conditions existing in Ireland for centuries.

Of all the settlers the United Empire Loyalists seemed to have suffered most. They were allowed to settle on the land with the assurance that their titles were good, many of the proprietors having offered them one quarter of their lots. They cleared the land, built houses for themselves and their families, cultivated the fields. Then they were told that they would have to move, that they had no rights whatever. But the Island Government was also in a bad way, owing to the non payment of the quit-rents by the absentee proprietors. These quit-rents had been designed to meet the expenses of government and many of the officials had to depend on what private means they might have as there were often no salaries forthcoming. Here is how Judge Warburton speaks of the proprietors:

"Some few of these gentlemen honourably endeavoured to fulfill their obligations, but the great majority quite ignored them. Bills drawn on the proprietor's agent by the officers of government, who depended on the quit-rents for their pay, were dishonoured. Those who were without private resources were, for long periods, left without means of support.

Year in and year out, there is the same story of these men's shameless breach of the conditions upon which they held their lands, and of the undertaking they had entered into when they procured the establishment of a separate government for the Island Many of them held their lands simply for the purpose of speculation, without the slightest intention of performing the conditions of their grants"

Unfortunately they possessed sufficient influence with the authorities in England to thwart the efforts of the local government and legislature to compel them to discharge their obligations Governor Patterson did much to alleviate the grievous wrongs under which the people of the Island laboured, he made every effort to bring new settlers here and to get fair treatment for them, but there is an undoubted stigma left on his name for misappropriating funds sent from England for building a church, a court house and a gaol. You will remember he and the other members of the government had received no salary for years and he used this money to pay up the arrears, however, there was a phrase used which put scarcely the best light on his action The money was paid the officials, (I quote), "So that they might live and dress in a way befitting their station" In spite of the bitter denunciation of Chief Justice Stewart and others, Patterson managed to get the Assembly to exonerate him He did not gain popularity by taking five years when given one year's leave of absence in England though he probably used the opportunity thus afforded to bring to the attention of the home Government the conditions on the Island due to the failure of the proprietors to carry out their obligations

After his return to the Island he decided to sell the land of the defaulting landlords and he did so before notice of the proposed sale reached them in England, buying large areas of the land himself at bargain prices. The Island Assembly approved the sale in a bill which was disallowed by His Majesty King George III and the Government was commanded to **submit to the Assembly another bill annulling the sales.**

It is extremely interesting to read that the Assembly gave summary treatment to this bill which they said was "highly detrimental to the settlement of the colony . . . . and that it also appeared to them that it was founded on misrepresentation."

And so little Prince Edward Island began its fight for democracy. Governor Patterson was recalled and General Edmund Fanning, a Loyalist, was sent to take his place. Governor Fanning held office for eighteen years, the longest period of any Governor in the Island's history. His first Assembly he dissolved as there was much ill-feeling between those favoring himself and those who had supported Patterson. He issued writs for a new one in March, 1790, in which, he reported to the Secretary of State, harmony prevailed. It must indeed have carried out his wishes for it lasted twelve years and had been called the "Long Parliament of Prince Edward Island."

Mr. Hart says: "Fanning's regime was an era of calm before and after a period of political storm. No great changes were made for better or worse during all his eighteen years of office." A writer of the time says of Fanning: "His ruling passion was that of acquiring landed property in the colony and he succeeded

in securing to himself some of the best tracts without proceeding to any violent measures." It was his daughter, you may remember, Lady Wood, who left a will instructing that her lands on the Island should be sold and half of the proceeds used for the Micmac Indians of the Island

There are two interesting items in the public accounts for May, 1789.

"To cash paid Benjamin Chappell for repairing the Stocks (The contrivance for punishing offenders) ... 15s". (He is the writer of the first diary on the Island.)

"To cash paid Ann Richardson for the use of her house for church for one year £40".

Fanning seemed to think that the latter item was reckless extravagance, for he decided to buy a house, "one part of which he appropriated for the performance of public divine service during the time he shall be continued in the government of this Island, whereby there is and will be a saving of £10 a year to the public, which sum has heretofore annually been paid for the hire of a room for a church" He retired with a pension of £500 in 1804 while poor Patterson who really did much more for the development of the Island, died in extreme poverty in London, leaving his wife destitute

Colonel DesBarres came to the Island in 1805 with the resounding titles of Lieutenant-Governor, Commander-in-chief and Vice-Admiral of Prince Edward Island He, like Captain Holland, had been aide-decamp to Wolfe at Quebec and was now eighty-three years of age In spite of his advanced age, this spirited old soldier set about raising a force of militia for the protection of the colony and with the outbreak of the War of 1812, he urged the Assembly to adopt measures for the Island's defense.

However, no attack was made. Perhaps the ghost fleet of which the Governor was Vice Admiral frightened off the Americans! During his regime the Island prospered quietly and immigrants came from Guernsey and from Argyllshire.

Charles Douglas Smith succeeded DesBarres as Governor; about him I am going to quote from Mr George Hart as he sums up in a masterly way his character and actions "Like Charles I of England he was doubtless a firm believer in the divine right of governors, for, during his sojourn here he kept the colony in a ferment with his many acts of injustice and tyranny. But, unlike Charles I, he had not the nobility of bearing which hides a multitude of sins As a man, Smith was puffed up by his own importance, overbearing and insolent. As a governor he showed tremendous ignorance of or contempt for British constitutional procedure and British fair play. His period of rule — or rather misrule — was a time of strife between Governor and Assembly. The people's representative stood up valiantly for their rights. They impeached him for many offences among which was "a gross abuse and misapplication of public money." Having two arrogant sons-in-law and a son under age Smith had ample opportunity of creating a "family compact" and using nepotism to the full His son was given the rank and salary of a naval officer and the post of Acting Provost Marshal

Once while holding these exaulted positions, this youth, in a playful or vengeful mood, broke a window in the Legislative Chamber when the Assembly was in session, to use his own words: "I up with my fist and slashed it through the window." For this act of vandalism he was lodged in gaol. Justice for such offenses against property was evidently meted out more promptly in those days than it is today, — but it was not always justice, as we shall see in our next broadcast when we glance at some of the methods of punishment used by our ancestors on the Island.

Smith caused much suffering when he demanded that the inhabitants pay the old arrears in quit-rents. But the people would stand his despotism no longer. A great petition and 'grand remonstrance' was drawn up and signed by men from all three counties. Captain John Stewart was commissioned to carry the petition to the King. The Governor countered by ordering his arrest, but Stewart made his escape in a barrel which was smuggled on board ship. He reached London and presented the Island's petition to King George IV and Smith's reign of injustice was over. His successor was a man of very different calibre, but we must leave the study of his regime till next week as I want to tell you the story of Blumine.

Many of you will have heard of Blumine. Mrs. Macleod told her story in the Dalhousie Review, for April, 1925. I can give you only a resume of it, quoting from her introductory paragraph:

"The little province by the sea has given to the world many notable sons and daughters. But of them all none perhaps excels in romantic interest the Maiden

who in a manner links Prince Edward Island to Carlyle, the great sage of Chelsea. She was Margaret Gordon of Charlottetown, the first love of Carlyle."

In 1785 a young doctor, Alexander Gordon, came to Charlottetown from Logie O'Buchan, Scotland, and was attached to two companies of the Black Watch then stationed there. Governor Patterson's daughter, Margaret, and the dashing young medical officer fell in love and married.

Mrs. Macleod quotes from an old account book of his, and she says there were many more similar items:

July 10, 1787 — 1/2 doz. pairs of stockings 3/8.

July 15, 1787 — 1 pair large best-plated buckles, 9/0.

July 30, 1787 — 1 pott pomatum, 1/

August 2, 1787 — 1 pair garters, /9

He seems to have been, as Mrs. Macleod says, 'a bit reckless', for though his father-in-law gave him, for loyal service during the American War, 36 acres of land he could not manage to make both ends meet and, when their youngest daughter, Margaret, was about three or four years old, his property was seized for debts and the family left Charlottetown for Halifax where they lived in poverty for a few years, until Dr. Gordon's death. Two of his daughters were then sent back to Scotland and were brought up by an aunt in Kirkcaldy with a combined income of £45 a year. Here came as a teacher young Thomas Carlyle and fell in love with the tall, fair, graceful, Margaret Gordon. However the aunt was inflexible, she had higher ambitions for her niece than the impecunious young school teacher. Thomas Carlyle passed on to a leading position in the literary world of his day. He always remembered his "Blumine," the Goddess of Flowers, describing her with a lovely and charming touch in "Sartor Resartus" and his "Reminiscences", and speaking of her frequently to his friends. Jane Walsh, whom he married later in life, was even a bit jealous of Carlyle's "Rose Maiden". This marriage was not happy as both Thomas and Jane were very difficult to live with and a wag has said that if Jane had married some one else, and Thomas his first love four people, instead of two, would have been unhappy.

Margaret Gordon married Alexander Bannerman, who was later knighted, and just fifty years after she and her family left Prince Edward Island in want and under a cloud, she returned to Charlottetown as Lady Bannerman and Governor's lady with cannon booming and all the town illuminated in her honour. A Charlottetown friend wrote thus of her in a letter. "Few women of her century had such true and wide culture or grasp of intellect, and withal she was one of the most humble and sincere Christians I have ever met."

XI

With the removal of Smith as Governor of Prince Edward Island the people had won the first round in their fight for freedom. It was the same struggle as was carried on elsewhere, for the control of the expenditure of public funds, in other words for responsible government, for he who pays the piper should be allowed to call the tune. Although the Island raised all the money by this time for carrying on the government, except for paying the Governor's salary, the Governor and his Council had complete control over expenditures and were responsible only to the Colonial Office in far-away London.

For seven prosperous years from 1824 to 1831 there was a lull in the struggle, for John Stewart, having presented his petition to the king for the removal of Smith, came back accompanied by Col. John Ready as Lieutenant Governor, a man who must ever be held in honour by us, for he did everything possible to understand our problems and to promote our interests in the seven years he held office

Judge Warburton says of him: "He was not long in winning the confidence and respect of the people During his first summer here he visited almost every section of the Island He made the public interests his own and acquainted himself with the country and its needs With energy and ability he devoted himself to the work of building up and improving the province Not by precept alone, but by his own example and active exertions, and largely at his own expense, he led the way in promoting the Island's welfare. He encouraged agriculture, which he saw must be the staple industry of the Island To improve the stock he imported from England, for breeding purposes, some of the finest animals that have been brought here He gave an impetus to the profession of agriculture which it has never lost " Shortly after his arrival he caused a general election to be held. In the opening session His Excellency gave, as his reason for so soon calling the members together, the need of revising and continuing such beneficial acts as had expired, or were about to expire, and for considering such other measures as were necessary for the welfare and good government of the Island

Much useful legislation was enacted at this session; among other matters measures were taken for the encouragement of education, for the preservation of oysters, appointing juries, regulating pilots and the fisheries, preventing forest fires, etc, etc A large sum from the small revenue was devoted to roads and bridges The British Parliament had passed an act to regulate the trade between His Majesty's possessions in America and the West Indies and opening free ports in the various colonies; the Assembly drew the attention of the Governor to the fact that no free port had been mentioned for the Island and begged him to bring the matter to the notice of the Secretary of State They suggested that Charlottetown, Three Rivers and Princetown be opened to this commerce — Summerside was still only Green Shore Governor Ready endeavoured to make himself fully acquainted with conditions everywhere on the Island and on the opening of the second session he congratulated the Legislature on the increasing industry and tranquility apparent on all sides. However, the struggle between the Assembly and the Council with regard to the expenditure of funds came up in an intensified form in this and subsequent sesions. The Secretary of State for the Colonies took the Assembly's part in the controversy and wrote the Governor to express to the Council his regret that they should lay claims to rights which were outworn and which were not easy to reconcile to the principles of the British Constitution. Still the quarrel continued.

A bill was introduced to prevent the importation and circulation of base copper coin and much difficulty was experienced on the Island because of the scarcity of proper circulating currency. There is an interesting article in Mr. Benjamin Bremmer's "An Island Scrap Book" from which I should like to quote. It is the story of the Holey Dollar.

"The story of this interesting specimen of Canadian money brings us at once into the atmosphere of pirates on the Spanish Main who reckoned their gains in 'pieces of eight.' A few centuries ago the Spanish Government minted a large thick silver coin that was current over much of the world and was known as the Spanish Dollar. It had such a wide circulation and was so eagerly sought after that the British Government merely restamped it and used it for circulation in the Old Country. At the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the last century this coin was in circulation in Eastern Canada and the New England States. Its purchasing power varied in different localities, being very high in Halifax and as a consequence enterprising merchants collected them and sent them to Halifax to make profit on the exchange." Due to this and other

causes the currency problem on the Island became serious and, for once in his long regime, Governor Smith had an inspiration for the benefit of the Island. He had collected all the Spanish dollars available and ordered a disc cut from center of them valued at one shilling, the remaining portion being valued at 5 shillings; thus there were two coins where one had been before and the advantage was that they were negotiable only on the Island. However, there was a canny Scot (I believe) who discovered that the shilling piece had almost two shillings' worth of silver in it, and he began secretly collecting the coins to send them to England to be melted down. When he had a goodly number he shipped them off but Davey Jones received them and for all we know they are still reposing in his locker. These two coins are extremely rare now and far too expensive for the ordinary collector. Mr. Bremmer tells us that a numismatist in Vancouver is the only proud possessor of the pair of coins as far as he knew. Still the difficulty of the currency remained unsolved. Various experiments were tried, paper money was used for a short time, then actually leather notes were introduced; it was even suggested that grain be used as a means of exchange. One writer of the time remarked that he expected to see birch bark and shingles introduced as legal tender. About the middle of the century merchants had designed and imported kegs of copper coins. In 1871, two years before we entered Confederation, we adopted the decimal system and used dollars and cents and so our currency problem was solved.

When, in my last broadcast, reference was made to the imprisoning of Governor Smith's son for breaking a window I suggested that some typical cases of

the administration of justice in the early days in Charlottetown should be glanced at tonight. In 1804 a man at the other end of the social scale, a negro called Black Jack, was found guilty of stealing 10d and the court was pleased to pass the following sentence, "that the said Black Jack be placed at the end of a cart or sled and be whipped from the gaol to the stocks, thence to the wharf and thence back to the gaol, but during the said whipping he is to receive not more than sixty lashes." Such humane treatment was not exhibited later, in Governor Smith's day, when a man had been thus beaten and the Governor, considering the punishment not sufficiently severe, ordered that he should be beaten again the next day. They were unable to carry out his instructions as the man had already died. "Those were the days", Mr. Burpee tells us in the 'Canadian Geographic Magazine', "when hungry men were hanged for stealing a loaf of bread and sentenced to 39 lashes for minor offences, (one wonders what were the minor offences); and when a jury brought in a verdict of 'not guilty' because, they said, though they had no doubt of the man's guilt, he had a wife and seven children, and to send him to gaol would be a severe burden on the community." We have in these cases evidence of man's inhumanity to man, I suppose. What shall we say of the present day laxity? Is it just an automatic swinging of the pendulum? There was a day, we are told, when Summerside 'made the punishment fit the crime.' A thief who had abstracted five pounds from a merchant's till was taken to Queen's Wharf, a rope tied around his waist (not his neck as might have been done perhaps in Charlottetown!) and he was ducked in the chill October waters, a separate douse for each pound he stole.

In Governor Ready's first session of the Assembly measures were taken up and enacted for the encouragement of Education, we are told. At long last the government body was becoming conscious of the sinister neglect of education on the Island. Time and again in Smith's regime the Assembly had passed bills and voted money for education, only to have them thrown out by the Council.

As far back as 1790 Governor Fanning had announced to the Legislature: "It becomes my indispensable duty in obedience to His Majesty's royal instructions, to recommend to you the expediency of entering upon some methods for the erecting and maintenance of schools, in order for the training up of youth to necessary knowledge of the principles of religion and virtue." We find eleven years later that he is urging the erection of a school house and the endowment of a public school, though an act for raising a revenue for erecting and maintaining Public Schools in this Province, passed by the Assembly, had been thrown out by the Council. In spite of all the agitation as late as 1828 the amount spent per year on education for the whole province is the incredibly small sum of under $1,400.

Following is a description of schools and teachers of these early days which I found in the 'Prince Edward Island Magazine': "Usually persons of shipwrecked character and blasted prospects in life, after every other resource failed, became a teacher, sometimes a man too proud to beg, too upright to steal, would consent to wield the birch." If the population of a village moved away the school house was moved along with them In those days teachers would compete for schools, not schools for teachers, though the lot of the teacher was not a happy or, one would think, a very profitable one; he was boarded from house to house and was held in no respect whatever but rather as a 'handyman' One teacher, who had been a court crier, in the old country, is said to have summoned his children into the schoolhouse with 'Oyez, oyez, oyez! Come into the school' Before dismissing school at noon he would say grace and also before dismissing it in the afternoon One district had a schoolhouse which had been a cabin on a ship that was wrecked; and the teacher had also been ship-wrecked! This teacher boasted that he had the loudest school in the Island; his children read and spelt aloud in unison and their voices could be heard for a long distance landward and out-to-sea In these schools the birch rod and the fool's cap seem to have been the chief equipment; fighting boys were made to play 'Wrap Jacket', that is each was armed with a switch and they beat each other until one was exhausted. About the middle of the century in country districts, teachers being difficult to get, the post was sometimes filled up by a 'farmer-teacher.' He would be up early and get a lot of work done and then go to school and have a rest. If any of you who are listening in had ancestors who were teachers I hope they did not belong to any of the types described in this talk.

In 1829 an act was actually got through both houses establishing an academy in Charlottetown but it was not till 1836 that a loan could be raised to put up the building In 1860, when Edward VII as Prince of Wales visited the Island this Central Academy was

renamed for him. About the same time St. Andrew's College, later to become St. Dunstan's University, was founded by Bishop McEachern. It was not until 1830 that Roman Catholics, through the Imperial Parliament, received the franchise and other rights and privileges previously enjoyed only by the Protestants. It took almost one hundred years for the authorities to agree that women also were citizens and capable of casting a vote. One may wonder if women's status has anything to do with the changed attitude in Government circles towards the education of our children.

There were three Grammar Schools, one in each county; the masters were appointed by the Governor; the master of the Charlottetown school received the munificent salary of £100 (under $500); the masters of the other two schools received £50 each and the masters of the district schools were reimbursed annually to the extent of £12 (less than $60); and in spite of their neural lack of preparation these district school teachers had to pass an examination before the Board of Education appointed by the Governor in Council. Those were indeed the good old days.

XII

Tonight our talk is about "Wooden Ships and Iron Men", about ship-building and ship -wrecks. It is only in the nature of things that Prince Edward Island should have produced, in proportion to its size, more able-bodied seamen and deep-sea captains than any other part of British North America. The story of ship-building here began as early as 1721 in the French regime when a ship of 100 tons was built at St Peters, for carrying codfish to Europe. Another was built about the same time for seal and sea-cow industry, and one of 65 tons for the West Indian trade.

However, the "age of sail" did not begin for the Island until early in the 19th Century Mr Hart says of the Island "it came of age with a sickle in one hand and a ship's tiller in the other." Our groves of fine birch, pine and oak stood ready for the axe and every harbour, creek and bay soon echoed the sound of the ship-builders' hammer. The chief places where ship-building was carried on were Murray Harbour, Charlottetown, Summerside, Georgetown, Cardigan, St Peters, Souris, Morell, Bedeque, Bideford and Port Hill Between 1830 and 1873, when we entered Confederation 3,000 ships were built on the Island, averaging 200 tons.

In 1851, the year that responsible government was granted to the Island, James C. Pope built Summerside's first ship and about ten years later Summerside, which had been known as Green's Shore, became the second most important port on the Island. "At first,'

Mr. Hart says, "Island men were only builders and financiers who built their ships to sell abroad. Most of the smaller vessels were used in the coastal trade and the larger ones were loaded with timber and sold, cargo and all, in England and occasionally in the West Indies." But Islanders soon came to realize that they had other products to sell and that their supply of trees was not inexhaustible. There were markets for potatoes, oats, wheat, and cattle fattened on the rich Island pastures; in a short time our ships and our sailors were to be seen in all parts of the world. Our people had become sea-conscious and they sailed the Seven Seas. It is said that out of a class of boys in one country district school thirteen schoolmates became shipmasters.

Again I quote from Mr. Hart: "Island seamen became noted for their great skill and physique. Point Prim gave perhaps more men to the sea than any other district. These were the descendants of the Skye pioneers, hardy men, rugged men, men born to command, Kings of the sea." This lure and love of the sea is given perfect expression by Masefield in his "Sea Fever". May I quote it in full?

I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over

The worst disaster that ever befell fishermen in this part of the world was the great "American gale" in October, 1851. Off the north coast of the Island is a wide stretch of the best mackerel fishing to be found anywhere and many fishermen from Nova Scotia and New England frequented these fishing grounds. The sun rose clearly on the morning of Friday, October 4th, and the sea was as calm "as innocence asleep." More than one hundred schooners all sails set were seen standing in towards the Island — a magnificent sight — the captains were probably expecting to get their fish in the shallow water, it was late in the season but often the best catches are made then. During the day the brilliant sunshine turned to a grayish sky and towards evening it became black and threatening, the wind was blowing freshly from the south-east and about 4 P.M. the fleet started to take off, but they were too late trying to work clear of the land or to lie at anchor and outride the storm. After sunset a heavy swell arose and the captains watched their glasses with anxious faces.

The next morning, what wind! What rain! What devastation! The water was convulsive, the beach a seething mass of foam, the roar was deafening and terrifying. The wind had shifted east and then north; the night that followed was indescribable, the storm continued in undiminished fury all day Saturday and Saturday night. Continuing on Sunday it diminished towards night. The rain and the spray had made it impossible for the watchers on land to see what was taking place at sea. As the storm abated help could be given; our sand dunes were a blessing; had our north shore been rock-bound probably none would have been saved and no dories recovered It is impossible to describe the desolation On the Cavendish shore one of the wrecks was seen with thirteen men almost naked from the buffeting of the gale lashed to the rigging A waterlogged vessel was aground; boarding it the searchers found ten men — all the crew — dead in the cabin; in an adjoining cove fourteen men, who had tasted no food since the beginning of the gale on Friday, and this was Sunday, in desperation made two empty casks fast to ropes and threw them into the water; they floated ashore and the ropes were fastened to trees by the landsmen; four of the men were able to save themselves by this means Later the hull was lifted by a tremendous wave and landed in the sand near a cliff and the other men were enabled to scramble to safety.

At Rustico the loss of life was shocking beyond words; one New Englander lost four sons and a nephew, the details are too harrowing. On Monday, between East Point and North Cape lay eighty wrecks and about 150 drowned men Many ships and men were lost out at sea In the "News of Gloucester," (Mass.), the most important fishing town in New England, the storm was reported and I wish to quote from this paper the expressions of gratitude of the survivors towards the people of the Island.

"They (the survivors) all speak in the warmest terms of gratitude of the universal hospitality and kindness which they and all the shipwrecked men received at the hands of those generous and humane

Islanders In the midst of the storm they were on the shore to render every aid in their power to save life. After it had abated they cheerfully offered their services to assist in the preservation of property. They bore from the wrecks the bodies of those who had perished, prepared them for the grave at their own expense and administered to them the last sad rites of humanity. Nor was that all, they opened their doors to those who had no shelter, fed and clothed the destitute and bestowed upon the sufferers every possible assistance that could alleviate their misfortune, and every attention humanity could devise. At the instance of many of our returned townsmen our exchanges of Halifax, and P.E. Island papers, are requested to make known to their readers the feelings of grateful remembrance in which the wrecked fishermen of Gloucester will always hold the generous hospitality extended to them in their misfortune."

Everyone has heard of the clipper ship, called the Marco Polo, for the famous Venetian traveller of the Thirteenth Century. She was considered the fastest ship of her day, was built in Saint John, N.B., and after thirty-two years on the sea making history, returned to the Maritimes to rest her bones on the beach at Cawnpore, Cavendish Mr G H Bell of Summerside, and his brother Captain Harry Bell watched her from their ship with a telescope, as she approached the shore and ran aground in hazy weather. Mr Bell tells me that across the bow were two carved reclining figures of Marco Polo with an elephant standing between them and that the figurehead under the bow sprit was in the form of a woman. Of all the things that must have been salvaged from this famous ship we know of only two treasures: one of the Marco Polo figures, which was for years nailed to the wall of Mr. John Johnstone's barn at Long River, was given by him to Mr. F. E. Holman of Saint John for the Historical Museum there; the other is the elephant which was found in a woodpile, badly defaced and mutilated. It was "too hard to chop up" and so was salvaged. It had been beautifully restored and Chief Justice Thane A. Campbell has it hanging on the wall of his dining room in Stanley.* The life story of the Marco Polo is told by F. W. Wallace in his book "Wooden Ships and Iron Men." I am going to quote a part of it for you:

"One of the most famous ships that sailed the seas in the days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men" was the Marco Polo. This remarkable ship was built at Saint John, N.B., in 1850 and in the heyday of her career was considered the fastest ship afloat. She was a three decker of 1600 tons, 184 feet in length and designed for the East India trade. Her dimensions were such that it was designed to await the spring tide before launching. They were unable to check her rapid movement when she was sliding down the ways, and she ran aground in the mud on the opposite side of the creek and then heeled over. Two weeks later she was hauled off slightly "hogged", but not otherwise damaged. Her maiden voyage was to Liverpool with a cargo of timber and scrap iron."

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* Since giving this broadcast I have received a letter from Mr. R. K. Clements of Montague saying that he has in his office the other figures of Marco Polo.

Although not designed for a clipper ship it was claimed by sailor-men of that day that the slight twist received by her hull during the time she lay on the flats accounted for her speed, but many of the fast voyages to her credit were no doubt largely due to the man who commanded her.

She was taken over by the Black Ball Line and put on the Australian trade route at the time of the tremendous gold rush there in 1852. She was luxuriously fitted up — even for our day — for the emigrant service Here is Mr. Wallace's description in part: "On deck forward of the poop, which was used as a ladies' cabin, was a 'home on deck' used as a dining salon. It was ceiled with maple, and the pilasters were panelled with ornamental silvered glass, coins of various countries being a feature of the decorations. Between each pilaster was a circular aperture about six feet in circumference over which was placed a sheet of plate glass with a cleverly painted picturesque view in the centre with a frame work and scroll in opaque colors and gold. The saloon doors were panelled in stained glass bearing figures of Commerce and Industry .... The upholstery was in embossed crimson velvet, the berths in separate staterooms were rendered cheerful by circular glass hatchlights of novel and effective construction." It sounds quite palatial for a ship taking men to the gold fields, doesn't it? But it does not seem to have interfered with her speed, for with Captain James Forbes in command she beat the new steamer 'Australia' by a week in sailing from Liverpool to Melbourne in 68 days, her best days run on the voyage being 364 miles

The Marco Polo made in all six trips to Australia, carrying on her first trip 930 passengers and a crew of 80 men On her second trip she brought back £280,000 worth of gold dust She continued in the Australian trade until 1867 "After this," Wallace says, 'she trailed out from the company of the clipper packets — water soaked and strained — and went into tramping, but finally came under the Norwegian flag and staggered across the Western Ocean, timber-laden and with a windmill pump discharging the water which seeped in through her strained and sodden fabric which had to be held together with frappings In August, 1883, on her way from Quebec she sprang a leak in the Gulf of St Lawrence and was stranded at Cavendish where she broke up completely in a gale some weeks later."

Where are now the captains
Of those racing roaring days
Who of knowledge and of courage
Drove the clippers on their ways —
To the farthest ounce of pressure,
To the latest stitch of sail,
'Carried on' before the tempest
Till the waters lapped the rail?
Oh, the merry, manly skippers
Of the traders and the clippers,
They are sleeping East and West,
And the brave blue sea shall hold them,
And the oceans five enfold them
In the haven where they rest.

Where are now the Captains
Of the gallant days agone?
They are biding in their places,
And the Great Deep bears no traces
Of their good ships passed and gone
They are biding in their places,
Where the light of God's own grace is,
And the Great Deep thunders on
Yea, with never port to steer for,
And with never storm to fear for,
They are waiting, worn and white,
And they hear no more the calling
Of the watches or the falling
Of the sea rain in the night

We know that one captain is lying safe in a church-yard in Liverpool. On his tombstone is written, "Sacred to the memory of Captain James Nicol Forbes, who commanded the famous clipper ship the Marco Polo"

XIII

As this is the last broadcast in this series I hope you will bear with me if I recall to your minds the land question and our fight for democratic government which were interwoven in the development of our Island story. I spoke of the seven prosperous years under Colonel Ready and the regret felt by all at his departure. His tenure of office was distinguished by "activity, energy and usefulness," it was said at the time, the population largely increased and commerce and agriculture took on renewed life during his term on the Island. He was followed by Colonel Young — the governorship of the colonies seems to have been then, as now, a reward for distinguished military service, though often they must have looked back with regret to the field of battle. A great wave of new settlers came to the Island during Young's short term of office, due to a number of bad years in the British Isles. They came from the Island of Skye, from Ireland, from Devon, Cornwall, Norfolk and suffolk. The Island increased also in wealth; forty new ships were built in one year and overseas trade increased amazingly. In 1832 a link was forged with the outside world when a little steamer, the Pocahontas, began to carry mail and passengers twice a week between Charlottetown and Pictou, the first regular communication with the mainland. All this prosperity brought little happiness to the farming communities for, no sooner did the landlords hear of it, then they demanded the payment of rents adding the arrears which had been accumulating throughout the years of struggle and hardship. Evictions were attempted by the bailiff such as took place in Ireland. Mr. Hart says, "On one occasion some of the King's County farmers resisted the bailiff and hamstrung his horses." Sir Charles Fitzroy, who was the Governor at this time, advised the landlords to sell a part of their lands or to allow the tenants something for their improvements. An effort was made in 1839 to curtail the power of the Council, which had been opposing every reform initiated in the Assembly, by creating a Legislative Council apart from the Executive Council as one public man remarked, "It was just cutting a rotten orange in two in order to improve its flavor". It was not until 1853 that the Land Purchasing Act was passed through the two Houses but the Imperial Parliament would not guarantee a loan to buy the land from the proprietors in order to sell it at a moderate rate to the tenants, and in consequence very few estates were bought. A Land Commission was appointed in 1860 to invsatigate the whole question, and Judge Warburton says their report the next year was a valuable one, recommending the enforcement of the Land Purchase Act with certain guards and modifications. Twenty years before this Lord Durham, then Governor of British North America, had been asked by the Colonial Secretary for his opinion on the subject. He expressed it in no uncertain terms, it is altogether too long to quote but I must give a few excerpts from it to show how an unprejudiced person viewed the question. "The extreme improvidence — I might say the reckless improvidence — which dicated these grants (the lots drawn for in London) is obvious; the total neglect of the government as to the enforcing the conditions of these grants is no less so . . . but in the meantime the inhabitants of the Island are subjected to the greatest inconvenience — nay the most serious injury — from the state of the property in land The absent proprietors will neither improve the land themselves nor let others improve it . . . Your Lordship can scarcely conceive the degree of injury inflicted on a new settlement hemmed in by wilderness land which has been placed under the control of government and is entirely neglected by absent proprietors" But, as we know, nothing was done nor was the report of the Commissioners of 1861 acted upon. The inhabitants were kept in a state of uncertainty until 1877 when the British Government agreed to enforce the Land Purchase Act, and so all the estates not already purchased by the Island Government were vested in it, and at long last our people were enabled to reap the reward of their labour In the fight for freedom on this Island we owe the deepest gratitude to three generations of men whose determination, tempered by patience and restraint, brought us "self government, free schools and free land" But how many of us know even the names of these men? Are our children in school taught to honour them as patriots? Perhaps if they had risen in rebellion and killed to gain their goal they would have been honoured more! Who knows?

Why should this be so? I would mention only two illustrious men who devoted their lives to the service of their Island home. One is George Coles, born and bred in Charlottetown, who became leader of the Liberal Party on the Island; the other, Edward Whalen, came as an immigrant boy with his mother to Halifax The Hon. Joseph Howe got interested in this poor boy and educated him. At the age of 18 in 1843 he came to Charlottetown and at once began to work with Coles in the struggle for reform The newspaper, 'The Island Argus', for August 31st, 1875, speaks thus in part about these two men "Closely allied to Mr. Coles in the work for reform was the late Hon. Edward Whalen. These two names are inseparably associated with the liberal and progressive measure of the past . . . Coles was daring, original, practical and invincible, but his education was defective and his knowledge of history, government and political science necessarily limited. Whalen was clear, quick, polished, well bred, skillful in debate and eloquent with tongue and pen . . . The original mind of Coles conceived ideas and invented plans Whalen gave them shape and comeliness. Then both united in carrying them into execution — one by rousing appeals from the platform to the stalwart yeomen of the country — in unpolished language to be sure, but vigorous appeals to the reason and understanding, the other by eloquent language, a smooth composition suited alike to the learned and uneducated, or withering satire that silenced if it did not convince his opponents." "Together these two men" writes Mr. Hart, "gave to their generation and to posterity a free education and a voice in the government."

It would seem unnecessary to tell the story of Confederation Everyone knows that the meeting in the Provincial Building, Charlottetown, in 1864 originated by Sir Charles Tupper persuading the governments of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to appoint delegates to meet at Charlottetown to consider the advisability of the three provinces uniting. While this meeting was going on a ship arrived from Quebec with eight Ministers of the Crown who proposed that a wider union be discussed —

of all of British North America. Here began the plans that ultimately were consummated at Quebec and brought about Confederation which was confirmed by the Imperial Government in the British North America Act of 1867. Those were indeed men of vision who "Providence being their guide, builded better than they knew." However, it was not all plain sailing, neither Nova Scotia nor New Brunswick was satisfied with the terms when first presented to them. It took six years for Prince Edward Island to become "Canadian." The opposition was widespread, Edward Whalen, the strongest supporter of Confederation, had died. It may surprise you to know how determined was the opposition here. It was expressed in a resolution passed by the Assembly. I shall quote it in full: "This House cannot admit that a federal union of the North American provinces and colonies which would include Prince Edward Island could ever be accomplished on terms that would prove advantageous to the interests and well-being of the people of this Island, separated as it is, and must ever remain, from the neighboring provinces by an immovable barrier of ice for many months in the year, and this House deems it to be its sacred and imperative duty to declare that any federal union of the North American Colonies that would embrace this Island would be as hostile to the feelings and wishes, as it would be opposed to the best and most vital interests of the people."

Pressure was brought to bear on this recalcitrant little island; the Colonial Secretary sent a letter urging the Island to join Canada and made a suggestion that otherwise the Island might be called upon to pay the Governor's salary; the Canadian Government imposed

a duty on Island exports; finally a delegation of three members of the Cabinet came down from Ottawa to offer more generous terms. Tempora mutantur, times have indeed changed; neither Canada nor Britain is making any effort today to bring Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation. The Island remained self-sufficient and obdurate.

In 1871 something happened to make the Islanders realize they could not stand alone. The Hon. J. C. Pope and his coalition government passed an act in two days for the construction of a railway from Georgetown to Cascumpec; this railway was to cost not more than $5,000 a mile. The need of a railway was indeed great; the roads were impassable in spring, winter and autumn owing to the nature of the soil; lumbering stage coaches, truck horses and oxen were the only means of transport by land. One travelled by ship when going from Summerside to Charlottetown; in fact no journey of any length was made by land. Besides a railway would mean an increase in our trade, enable us to develop our resources and would make for better communication with the mainland. The building of the railway was a wise step from a commercial point of view, but so small and youthful a country with a population of only 80,000 was not able to shoulder the enormous cost. The cost of the railway was enormous, because the builders had no contract for the whole job and the railway went wandering around every little hill and brook. It would never pay for itself as expected; the people could not be taxed heavily enough to meet the cost; the treasury was empty. We had to eat humble pie and go to the Dominion. After trips to Ottawa and much controversy we were offered most generous terms. The Dominion was to advance $8,000,000 for buying the land from the large proprietors; the Island was to receive $50 per head of its population; the Dominion Government was to foot the bill of certain public services; continuous steam service with the mainland was to be established, the Island should be represented in the Dominion Parliament by six members, the railway debt was to be assumed by Canada which would then own the Prince Edward Island railway. The Assembly agreed — as well they might — there was nothing very heroic in our entering into the Dominion. One can imagine the first members to go to Ottawa feeling a bit shame-faced.

Nevertheless Mr. Hart describes thus the celebration in Charlottetown when we were received into the Dominion of Canada. "On July 1st, 1873, Canada celebrated the sixth anniversary of her birthday by welcoming the Island into the family. At an early hour on that day Charlottetown was gayly decked with bunting and flags, streamers and bright ribbons. Even the ships in the river and harbour — and there were many in those days — were decorated in honor of the occasion. At noon the Dominion flag was run up on the Colonial Building, on the Post Office and at Fort Edward. From the fort a salute of twenty one guns boomed, the people who had gathered at Queen's Square sang lustily the National Anthem and the church and city bells rang merrily. Then from the balcony of the Provincial Building the Sheriff read in loud, clear tones the Union Proclamation telling the world that Prince Edward Island had become a province of the Dominion of Canada. At last Islanders had become Canadians and from that date the story of the

Island province is part of the history of Canada."

But we as Islanders are distinguished for our modesty about our Island and our achievements. Still we must not hide our light under a bushel; there are a few things about which we may honestly be proud. In 1852 the first telegraph cable in America was laid between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine; many people will be surprised to know that the first automobile to be run in America was invented by Rev. Father Belcourt of Rustico in 1866. It got under way and ran for half a mile in the presence of 900 guests! In New Glasgow was built the first Canadian ship to sail to New Zealand. We have produced presidents of banks, statesmen of the first rank both in Canada and the United States, professors in universities in both countries from the Atlantic to the Pacific and leaders in the Church of outstanding ability. Then to come down to material things are not our potatoes and oysters known to be the best in the world? And of course we are the centre of the black and silver fox industry. But there, if I go on I shall be boasting! However, I should never go so far as the lady who, when visiting in Toronto, made some purchase at a wholesale house and gave her address to have them sent to Summerside, Prince Edward Island. The salesman asked, "Prince Edward Island? Do you have dollars and cents there?" She answered with the utmost scorn in her voice, "Young man, there are nine provinces in Canada and Prince Edward Island is the most important!"

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Our Island Story

Broadcasts given over C F C Y Charlottetown
in the Winter of 1948

BY

CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

10th Edition 1975

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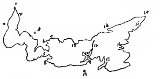
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1. **North Cape**
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3. **Miminegash**
4. **Lennox Island**
5. **Summerside**
6. **Malpeque Bay**
7. **Darnley Basin**
8. **Bedeque**
9. **Port La Joie**
10. **Charlottetown**
11. **Hillsborough River**
12. **Scotchfort**
13. **St. Peters**
14. **East Point**
15. **Souris**
16. **Georgetown (Brudenelle)**
17. **Belfast**
18. **Rustico**
19. **St. Peters Island**

FOREWORD

These broadcasts make no pretence to be even a short history of Prince Edward Island. I was prompted to give them after reading William Coates Barrett's Tales Told Under the Old Town Clock, his series of broadcasts afterwards published, concerning the legends and stories told of the early settlers in Nova Scotia. I thought that the Island had probably very little material to draw upon and I asked the local radio station if they would care to have two or three talks on the subject; however I soon found that it was a question of elimination, rather than searching, and also that any tales I might tell were so interwoven with the history of the Island that it would be necessary to bring in historical facts as a background for my story. The result was that I had thirteen broadcasts instead of two or three. I began to realize also that this was an opportunity to give young people an understanding of the heroic struggle of their ancestors in wresting homes from the wilderness and of the equally difficult task of of winning for themselves and their descendants the freedom of responsible government. These broadcasts brought a request from C.F.C.Y. in Charlottetown to record them for use in their studio. I have since then been urged by so many people, both on the Island and elsewhere, to put them into book form that I have presumed to offer them to the public.

I acknowledge with thanks the permission of Dr. D. C. Harvey, of the executors of the estate of the late Mr. Justice Warburton, of the Dalhousie Review and of Mr. George Hart to quote from their histories and articles. I wish also to thank my friend Miss Laura Young, lately retired from the staff of the Redpath Library, McGill University, for her kind help and suggestions, and Mrs. Harry Colvin, Summerside, for help in checking up some of the facts.

—CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN.

Summerside
Prince Edward Island
November, 1949

OUR ISLAND STORY

In the March number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine for 1899 an old Prince of Wales student tells of a problem given there; and this was the problem: Prince Edward Island, area 27,174 square miles, coastline, say 600 miles; if the shores crumble away at the rate of 30 inches per annum, what year, what month and day will see the last bit of red sandstone disappear beneath the waves ? The writer says, "I was too tenderhearted a boy, for that sum made me so sad I never could work it out." Now, before that dire fate overtakes our beloved Island let us look back, while there is yet time.

It has been said that the Island has no history; this is not true. We have the history of our ancestors. What brought them here ? What hardships and loyalties drove them from their old homes to endure the perils of the deep and to face the fears of the unknown? We have the story of these pioneers in their conquest of the wilderness, sometimes tragic, always heroic. We boast of our oysters — the best in the world, of our foxes — are we not the centre of the fox breeding industry? — of our seed potatoes shipped everywhere, and sometimes we even mention our young men who have gone forth to become professors in universities and leaders in the business, religious and professional world. (It was once said that our chief exports were potatoes and professors — that was before we began exporting foxes!) But we are all too prone to forget the men and women whose steadfastness and courage gave us our heritage. Earlier still in our history we have the records of the Indians found in the soil, in their speech and in their legends and myths that resemble those of other races and set one's imagination racing back hundreds — yes, thousands of years. A study of these might reveal movements of peoples and racial influences that carry us to Mexico, to Asia, to Egypt even, and we find also traces of French, Norse, Irish, Basque and Spanish contacts. We have been laughed at for saying 'the Island' but we have a precedent for using this egotistical term. Centuries ago the Indians used it. When they felt poetic, as they often did, they called it 'Epageit' or 'Abegweit' — resting on the waves — and when they thought of it as home, they called it "Minetoo" — the Island.

Who was the first European to set foot on the Island ? We do not know. Some believe that Cabot on his first voyage in 1497 in the reign of Henry VII landed here on the Eve of St. John's Day and called it Island of St. John, but the best authorities think that the island on which he landed was off the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, and that Champlain was the first to discover that this was an island, in 1604, that he named it and placed it correctly on the map; for Jacques Cartier who undoubtedly came here in 1534 thought it was part of the mainland.

So in these talks on our Island story we can go back for authentic — though slight — information about 400 years — a long time for Canadians whose country has been a united nation for less than 100 years — but a short period of time to Europeans. Ever since Marco Polo and other travellers had brought back wondrous tales from the mysterious East of romantic caravans filled with rare, rich spices, gold, precious stones and

gorgeous silks, the hearts and fancies of adventurous men had been astir, eager to seek their fortunes in India and far Cathay.

Many thousands of years separate the Homo Sapiens who dared to leave the caves of his ancestors for life in the open air and those valiant boys of today who, in the words of one of them, "have slipped the sordid bonds of earth and danced the sky on laughter-silvered wings" because men of heroic mould gave their lives that others might "ride secure the cruel sky."

And there are those, less romantic and dramatic, who spend their lives in "following knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought." Of such a breed were Jacques Cartier and his 120 intrepid sailors. Just forty-two years after Columbus had — shall we say, re-discovered America ? — he set sail across the vast ocean in search of the Northwest Passage to India, in two ships of only 60 tons, a feat I am told no captain to-day would undertake, with no charts and no modern instruments of navigation.

To us of the older generation the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee's lines still brings a thrill:

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a shining morn in May
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;

And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle
and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts
with fear.

Over a year passed with no tidings, when one day in autumn two sails were spied on the horizon and amid wild rejoicing the mariners returned. Then

He told them of a region, hard, ironbound and
cold,
Nor seas of pearls abounded nor mines of shining
gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word
upon the lip
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the
early ship.

But it was not all of wintry blasts that Cartier told them. He told, (I quote from his diary) of "the fairest land that might possibly be seen"; and this was none other than our beloved isle of Abegweit, cradled on the waves. Now I am going to quote in part from George Hart's "The Story of Old Abegweit". After describing how Cartier passed Newfoundland and Labrador, passed Bird Island and the Magdalenes, where he saw sea-cows, or walruses, describing them as "great beasts like large oxen, which have two tusks in their heads like elephants' teeth, and swim about in the water", Mr. Hart writes. "It was a peaceful summer afternoon in old Abegweit. Beyond the red cliffs, crowned with red cedar, was no stir of life, save now and then the plaintive cooing of a turtle dove or the cry of a cariboo. As tranquil too were the waters of the bay below, broken only by the swish of paddles as a flotilla of birchbark canoes sped for shore. In a few minutes the Indians would have disappeared around the headland and so missed an unbelievable story to tell over and over again at the council fire. For over the bar and into the bay glided a longboat manned by many oarsmen. And sitting in the bow of the boat was a man whose piercing eyes and dauntless face told that here was a great chief. Half in fear and half in wonder the savages started for the village never stopping till they reached the wig-wam fires. There they told of the great white god whose face was like the noontide sun, and of the other gods who paddled the huge canoe. The white oarsmen were the sailors of Jacques Cartier and the chief was the great man himself." And now we are going to read a bit from a translation of Cartier's own diary: "All this land is low and flat, the most delightful, that may be seen and full of beautiful trees and plains; the entire coast is studded with sand dunes. It is true we could find no harbour. We went on shore with our boats in several places, and among others we entered into a fine river, but shallow; and because we saw so many Indian canoes crossing it we called it La Riviere des Barques (River of Boats) — [this was probably Malpeque Bay at the Narrows.] We had no other acquaintance with those savages for the wind came on shore and beat us against the coast, and we had to return to our ships. We sailed N.W. till next morning at sunrise when a fog and tempest arose, for which reason we lowered our sails until two hours before noon when the weather cleared and we saw a cape which we called Cap d'Orleans, (now Caps Kildare) near Alberton and another which we called Cap des Sauv-ages (our North Cape.) On the N. E. side of this cape, for about a league there is a dangerous reef of rocks. While near this cape, we saw a man running along the shore behind our boats, which were hugging the shore, and making signs for us to return; and so we began rowing towards him, when he, seeing us approach, fled. Going ashore we put on a stick a woolen scarf and a knife and returned to our ships. This day rounding the land we sailed along the coast, some nine or ten leagues, searching out a good port, which it was impossible to find, so low is the land, as I have already said and so surrounded with sandbanks. Nevertheless we went ashore four times that day to see the trees which were very beautiful and sweet-smelling, and we found them to be cedars, yews, pines, ashes, birches, elms, willows, and many others to us unknown all however without fruit. [Notice that he does not mention maples as maples do not grow in France.] The land on which there is no wood is very good and full of pease, white and red; myrtles, having the white blossoms on them; strawberries ripe, a wild grain like barley, which looks as if it had been sowed and worked; and this land is of the best temperature one could desire and of great warmth. We saw there an infinity of gulls, herons and other birds. In a word there was nothing lacking to the land but good harbours."

Cartier was still looking for a sheltered harbour when he came to the western entrance to Northumberland Strait. Thinking this was a great gulf he turned and sailed away up the coast of New Brunswick. Jacques Cartier landed on our northwest shore July 1st, 1534, a memorable date, when the first white man came to our shores and left a record of what he saw.

Exactly 333 years later our great Dominion was born, Dominion Day 1867.

"Can you not picture" writes Mr. Hart, "that tiny ship feeling her way northward through unchartered waters and, standing there in the stern, Cartier with his piercing eyes turned from the future for an instant to bid farewell to old Abegweit?"

The 400th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's visit to our shores, July 1st, 1934 was celebrated in Charlottetown, when a cairn in his honour was erected on Queen's Square. This cairn bears the following inscription: (The French quotation is from Cartier's diary in the French of the period and side by side with it is a translation made by the Elizabethan geographer Richard Hakluyt).

COMMISSION DES SITES ET DES MONUMENTS
HISTORIQUES DU CANADA
DECOUVERTE DE L'ILE DU PRINCE EDOUARD
POUR COMMEMORER LE QUATRE CENTIEME
ANNIVERSAIRE DE L'ATTERRISSAGE DE JACQUES
CARTIER SUR CETTE ILE LE 30 JUIN ET
1 er JUILLET 1534.
"TOUTE YCELLE TERRE EST BASSE ET ONYE. LA
PLUS BELLE QUI SOIT POSSIBLE DE VOIR ET
PLAINE DE BEAUX ABRES ET PRAIRIES."
CARTIER.
HISTORIC SITES AND MONUMENTS BOARD OF
CANADA
DISCOVERY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
COMMEMORATING THE FOUR HUNDREDTH

ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF JACQUES
CARTIER ON THIS ISLAND 30TH JUNE AND
1ST JULY 1534.
"ALL THE SAID LAND IS LOW AND PLAINE AND
FAIREST THAT MAY POSSIBLY BE SEEN, FULL
OF GOODLY MEDOWES AND TREES"
(HAKLUYT'S TRANSLATION)
ERECTED 1934

A large delegation arrived on the steamer Champlain from France for the unveiling of this cairn. Thus did the people of two races unite in honouring a great French navigator of long ago.

II

I am going to begin by quoting again from George Hart's "The Story of Old Abegweit".

"When Cartier sailed away a deep silence settled again over forest and meadow. The grey and red fox, the huge timber wolf, the bear, the marten and the beaver roamed undisturbed on land, and the seal and the seacow — the walrus — sunned themselves at the water's edge, unmolested save by the occasional Indian; then the stealthy tread of the stalker, the twang of the bow string, the swish of an arrow, the kill and the wild triumphant whoop; then nature's stillness and peace. Was this the life in old Abegweit before the white man came? We know it was not so peaceful. Tomahawks and other Indian weapons are sometimes dug up, and in the western part of the province (in fact near Miminegash) remains have been found 'of old unhappy far off things and battles long ago' and still may be found. The banks of Darnley River were once studded with great shell heaps, kitchen middens, the scrap heaps of Indians who spent a few summers on the spot and then moved on. In these 'middens' are found, not only oyster shells, but also stone axes and arrow tips, pots made of baked clay, and even pipe-bowls carved out of stone or fashioned from lobster claws."

When the bridge was rebuilt across Darnley basin an ancient Indian burial ground was unearthed during the excavations. Here were found skeletons of unusually large size, the skulls of which would easily slip over an ordinary man's head. Ada MacLeod writes and she quotes from a report made by Abraham Gesner on the geology of the Island in 1854. I quote:

"By the encroachment of the sea on the south side, a number of Indian skeletons have been exposed and washed from the bank. These skeletons were lying together in different positions, as if the bodies had been thrown into a common pit, the top of which was only one foot beneath the soil. Some of the bones were found to be of great size, and in general they all exceeded in their dimensions those of the race in their present state. The site of this pit on the extremity of a small point of land supports the opinion that the savages had been surprised and cut off, or killed in battle, and as no relics of war-like instruments were found at the place, except those of the aborigines, it is probable that the event took place before the advent of Europeans. From an old tradition of the affair among the Indians, the bay has been called Savage Harbour."

Our Indians are Micmacs; they were a rather warlike tribe of the Algonquin race; the word micmac is said by some scholars to mean crafty or stealthy, by others, a good canoeman. They inhabit Nova Scotia and Cape Breton as well as the Island; at one time there were as many as 3,000 Micmacs and now, on the Island, there are only approximately 350. They dwelt in wigwams and lived mainly by hunting and fishing. They had the same love of the hunt as had their brothers of the western plains, and so the elk and the moose on the Island disappeared as did the bison of the prairies.

The late Dr. J. S. Clark, who was an earnest student of Indian life and customs, compiled a Micmac-English dictionary; Miss Holland of Summerside has in her possession what is called "A First Reading Book in the Micmac Language" *which contains a translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew. The whole of the New Testament, with several books of the Old Testament was translated, largely by the Rev. Mr. Rand, who was a devoted missionary to the Indians towards the end of the last century. Chief Sark on Lennox Island owns a medal sent to an ancestor by Louis XV when a treaty was made between the French and the Micmacs. If only we had a museum of our own !

Dr. Clark in the 'P. E. Island Magazine' tells of his wandering in the woods on a bright moolight night when, here I quote his own story: "Suddenly as I walked my attention became rivetted upon an object which seemed to stand out like the head of an animal behind a grassy hillock. Not only did I see a well formed forehead and a tapering front, but through the intervening grass blades I discerned wrinkles that had all the appearance of animation in the uncertain light, and I was irresistibly drawn on, until, though I knew no animal was there, I crept close and placed my hand on the moist cool forehead. My warm hand was chilled by the touch, it rested on a common looking dun-colored stone, moist with the gathering dew. I took it up at once with mingled feelings, and examined it closely, to see what could have made it so attractive to me. I saw in a moment that it was no common stone, and from my knowledge of the early Micmacs, I was at once assured that before me lay an ancient war club of uncommon size and weight — he must have been a giant warrior who wielded a club of such weight at the end of an arm-length shaft. All the enthusiasm of a discoverer thrill-

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* This book is now in the possession of Mr. Arthur Holland, St. Eleanors.

ed within me as I held up the mighty warclub of some forgotten chief — some warrior of the by-gone days who had charged his club with a magic that it would retain down to the end of time. Now I understood the charm which drew me on. I had long known that the warclubs, bows and spears of the Micmacs have always been regarded as animals, living things; and is it any wonder then that the warrior was accompanied by his 'animate' utensils when his spirit took its flight to the realms of the blessed. But this charmed stone had lain idle for centuries until it was grey from exposure, as worthless as before it had been chipped out of shapeless flint by prehistoric man perhaps soon after the first hunters came who called the land Megamagee, the home of the true men; before Lief the Norsa, the sea-rover, wandered along these shores a thousand years before Jacques Cartier came. There was a deep gash on the point and an unmistakable crack on the poll, which must have been received from a similar weapon at a moment of mortal combat. But the most marked characteristic of the ancient weapon was that mystic charm of animate presence, which no physical creature could reveal or explain."

If you would know what this magic warclub whispered to Dr. Clark as he carried it home you must get the P. E. Island Magazine for July, 1902, where he says he "endeavors to translate into lame English the wild sibylline chanting which it poured into his responsive ear in the soft accents of the Micmac tongue." Unfortunately, when Mr. Clark was away from home visiting Indian tribes in Manitoba, his house was completely destroyed by fire and this warclub and other relics of the past, as well as some valuable MSS, were lost.

The Indians intoned their tales much as our ballads were sung. They were chanted in a weird monotonous voice often accompanied by the tom-tom, or drum. A story was begun with this interesting and rather charming couplet:

"May you be happy; the old people are encamped.

There was once long ago a large old Micmac village."

Here it is in Micmac:

"Weegigijil, Keesozook wigwamk, (that word sounds familiar, doesn't it ?)

Meskeek oodun ulnoo Kessak."

A few of the Micmac wise men had a sort of written language, we are told; instead of letters they used characters, or pictures, representing objects and ideas as in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt from which our modern alphabet is said to be derived, the written expression of an idea passing gradually into the written expression of a sound. The Indian folklore and myths were held to be sacred. The more significant legends were repeated by an ancient Sakumow, or chief, to his followers just before he passed on to the regions of the far west, where Glooscap, the incarnation of the great omniscient spirit, Manitou, went to dwell in the Happy Hunting Ground of the faithful and the brave. Manitou was also the personal guardian of the Micmac to whom he looked for counsel and protection. The Micmacs believed in immortality; some believed that the departed spirits pursued their journey through the sky along the milky way, while the spirits of animals went by the route of certain constellations, known as 'the way of the dogs' (We also have our dog-star Sirius !).

In the time of Glooscap, their great Lord and Creator, the Micmacs were a mighty people, great in size and strong in battle. They were called the Children of Light, because they dwelt nearest the sunrise of all the American Indians. Glooscap came to his people across the eastern sea in a great stone canoe; when he landed he anchored his canoe and it turned into an island covered with trees, but he could change it back into a canoe again whenever he needed it. Glooscap created man by shooting off pieces of bark from trees; but before he created man he had to kill his twin brother, the Spirit of Evil (not a bad idea, was it?) he turned him into a mountain and he can be seen today — Cape Blomidon — looking with a scowling face out over the Bay of Fundy. Glooscap then created birds and fishes and animals; they were very large at first and could speak Micmac; some became dangerous to man. If you care to know what he did to Squirrel and Bear and Frog, so that many should have power over them, you will find the whole story in Dr. Cyrus MacMillan's 'Canadian Wonder Tales'. He made two wolves his watch dogs and they guarded his tent and followed him about.

The loons were his messengers. Many strange tales are told about Glooscap; he taught his people how to build wigwams and canoes, what plants were good to eat, and the names of the stars.

After a very long life on earth Glooscap become old and feeble; his people no longer obeyed him. One autumn evening, when he was feeling melancholy with a sense of coming doom, his loon messengers came flying to him making weird cries and Glooscap knew the news was bad. They told him that from across the sea strange pale-faced men were coming in boats much larger than the Indian canoes, men smaller than the Micmac but more powerful, with deadly weapons, men who would take away their lands and kill all who resisted them. Glooscap knew that his reign was over, that alone he must sail away to the westward, even his faithful dogs must be left behind, but these he turned into two rocks and placed on either side of Blomidon that the evil spirit might not escape. Glooscap sits in his long tent in the Happy Hunting Ground, making arrows for his last great battle. When his tent is full of arrows he will return to overcome the white man and bring back the Golden Age of happiness to the Micmac. Why is it that man is ever prone to look back to a Golden Age rather than forward to the new day dawning ?

One can hardly blame the Indian if he looks backward; his new day has been long coming. We brought him Christianity, yes, but we brought him also our diseases and our fire water; we segregated him, deprived him of his natural livelihood, we reduced him to the status of a child, a ward of the state with no rights, no responsibility as a citizen — except that he might fight for his ungracious country. What wonder if the Indian became lazy, irresponsible, dependent ? Pauline Johnson, in her poem, The Cattle Thief, expresses in caustic words the resentment of the Indian for what the White Man had done to her race.

"What have you left to us of land, what have you left
of game ?
What have you brought but evil and curses since you
came ?

How have you paid us for our game, how paid us for
our land ?

By a book to save our souls from the sins you brought

in the other hand."

and again:

"Give back our land and our country, give back our
herds of game;

Give back the furs and the forest that were ours before you came;

Give back the peace and plenty. Then come with your
new belief.

And blame, if you dare, the hunger that drove him to
be a thief."

The dawn of the new day is at last breaking for the Indians of Prince Edward Island. Mr. Justice Arsenault, who has been for six years a trustee for the Indians here and has made an exhaustive study of the Micmac question in the Maritimes, has at last succeeded in awakening the conscience of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa (if departments may be said to have a conscience!) — and a commission came down from Ottawa to look into Indian affairs. There is an interesting story in this connection.

Dame Louisa Augusta Wood made a will dated at Bath, England, May 5th., 1870, in which she gave 2,573 acres of land in Prince Edward Island to be sold and the proceeds held in trust, one half to be used for the benefit of the Indians of that Island. Now how did Dame Wood happen to own this land and why was she interested in our Micmacs ? Her father, Col. Fanning, was Governor of the Island from 1786 to 1805. He acquired large tracts of land which he left to his two daughters. The will of Dame Wood was lost and was found only after forty years in the attic of the law Courts in Charlottetown.

When the matter of the trustee fund had been looked into and the trust declared valid the sum of $8,500 was ordered to be paid to the trustees of Indian Affairs to be used for their benefit.

Mr. Justice Arsenault suggested to the Commission that the Indians on the smaller reservations at Rocky Point, Scotchfort and Morell be urged to go to Lennox Island, that a new school be built where Manual Training and Household Science may be taught, that Girl Guides and Boy Scouts be organized, that new houses, a convent, a small hospital and a residence for the Indian Agent be built, and a resident priest be appointed and that the young men be taught Agriculture and encouraged to develop the land which is said to be fertile. There have been disappointing delays due to a shortage of labour and material but the work has been started. A number of Indian families have already moved to the island and about fifteen houses have been built (Spring of 1948). Already, I am told, there has been an awakening of interest among the Indians themselves and one may be assured that at last they are on the way to becoming independent and self-respecting members of society.

Since the above was given over the radio some

criticism has been offered in the Press by Dr. John F. MacNeill regarding the segregation of the Indians on Lennox Island, which, he declares, is almost inaccessible in late autumn, winter and early spring. He says that the agricultural value of the island is very limited, due to the fact that a large proportion of the land consists of swamps and peat bogs and cannot produce a sufficient quantity of food even for the small population of Indians already there, and therefore be says the island is 'unfit for human habitation.'

However the plans of Judge Arsenault are being carried out by the Federal Department of Indian Affairs and on September 13th, 1948, Lieutenant Governor J. A. Bernard officially opened a combined convent and school which is said to be up-to-date in every way providing equipment for Manual Training and Domestic Science and hospital care for the sick. In addition residences for the Indian Agent and the newly appointed resident pastor, Rev. Father McInnis; a power house, a community store and about 20 new houses for the Indians have been built. Efforts are also being made to improve the farming facilities on the island. The undertaking will be watched with keen interest and we cannot but wish it success.

III

You may not be as interested as I have become in the origin of the North American Indians. In tracing this we are taken back through the centuries and all around the globe. J. E. Rendle, in the "P. E. Island Magazine," calls the Indians "The First Families of Canada" and he states that the origin of the Red Man has attracted the attention of the most eminent ethnologists in the Old and the New World. "The study is full of interest and prolific in its suggestions", he says.

We know that the Indians came from the highlands of Asia. Whether they crossed Bering Straits or whether they came before America and Asia were separated is uncertain; however the first trace we have of the Red Man is in Mexico, and it is possible that they crossed the Pacific before great changes in the floor of the ocean took place. In Mexico and following up the basin of the Mississippi are thousands of earthmounds and — I quote Mr. Rendle — "There is no longer any doubt that the mysterious mound-builders were the ancestors of the Red Men. Every relic of their supposed civilization corresponds with something that can be clearly traced to ordinary Indian bands, the mode of burial, the wampum found in graves, and their domestic customs are similar in all respects, and tribal traditions have survived attributing these great earthworks to the Red Man's ancestors. By relics picked up here and there the wanderings of the mound builders can be clearly traced from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes. Here they became separated into different groups, who chose for themselves different portions of the New World". The Algonquins to whom the Micmac race belongs, turned east and spread along the Atlantic Seaboard, the Micmacs, as you know, finally settling in what is now Nova Scotia and P. E. Island. I should not really say settled, as being hunters they were wanderers, or nomads.

When we know whence the North American Indians came one might think we should be able to trace their language connections. There are numerous languages and dialects among the Indian tribes, but here is something curious: of all the fishermen, French Spanish, Portuguese and Basque who came in the summers to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, before any Europeans settled in this part of the world, it is said the Basques alone could converse with the Micmacs; there seems to have been an undoubted resemblance between the two languages. You will remember that the Basques form a small island of people in the Pyrennes, surrounded by French and Spanish; they are quite distinct from their neighbours both in language and customs. Most of you will also remember that during the Spanish Civil War, German and Italian airmen practised for the Second World War by dropping bombs on Basque villages and on the escaping inhabitants on the roadways.

If we try to trace the origin of this isolated people and how and where they came in contact with the Indians we get into a maze of controversy in which Paleolithic and Neolithic men appear; the Stone Ages are a bit remote from our island story, but if any of you wish to follow up this fascinating research you will find all the material in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

As for the Micmac legends and folklore, they show

that these Indians had a true sense of the beautiful, a rugged strength and a keen imagination. You may see this for yourself if you read Dr. MacMillan's "Canadian Wonder Tales" which I have mentioned before. I can only refer to a few of the legends, chiefly for the purpose of showing their similarity to the legends of other races. There is the story of the young brave who went wooing the Chief's daughter in another tribe; before he could win his bride her father set the youth prodigious tasks to perform. How familiar we are with this paternal solicitude as to the courage and endurance of his prospective son-in-law ! One of the tests was to kill a dragon that had been attacking the people of his village; immediately we are reminded of Jason and the golden fleece, of Hercules and his labours. Shakespeare sublimated this idea in the casket scene in The Merchant of Venice when he makes the test one of judgement of true values, gold, silver or lead. Do you remember in Midsummer Night's Dream Puck saying "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"? An Indian youth was so fleet of foot that one leg had to be tied up to his body to prevent his running too fast; on special occasion his foot was loosened, then carrying a cup of water he could run around the world. Notice, around the world; where did he get the idea that the world is round ?

And now I should like to tell you a story the theme of which is to be found in the folklore of almost every race — the sacrifice of the most loved person for the good or the salvation of the group. This story is about La Grande Source, a spring near Morell in Kings County, P.E.I. It was once a deep awe-inspiring spring, hemmed in by ancient moss-covered trees that seemed to stand guard "like Druids of old", it overflowed into a stream the Micmacs called Minnewauken which in its turn flowed into the Hillsborough River, and it is very difficult to find to-day as it is a mere trickle. There was once a tavern near it, kept by a woman known as La Veuve Gentille, which was a stopping place for travellers between Port La Joie and St. Peters. La Grande Source and the Minnewauken were believed by the Indians to be the abode of evil spirits. A long, long time ago a chief built his wigwam near this dreaded spot; he had a son and a daughter, called the fair Mineota. He warned his son never to cross the stream when returning from hunting lest the monsters dwelling there should attack him. For some time the son obeyed his father, but, as always happens, one evening he was returning home, tired and hungry, and he forgot his father's warning. He started to cross the water in his canoe. As he approached the middle of the stream he heard strange noises coming from the spring; the waters began to rise and grow turbulent, he paddled with all his might, but his canoe overturned, and, as his father rushed to the rescue, he saw his son drawn beneath the waves by a great monster.

The old chief vowed vengeance on the spirits of La Grande Source. He hid at night in a hollow tree awaiting there the dawn when the monsters rose from the depths to seek repose on the mossy bank. He took careful aim, shot his arrow and inflicted a serious wound on one of the water deities. Furious with rage they sprang back into the spring and lashed the water until it rose high and, plunging in torrents, it overflowed the banks of the stream, carrying everything before it and washing away the chief's wigwam. He and Mineota took refuge on a nearby hill, where the god Glooscap, appearing, announced that the anger of the spirits could only be appeased by the sacrifice of his daughter. The father begged that he might be accepted in her stead but all in vain. The floods rose higher and in despair he told his daughter of the sacrifice demanded. Mineota slipped down into the raging waters and immediately they began to subside. This strange idea of the sacrifice of the innocent and best-loved comes into the folklore of many races. The Greek goddess would only be appeased and send favouring winds to the army waiting to sail to the seige of Troy, by the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter, Iphigenia; Andromeda was bound to a rock to be devoured by the monster when Perseus appeared just in time; St. George saved a maiden who was to be sacrificed to the dragon; and Abraham was prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac when a ram was sent to take his place. Poor Mineota, there was no one to save her. However there was a compensation; Glooscap appeared again and promised that the spirit of Mineota should return and abide in a stone, conical in shape, which would remain in the bottom of La Grande Source. Here it might be sought to bring healing to a Micmac when all else failed. And this brings us to the story of La Belle Marie in the French Regime.

Marie's mother was a Basque who had settled in Alabama, having married an English bucaneer known as Captain Granville. When their daughter, Marie, was about fifteen years of age the captain sailed away and never returned. Mme. Granville, feeling lonely and knowing that some of her people were living in Acadia, took a ship that was sailing north and she and her daughter, whom the French called La Belle Marie, were welcomed everywhere because of Marie's lightness of heart, her fairy-like dancing and her gay songs. She learnt from the Indians the use of the bow; she often joined in their dances and soon became a great favorite of the chief and his son. But Mme. Granville was a woman of commanding, almost masculine, appearance, having helped her husband in many a dangerous exploit. The two women wandered about, had no definite abode and spent much time in the vicinity of La Grande Source. It was told that once a belated traveller passing this spring about midnight saw the elderly woman slowly rising from the spring and when she set foot upon the bank, a hand appeared above the surface of the water and passed her a bag, the contents of which jingled like coins as she placed it on the ground. She foretold the weather, sold favouring winds to the sailors and fishermen, and used herbs to cure the sick. Her husband was known to have been a Protestant and she and her daughter rarely attended Mass.

Gradually the Basques and Bretons, on the advice of the priest, avoided the two women and they became more and more intimate with the Micmacs. At an autumn feast of the tribe the chief announced that his son, Kaktookassee would marry the beautiful pale-faced maiden. Many of the braves protested vigorously, saying Kaktookassee, in whose veins ran the noblest blood of the Micmacs, must marry a maiden of his own race. The winter went by and in the spring Mme. Granville with her daughter set out by canoe down the North-east River (the Hillsborough) for Port La Joie where she planned to sail for her old home on the Gulf of Mexico, to seek the treasure hidden there as a

dowry befitting the bride of an Indian Chief. That afternoon an empty canoe was seen drifting out to sea. A search party headed by Kaktookassee found the two women; the mother had been scalped and was dead, the girl showed some sign of life and was carried to the nearest wigwam. When all the skill of the medicine man failed to restore her Kaktookassee thought of the Mineota stone and hastened to La Grande Source; he plunged into the depths of the awesome spring and shortly reappeared with the sacred relic. Reverently he bore the stone to the wigwam where Marie lay, her hand was placed upon it, and in a moment her eyelids were seen to quiver, the colour flowed back into her cheeks and she sank into a natural sleep from which she awoke in the morning refreshed, and they were assured of her recovery. But when the Mineota stone was lifted it crumbled to dust and, since the sacred relic had been touched by an alien hand, it lost forever its power of healing.

The marriage was now hastened. A bower in front of the chief's wigwam was built and Indian maidens decorated it with fragrant flowers and branches, and there, on a beautiful July day the wedding was celebrated according to the ancient rites of the Micmacs. The ceremony was brief and the happy pair passed through the crowd of Indians out into the sunlight. A figure was seen at the edge of the wood with bow and arrow raised. La Belle Marie gave a wild cry and flung herself in front of Kaktookassee. The death-bringing arrow, meant for him, pierced his bride and she fell dead at his feet.

IV

In studying the settlement of the French on Ile St. Jean my chief sources of information are History of Prince Edward Island by A. B. Warburton and The French Regime in Prince Edward Island by Dr. D. C. Harvey. The latter says, in speaking of the French who first came to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, "There was a romance about the fishery that appealed very strongly to the adventurers of the Seventeenth Century France, one of whom, Nicholas Denys, has preserved for all time in his "Description and Natural History of Acadia." Professor Ganong, in an introduction to the English translation of this book, says in part: "The narrative gives us an understanding of that fascination in the fisherman's life which led into it so many strong men regardless of its dangers and its labours . . . There was adventure a'plenty, the joy of rugged health, the lure of the unknown just beyond, the charm of outdoor life beside a a fair harbour during the beautiful Acadian summer, the gratification of taking wild things at will without any to hinder . . . the triumph of overcoming physical difficulties, the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of hard labour growing in visible piles before the eyes, the delight of embarking much goodly spoils to return full sail to far-away homes and families."

Dr. Harvey says that during the Sixteenth Century, after Cartier's brief visit to the Gulf, French fishermen and fur-traders were finding vast quantities of fish and fur-bearing animals in and about Newfoundland and the Strait of Belle Isle and quotes Nicholas Denys as saying that there were places where

fifteen, twenty and thirty thousand fish were taken every day for six weeks or two months. What wonder then that they ignored the islands in the Gulf, especially 'where winter lingers in the lap of spring.' We living on the Island can understand well how uninviting our shores would seem to fishermen sailing from sunny France in early spring, and our sand-dunes would present serious barriers to them.

By the way I found an article on the sand-dunes in a copy of the "Prince Edward Island Magazine" of almost half a century ago from which I must quote as I am sure the exuberant extravagance of language fashionable at that time will impress and amuse you. You will learn the story of the physical formation of the Island, if you can pick out the facts from the superabundance of words. "Time once was when where now fair Prince Edward Island lies 'anchored on the wave' seas primeval urged their thousand billows on in never-ceasing warfare against the rocky boundaries of the ancient gulf, and drove their giant forces in thundering onslaught to dash themselves in mighty impotence against the unyielding fortress of impregnable rocks." And again, "an angry sky above, rent and torn by lightning shafts; a seething sea beneath, coursed by mountainous billows surging landwards in ever-increasing strength and impetus. High leaped the maddened billows crowned with foaming crest; far streamed their banners wrought of angry spume, fearful the impact of those battering rams of ocean; dread the din and roar vibrating through the caverns of the trembling cliffs, while cannonades of thunder roared, reverberated, died away." It is difficult to decide what to omit in this crescendo of sound and fury signifying — not nothing — but the building up of our Island from fragments ground by the ocean into grains of sand over which flowed streams bearing iron carbonates. "Then," the writer continues, "the mighty ocean heaped this spoil of conquest on the shallows of the southern boundary of the gulf, and this Island lifted up its sandstone, red against the deep blue of the mighty river flowing where now the waters of Northumberland Strait revel in sportive mood or turbulent." Our little Island home cradled on the wave does not suggest an origin so chaotic, does it ?

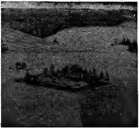
But let us return to the fishermen of the Seventeenth Century. They had fished out the water about Newfoundland and had to look elsewhere. Also there were those captains of the industry who wished to establish sedentary fisheries — that is landing places where they could dry and store their fish. And so they came to Isle St. Jean and the Magdalenes. These Basques, Bretons and Normans did not settle or explore at first; they built shacks for the summer, dried some of their fish and tried out oil from cod, whales, seals and sea cows. They took seals for their skins as well, and the sea cows for their tusks of ivory and their hides. Such necessities did not involve a knowledge of either the rivers or the harbours, as a landing could easily be effected in many little coves, bays or beaches all around the coast, where their temporary establishments would leave few indications of their restless activities. There is a description of the wholesale slaughter of seacows, which belongs to a later period but which I think I shall give you now while we are speaking of these creatures, that have become almost mythical to us, who know them only as having given their name to Sea cow Head and Sea cow Pond.

The sea-cows used to come up on land in hundreds around our North Cape. The fishermen, or hunters, or — shall we say butchers ? — would get between them and the sea when the wind was blowing off shore, then they would prod the nearest ones with sticks; these in turn would prod those in front of them with their tusks until they were stampeded into the nearby woods, where as many as 300 would be slaughtered with sharp-pointed wooden spears. And this is why, when we seek a quiet cove on the north side for a bathe we don't find a family of sea-cows there ahead of us.

Dr. Harvey says that in the next hundred years several attempts were made by companies and individuals to gain riches by getting the sole right to engage in the fur trade and fisheries of Ile. St. Jean. In 1654 the Company of New France granted the whole of Acadia to Nicholas Denys, in return for money payment and on condition that he settle in his domain; "within a period of six years eighty families, a sufficient number of good and virtuous ecclesiastics for holding divine service, aiding the said families and labouring for the conversion of the Indians." The name Acadia is used at this time for all the land bordering the northern Atlantic coasts, later it applies roughly to what is now Nova Scotia. Denys had been in Acadia for about twenty years and had written, "A Description and Natural History of Acadia," to which I have already referred. Denys came to Ile St. Jean and lived there quietly with his wife and children, trading with the Indians, fishing, lumbering, building vessels, and farming enough for the needs of the little settlement, but he failed to fulfil to conditions of his grant and so part of his domain was given to Sieur Doublet, an apothecary of Harfleur, who sold his shop and bought a ship and sailed for the New World with a charter in his pocket which gave him the monopoly of the fisheries about Ile St. Jean and the Magdalenes. But Doublet knew little of fishing and less of colonizing and his enterprise was less successful than that of Denys. Others also failed and Dr. Harvey tells us that during the Seventeenth Century the Island had no history. After the failure of Doublet there was no permanent settlement here, and it was not until half a century passed that the French realized the value and importance of Ile St. Jean.

Dr. Harvey says that the closing years of the Seventeenth Century and the first decade of the Eighteenth were a period of almost uninterrupted war between France and England, and it proved to be a sad time for the French colonies and fisheries. The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 gave England permanent possession of Acadia, with undefined limits; Ile Royale (that is Cape Breton Island) and the Islands of the Gulf (including Ile St. Jean) alone remaining to the French. These islands accordingly became very important outposts for the defence of Canada — the name Canada being confined at that time to what is now the Province of Quebec. King Louis XIV was very old, his country was impoverished and depleted by years of losing a war with the English, and now a desperate effort was made to fortify Ile Royale and to develop it by making lavish promises to the Acadians to induce them to leave their homes and settle there. By the terms of the Treaty, those who did not wish to take the oath of allegiance to England were allowed to leave Acadia within a limited time. The hearts of the unhappy Acadians bade them remain in the homes they had wrested from the wilderness and in the land where their fathers lay buried, but the missionaries and the officials did their utmost to lure them away. Few, if any, went as far as Ile Royale and many who came to Ile St. Jean soon returned to Acadia, as they feared the English might attack the Island which was totally undefended. Mr. Hart tells us in 'The Story of Old Abegweit' that in the year 1716 "not one Acadian was left on the Island and for the next three years the Micmacs held again undisputed sway."

However in the year 1719 the Compte de St. Pierre, an aristocrat at the court of the young Louis XV, offered to bring out settlers and the French Government ordered Ile Royale to do all in its power to attract Acadians, family by family, to Ile St. Jean. The Island was granted free to St. Pierre and his heirs forever on condition that he bring out one hundred colonists the first year and fifty every succeeding year until the Island was well populated. A company was formed to finance the scheme and early the next year three ships set sail with the colonists and their supplies. St. Pierre was ambitious; a site was to be found for a capital of the colony and a suitable harbour for ships of heavy burden. They sailed along the Strait and came to a harbour that has been compared to that of Naples for its beauty — Charlottetown Harbour. A site to the left of the entrance was chosen for the Capital and the first official buildings were raised on the Island. As the city of Charlottetown was built a short distance away on the same harbour we can say that our Capital predates by twenty-nine years the founding of Halifax.



Remains of Port La Joie on the farm owned by Mr. J. O. Hyndman.

Carpenters and workmen were brought to the Island and equipment of every kind was bought at Louisbourg in Ile Royale. There were many oak and pine trees then and during the first winter three ships were built, one for taking fish back to Europe, another for the fisheries at the Magdalenes, which had come under the control of St. Pierre's Company, and the third was actually for trade with the West Indies. A survey of the coast was made and St. Pierre (St. Peters), East Point, Savage Harbour, Tracadie, Rustico, Malpeque and Cascumpeque were all reported as good harbours for fishermen to use. Among the animals found on the Island at that time were foxes of all colours, deer, and wolves of great size. A number of English birds are mentioned, such as the skylark and the nightingale, but Mr. Blythe Hurst (Agricola of the Charlottetown Guardian) says this is undoubtedly a case of mistaken identity, as no English birds are native to America. In spite of the extravagant expenditures of St. Pierre's Company they met with keen competition from Ile Royale, disputes arose which were carried to the Minister at Paris for settlement, the English were casting longing eyes on the Island and its fisheries, and finally the Company became completely bankrupt. Dr. Harvey tells us that Compte de St. Pierre was a sycophant dependent on court favour and was not the type of man to make sacrifices for a far-off colony without prospect of immediate gain. The village of St. Peters on the north side of the Island and St. Peters Island in Hillsborough Bay are the only memorials on the Island to this nobleman who had planned to secure for his own private use 1,000 arpents of land on which to build a chateau where he might live as in Feudal days. What a Mecca for sightseers that castle would have been!

Very different is the story of Jean Pierre Roma, though his efforts at colonization ended also in disaster. He was said to have done more in one year for the colony than St. Pierre and his Company did in five. In 1730 the latter's grant had been cancelled and Ile St. Jean was again united to the royal domain. This brought peace to the minds of the colonists and revived to some extent the interest of the Frenchmen and Acadians in the colony. The next year a grant, much less extensive than St. Pierre's, was made to Roma in the eastern part of the Island, comprising the land drained by the three rivers now known as the Brudenell, Montague and Cardigan. Mr. Hart asks us to imagine ourselves standing on the cliff at the tip of Brudenelle Point where now a memorial tablet stands in memory of de Roma, there at our back is a long manmade hollow and at the foot of the cliff lie great grey stones that seem to be remnants of an old pier, and in our imagination we may see old scenes from the most pathetic story in our Island history. There Roma must have stood, enraptured with the loveliness of his little kingdom. Where we look down on sleepy Georgetown, he saw fishing shacks, cleared fields and boundless woodlands. And then Roma would turn to inspect the buildings of his model farm; here under his feet were the great cellar his men had built, his home, the storehouse, the bakery and the ice-house. Nearby were the dwellings of the fishermen, labourers, seamen and tradesmen. The forge and the stables also were there. He would have thought of the roads he had built, to Souris, Cardigan, St. Pierre and even Port La Joie, with the help of the garrison there. They were only five, six or seven feet wide and great trees often lay across them but otherwise his only means of communication was by sea along the coast. Roma, as he stood there must have felt:

"How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to
employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in
joy."

And then on one of those rare days in June in the year 1745 a ship was sighted. It anchored off the point and armed men came ashore. They were Englishmen from New England; the inhabitants could offer no resistance; every building was ransacked and everything of value was carried off, even to the cattle and sheep. Then they returned and set fire to the place. Roma and his companions had taken refuge in the woods and when the marauders had left they looked down on the smouldering ruins of what had a few hours before been a flourishing hamlet. For thirteen years Roma had built and dreamed. Heartbroken he reached St. Peters and took ship for Quebec.

V

Last week's talk finished with the ruthless destruction of Roma's colony at Brudenell Point. After making a wilderness there the privateer sailed along the Strait and committed similar ravages at Port La Joie where there was a tiny garrison incapable of protecting the scattered log cabins of one hundred and thirteen settlers. There were other settlements along the north and south shores. After the fall of Acadia to the English the French Government had begun to realize the importance of Ile St. Jean, not only strategically but also economically, as a source of supply of grain and cattle for the inhabitants and garrison at Louisburg in Ile Royale. They sent out settlers from France and urged Acadians who were unwilling to take the oath of allegiance to England to cross again to the Island. To encourage them in 1724 the Minister of Marine and Colonies had ordered the Governor of Ile Royale to send an officer and garrison of twenty or thirty men to Port la Joie and "thus deprive the English of their badly founded notion that they could establish a footing there." Port la Joie is often called Fort la Joye, but the remains of the earthworks seen on the site to-day do not justify the name 'fort' as the elaborate plans drawn up later by Franquet for the defense of the Island here and at St. Peters and Brudenell Point were never carried out.

The officer of the little garrison was accompanied by Father Felix who had already been a missionary to the Acadians for twenty-five years. It is interesting in the light of later developments to note that he had written to the Minister in Paris paying a tribute to the

humanity of the English in their treatment of the Acadians, but added a pledge that he would ever keep alive among the people their fidelity to the King of France. This policy of creating a divided loyalty among the Acadians living under English rule contributed to their ruin for the patience of the English was finally exhausted resulting in the cruel expulsion of the Acadians in 1755 and of the French on the Island in 1758. Another priest, Le Loutre, who seems to have served his King with more zeal than his God, possessed great influence, Judge Warburton says, over the Indians as well as the French and was a veritable thorn in the flesh of the Governor of Nova Scotia. The English authorities were kept in a continual state of alarm and unrest and Ile St. Jean was a centre from which danger was always to be apprehended.

After sending the small garrison to Port la Joie the Governor of Ile Royale visited the Island and found the land so good that he expressed the opinion that, if the king would abandon the custom of granting land to companies from whom the settlers had to hold their farms in feudal tenure, many Acadians would go there willingly from the marshlands where the population had become congested. They would have greater security the farther they were from the English and, most important, in the eyes of the Governor of Ile Royale, they would be able to supply farm products to Louisburg. The home government seems to have taken his advice for many Acadians began to cross to the Island, chiefly young men seeking new land to cultivate. Judge Warburton makes the comment that when they had chosen to leave Acadia after it passed under English rule and to live under their country's flag in the Island

of St. John, which was still French, they displayed the same spirit that, in later years, sent the United Empire Loyalists to settle in Canada.

The Island began to prosper, the chief settlements, apart from Port La Joie, being St. Peters, considered then and, until the end of the French Regime, its commercial capital, Savage Harbour, East Point, Tracadie, Malpeque and North East River (the Hillsborough). The woods about these settlements were cleared away and rich grain fields appeared. Those visiting the Island declared the crops were abundant and equalled any in France or, in fact, any other part of Europe. Wheat, barley, oats, rye, Indian Corn and peas were grown — no potatoes as there was at that time a strange prejudice against them among the French. They raised cattle and sheep, wove their own cloth, grew flax which supplied them with rough linen for domestic uses. They also raised their own tobacco. They built dykes as they had done in Acadia to keep the tide from overflowing the marshlands and so preserve the rich marsh hay for their cattle. Traces of these dykes may still be seen; I have seen them myself on the farm of Mr. Harrison MacFarlane in Fernwood. There is a bell in the belfry of the United Church in Malpeque which was sent out, Mr. Justice Arsenault says, with two others by King Louis XIV, it bears the inscription in Latin 'Of all men born of women there has been none greater than John the Baptist'. Another of these bells is in the Roman Catholic Church at Rollo Bay, the third has disappeared.

The total population at this time on the Island was about 350 people, not including the Indians; they were

getting established and prospering in a small way. During the summer of 1728 the prospects looked bright for a good harvest, when suddenly a devastating plague of field mice descended, repeating with intensified destruction an attack of four years earlier. From a report made by Roma of an attack ten years later we have an account from first hand of the habits of these pests and of the desolation left behind by them. 'This mouse,' he writes, 'is somewhat bigger than the ordinary mouse, of blackish colour, with short legs and paws unadapted for climbing. It lives in the forest and feeds on herbs; like the squirrel it lays up stores for the winter of seeds, nuts and grasses. Its nests are to be found under rocks and in hollow trunks of trees. Its provident habits enable it to maintain its body in plump condition, affording thus a dainty morsel greatly prized by its enemies, dogs, cats, martens, foxes, owls, hawks and crows. Its fecundity is remarkable; every six weeks the female produces ten or twelve young. After heavy snow has protected them during several successive winters their increase is enormous and they burst forth on their devastating march.' They proceeded in long narrow columns, destroying everything, not a blade of grass being left in their wake. They stopped for neither dykes nor rivers, those in front being pushed on by those behind, in this way bringing their own destruction and for days after their raid their dead bodies were seen by ships, floating along the rivers and out to sea. From Malpeque across to Three Rivers the desolation was complete. The word Souris (Mouse) is not a happy choice for a town's name, standing as it does for destruction and famine. The people were reduced to fish and game as a diet and the next spring they had no seed to sow, except what might be secured from Ile

Royale. Gradually as the land was cleared of trees this menace disappeared. However, as late as 1749 Malpeque experienced a visitation from these pests and the next year locusts swarmed down upon their farms; they are said to have been so voracious a species that they devoured all the growing grain, vegetables, grass and even the buds on the trees. The third year of anguish the wheat crop was completely destroyed by scalding. These poor settlers were said to be reduced to such a state of starvation that they subsisted on the shell fish they gathered on the shore when the tide was out. And this in Malpeque where the land was reported by one visitor to be "superior in quality to all seen up to the present time." All this misfortune was thought to be due to an evil spirit working against the Island, suspicion fell upon a man called Perigord whom the Indians killed and buried on St. Peters Island.

To add to their sorrows, Louisburg having fallen to the English in 1745, Ile St. Jean automatically came under English rule and remained so for three years. An agreement was made that the French on the Island remain unmolested for one year, but their lot was not a happy one. They could no longer get supplies from Ile Royale and they were in constant fear of expulsion — and later it proved justfiably so as plans were made to deport all the population back to France. They were for five years without civil or judicial officers and, Dr. Harvey tells us, there is no record from May 1744 to September 1749 at Port La Joie of any priest being on duty on the Island. In 1749 the English, whose aim at one time had been 'to extirpate all Frenchmen from North America,' exchanged Louisburg and its dependencies for Madras in India and so the French were

free again to carry on their colonizing plans on the Island. The English gave an impetus to emigration by settling more British colonists in Nova Scotia and demanding an unqualified oath of allegiance from the French. They were also determined to either pacify or exterminate the Indians whom the French had always treated with more friendliness and respect than had the English. The Micmacs of the Island and of Acadia were invited to come once a year to Port La Joie to celebrate and to receive presents, but even then intoxicating liquor was forbidden to be given to the Indians.

From 1749, when the Island became French again by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, to 1751 a steady stream of Acadians crossed the Straits. Le Loutre had not been satisfied with the rate of the exodus and now, in his determination to prevent Acadians and Indians becoming English subjects, he used every device to bring to the Island those who, having comfortable homes and good farms, were satisfied to remain where their fathers had conquered the wilderness and lay buried. The English on the other hand were desirous of keeping the Acadians on the land to supply farm produce to the soldiers and the English colonists. At Beaubassin, a prosperous settlement of Acadians in English territory on the border of the 'no-man's-land' of undefined limits, Le Loutre with the help of his Indians forced all who would not migrate willingly to leave the village and then had it burnt to the ground. As many as 800 were sent over to Port La Joie. The Commandant there wrote, "The Acadians came with precipitation, bringing their beasts with them." But they came half naked, their condition was pitiable and there was no shelter at all for them. The officials at Ile

Royale and Quebec did all in their power to give help with provisions and clothing but it was long in coming and these poor refugees never had enough for ordinary comfort. It was a most unfortunate time for them to have come as the older inhabitants had just passed the period of crop failures mentioned before. This was by no means the only case of forced migration. In the course of that autumn and the following spring 1400 refugees arrived, destitute and famished; families had been broken up, children separated from parents and wives from husbands. Again I would quote from a report of the Commandant, "I had very little to give them, my contributions were necessarily meagre and it was only by giving frequently that I did not see any of these people die."

The difficulty of settling these new-comers on the land was accentuated by the fact that no proper survey had ever been made of the Island. The population was increased from 650 persons in 1748 to 2,250 in 1752. Franquet, an officer of Engineers, was sent out from France in 1751. He sailed up East River (Hillsborough) and reported that he received a cordial welcome from these warm-hearted Acadians and that he saw fields growing wheat, oats, peas and many kinds of vegetables with such promise of a plentiful yield as he had never seen surpassed even in the most fertile fields of France. He was told by two of the Acadians that the land would yield in abundance everything that man needed for subsistence and that they hoped as time went on to find in the generous fertility of their new fields some recompense for the losses they had suffered in leaving Acadia. Franquet surveyed the Island and made plans for its development and fortification.

Now that the new-comers were being absorbed the future began at last to show promise for the Acadians; but Nemesis seemed to be pursuing them. In the fateful year 1755 the pitiless expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia took place and sent about 1400 more destitute refugees to the Island. Again the Commandant did all that was humanly possible with the small supply of food and clothing at his disposal. Litle help came from Ile Royale and Quebec. Two dismal failures in crops followed their arrival and the prospect for the winter of 1758 was pitable indeed unless seed came from France. Such was the condition of Ile. St. Jean when greater calamity still fell upon them, for in this year Louisburg was taken by the English and Ile St. Jean came again under English sway. The cruel game in which the Acadians were mere puppets was finished except for the last moves — the agonizing deportation of these long-suffering people from Ile St. Jean. Nine transports sailed into Port La Joie to carry into exile 2,000 heart-broken Acadians, whose sorrows no poet has sung, but George Hart has given in poignant prose a picture that will stay in one's memory:—

"Every house in Ile St. Jean was the scene of sorrow — the drooping shoulders and gloomy countenances of the men, the tears and cries of the women and children, all gazing for the last time on the cozy room, on the fire burning in the hearth, on the spinning wheel in the corner . . . How often had they spent the long winter's evening in that same room, singing or dancing the hours away with their friends! How often had they fished in the sparkling stream or hunted in the woods at their back door! Never again would the songs of Normandy echo across the water of MoreII or Malpèque! They must leave the broad acres that they had cleared, now rich with golden grain; they must yield their houses and barns, their flocks and herds to a people with different customs and different languages. All roads leading to Fort La Joie were now crowded with carts piled high with the few belongings of the weary, broken-hearted people plodding alongside; and the long voyage to France was begun. The transports were scattered before a terrific storm, two were lost with 700 souls but the rest managed to make port. Of those living in the north shore many managed to escape and were carried by French schooners to Quebec, Miramichi and French-owned St. Pierre and Miquelon. Thirty families took refuge in the woods about Malpeque and actually stayed in hiding there for several years. These two or three hundred sturdy pioneers were all that remained from over four thousand Acadians after fifty years of effort, to perpetuate the French race and character in Ile St. Jean.

VI

From the Treaty of Paris in 1763 to 1831 my authority is chiefly Judge Warburton's History of Prince Edward Island and I shall quote frequently from it. There is an interesting little item in a letter from the Governor of Nova Scotia written to the Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, in the summer of 1759 in which he says that he sent two sloops to take off the Acadians still left on St. John's Island but that the sloops returned with the report that all the Acadians had gone off to Canada (this is, Quebec) just before the ships had reached that part of the Island. We know that two or three hundred of them were in hiding in the woods near Malpeque. We learn from a memorandum dated about five years later that, in addition to the Acadians remaining in Nova Scotia who had agreed to take the oath of allegiance, those who were left on the Island of St. John had "lately in a solemn manner declared to their officers there in command their intention of taking the oath of allegiance to the English King."

By a Royal proclamation of George III in 1763 the Islands of St. John and Cape Breton were annexed to Nova Scotia, but as yet no plan of settlement had been adopted. "In a sense," Judge Warburton says, "the fair appearance of the Island and the known fertility of its soil were not unmixed blessings. Scarcely was the ink on the Treaty of Paris dry when persons of influence in Great Britain, or who had claims, real or imaginary, upon the government, began to petition for grants of land on the Island." Of these the first and most quixotic was the Earl of Egmont. This blustering nobleman's memorial to His Majesty states that he "desires a grant of the whole Island of St. John's, estimated at two million acres, with all rights, royalties, privileges, franchises and appurtenances with all civil and criminal jurisdiction." Although the Earl was First Lord of the Admiralty and had nine children and many officer friends with whom he was willing to share the Island, the Lords of Trade and Plantations reported to the King that "His lordship's plans for the colony appear to have been calculated more to answer the purposes of defense and military discipline than to encourage those of agriculture and commerce and are, we conceive, totally and fundamentally adverse in their principle to that system of settlement and tenure of property which has of late been adopted in the colonies with so much advantage to the interests of this kingdom, and we therefore do not see sufficient reason to justify us in advising Your Majesty to comply with his Lordship's proposal." And so the Island has been spared the doubtful advantage of having an aristocracy descended from the noble Earl and his nine children and their friends.

Explicit instructions were sent to the Governor of Nova Scotia concerning Cape Breton and St. John's Island from which I shall quote: "Their advantageous situation with respect to the fishery renders them of the greatest importance to this country, and no measures should be left untried that may tend to promote and encourage the carrying on of the fishery to the utmost extent of which it is capable." Orders were then given to have a survey and full report made of the two islands as to their extent, the rivers and harbours, the nature of the soil, the best places for settlements, etc., and until this was done no grants were to be made to any particular persons but "as much as possible to encourage and protect all temporary establishments for carrying on the fisheries, taking care that such establishments, in respect to extent of coast are within the bounds of moderation; and (attention C.C.F. members and friends) to discourage any attempt that may, in its natural consequences, operate as a monopoly, or as a means of establishing any undue preference whatever." Is it not surprising to find such protective interest taken at this time by the Home Government in our little island ?

The Lords of Trade and Plantations recommended that, after the Island had been surveyed, it should be divided into three counties of approximately 500,000 acres each, the counties to be laid off into parishes and each parish to be subdivided into townships, each county, parish and township to have as much as possible the natural advantages of access to the sea-coast or navigable rivers. In each county a town should be laid out, and in each parish a site for a church and rectory. These details are tiresome but it seems important that we should realize how meticulous the Colonial Office was in their plans for the Island. They further say that the Island is particularly valuable for the fertility of its soil and so they propose a higher quit-rent for the Island than for other parts of Nova Scotia. (By the way I looked up 'quit-rent' in the Oxford Dictionary which gave it as rent, usually small, paid for freehold in lieu of service). The Lords of Trade state also that they have been informed that many thousands of acres have been cleared in the most fertile part of the Island. They further recommend that out of any grants there should be reserved all mines of gold, silver, copper, lead and coal. The French during their regime had the same idea, that the Government should own all natural resources. It would have been interesting, had any mineral or coal been discovered, to see how it was managed by the Government. At least it shows that Government ownership of natural resources is not such a revolutionary idea.

Accordingly Captain Holland, who had been appointed Surveyor-General of all the British possessions in North America north of the Potomac, was ordered to begin his survey with the Island of St. John on account of the importance of its fisheries and the fertility of its soil. Before considering his report let us speak a few words about Captain Holland himself. He was a close friend of General Wolfe and served under him at the battle on the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe, when dying, gave his brace of pistols to Holland. These pistols were used in a duel in which his son was killed. They are now, I am told, in the Redpath Museum at McGill University, having been sold by a descendant of Captain Holland. A grandfather's clock once owned by him when he lived on the Island, is in the possession of John Holland, now living in California. Again what treasures we have lost by not having a museum on the Island ! Holland and his wife, the daughter of an aristocratic French family of Quebec, arrived on the Island in October, 1974.. He made his headquarters at Holland Cove near Port La Joie, called by him Observation Cove; and here their eldest son was born, probably the first child of English parents born on the Island. A cairn has been erected where his house once stood, in memory of Captain Holland.

Now I shall quota from a letter written by Captain Holland himself, describing the Island as he saw it. In telling of a disastrous fire which had raged through the eastern part of the Island in 1732 during the French Regime, he writes, "The woods of valuable oak and pine trees were entirely destroyed . . . It was so extremely violent that all the fishing vessels at St. Peters and Morell were burned . . . In many parts round the Island is rough steep coast from forty to sixty feet high — in some places one hundred — [at Cape Tryon the cliffs are one hundred and ten feet high,] — composed of strata of a soft red stone which, when exposed to the air for some time, becomes harder and is not unfit for building. Wherever this sort of coast is it diminishes considerably every year upon the break-up of the frost, which moulders away a great part of it. It may probably be from this cause that the sea betwixt the Island and the continent is frequently of a red hue and is called by many people the Red Sea. The rivers are probably sea creeks, the tides flowing up to their heads where generally streams of cold water empty themselves . . . With proper care the soil produces most kinds of grain, wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, etc., also cabbage, turnips, cauliflower, carrots and potatoes, very good in great abundance." He tells us that "here are bears, otters, martens, foxes, red, black and grey, lynxes or wild cats, minxes, [Sic] muskrats, and some, though very few, caribou; hares, extremely good, but in the winter are white."

John McGregor, who was Sheriff for the Island during thirty years after Holland's survey, writes of the oysters: "They are considered the finest in America and equally delicious as those taken on the English

One of approximately 600 breeding trays in which oyster spat is grown until large enough to plant on oyster beds.

shores", and adds, "There are two or three varieties, the largest of which are from six to twelve inches long." What a meal one of those oysters would have made ! John Stewart, writing at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, says, "The oysters are in great plenty in all the harbours of the Island; in some places beds of them of several acres extent may be found; most of the lime hitherto used here has been burnt from their shells, and it is commonly the practice to burn the live oysters for that purpose, putting many hundred barrels of them in a kiln together." The late Mr. Lawrence Burpee in the Canadian Geographic Journal for November 1946 says: "What makes this practice all the more reprehensible is that, even in Stewart's day, the oysters of the Island were preferred to any other American oyster by Europeans who have eaten them." Burpee continues, "It is enough to make all living epicures to grind their teeth, and all dead epicures to turn restlessly in their graves. Need one add that eminent statesmen in Ottawa prize their membership in the Rideau Club, not because it is exclusive, but because it happens to be one of the few places where a man may still be served with Malpeque oysters."

But let us forget our succulent shell fish and get back to Holland's survey and the plan for settlement of the Island after his report was sent to London in 1765. There were so many applicants for land that the Government decided to let those whose claims were most valid draw lots for the townships of 20,000 acres which Holland had laid out. There were 69 of these, the Government withholding two, 40 and 59, for its own use. The balloting took place in London on July 23, 1767 and "Thus", Judge Warburton states, "was foisted onto the Island the proprietary, or landlord system, which was the cause of continual turmoil and agitation until it was finally abolished in 1877." The two most important conditions of these grants were the payment of quit-rents and the settling of people on the land. The quit-rents ranged from six shillings to two shillings per hundred acres, payable after five years from the date of the grant. Each township was to be settled within ten years, one settler for every two hundred acres; if one third was not settled in four years the lot would be forfeited.

In 1768 the Chief Surveyor of Nova Scotia was sent to the Island to lay out the town of Charlottetown. His instructions were as follows: "In addition to the several public buildings to be laid out, parcels of land are to be reserved for the following public uses, viz., for an ordnance yard and for King's stores to be situated conveniently for the water; for building barracks for the lodgement of troops; for a Province House and gardens; for a burying ground, for a parsonage and for a Courthouse; and as the houses will, for many years to come be composed of wood subject to fire, and as the breadth of the streets may, in a great measure, prevent its spreading, when these accidents happen, the central or main street must be one hundred feet wide, and all other streets not less than eighty feet. Pasture lots are to be laid out for each family to pasture their cows, sheep and pigs and for growing potatoes. The commons is to consist of 500 acres."

The only other harbours where ships of burden could safely enter, Captain Holland believed, were at

Three Rivers (Cardigan) and Richmond Bay. Accordingly Georgetown and Princetown were planned and laid out on these bays to be the capitals of King's and Prince County respectively. But best laid plans gang aft agley and insignificant Green's Shore on Bedeque Bay became the flourishing town of Summerside and finally the capital of Prince County, while Princetown is now only a name and Makpek, the 'Big Water' of the Indians, on this site is known the world over in its French form, Malpeque, for its oysters, fishing boats alone being seen on its waters. Makpek was, Ada MacLeod tells us in the "Dalhousie Review", the chief Micmac settlement on the island of Abegweit. The Indians in the summer frequently travelled back and forth to the mainland. Their ancient trail can be followed now by road from Borden, (Indian Busloacade, the landing place), through Bedek, the 'sultry place,' on past Indian River, the traditional scene of a battle between the Mohawks and the Micmacs, and on to Makpek.

VII

Our last broadcast gave an account of the planning and laying out of the three towns as capitals of the counties of the Island, and we also told how lots had been cast in London for the 65 townships — Mr. Louis Muttart has in his possession one of the stones used in marking off these lots. He found it at Hazel Grove. Its measurements are about one foot square by five feet in length and has one side in Roman numerals XXII and on the other XXIII. It would be interesting to know if anyone else has found such markers. Now that the towns had been laid out the next thing was to bring settlers, to build houses, as the Acadians' houses were in ruins, and to make roads. The roads made by Roma and others were merely paths, the widest having been seven feet and fit only for dog-teams; they were by now completely overgrown. The rivers were the only highways, portages being made between those flowing north and those flowing south. If one looks at a map one can easily trace the rivers to their sources and see the routes our ancestors had to take — you will also see that travel by canoe and portages could only be made east of Charlottetown. It took usually about four days to get from Charlottetown to Georgetown, unless there happened to be a ship at the wharf. Dr. Harvey gives us the itinerary. It consisted of five stages:

(1) by boat or canoe to the head of Hillsborough River;

(2) by a rough portage to St. Peters Bay;

(3) by ferry over the bay;

(4) **by another portage to Fortune;**

(5) thence, by some chance ship, to Georgetown.

In Benjamin Chappel's Diary, the oldest in Prince Edward Island, the writer who had been living in Malpeque, decided to leave there for Charlottetown. He sailed to Rustico where he left his wife and son, then he set out by boat from New London Harbour; and now we shall follow his diary:

"Oct. 3rd 1778 — Reached Lawson's Sunday 4th. Reached St. Peters Monday 5th. Reached East Point 6 A.M. going northwest . . . lay to till 5 A.M. (he must have meant the next day) Slept there three nights. Left Canso Friday, 9th. Reached Pictou Island Saturday night, anchored off Point Prim 10 P.M., Sunday night made the fort and got ashore in the King's boat Bless God for His mercy."

We can see how essential it was that roads should be made through the wilderness before settlers in any number would come to the Island. However Governor Franklin, of Nova Scotia, was undaunted and undertook to get settlers by "advertising on the continent of America offering house and pasture lots in any one of the three towns." We may think that modern advertisers reach the acme of optimism in describing their wares but they seem to use understatement compared to this. Let us see how Charlottetown was progressing.

It had in 1768 at most 50 inhabitants and from a report of the time it would seem there were two houses. Their description may be of interest: "A dwelling house, 56 by 26, one storey, with a pictured roof; shingled and clapboarded, and filled in between with stone laid in rough mortar, two stacks of chimneys, with two ovens and six fire-places, two parlours, two kitchens and lodging rooms, a cellar—stoned—under one half of the house .Also a house intended for a dwelling house of the same dimensions . . . now used as a store-house. There was also a wharf head next the store house, fifty feet wide, carried out thirty feet, solid with stones and timber. Several of the streets of Charlottetown entirely opened." But Franklin was ambitious for Charlottetown; he sent to London estimates for the cost of erecting several public buildings and purchasing a vessel and a rowboat to keep up connection with the mainland.

In 1769 the proprietors of the lots succeeded in persuading the home government to separate the Island of St. John from Nova Scotia, claiming that settlers would not come here as long as the centre of government was at Halifax from which the Island was completely cut off for about four months of the year. They offered to start paying their quit-rents at once instead of waiting for five years, as had been agreed. Accordingly in 1769 Walter Patterson was appointed Captain General and Governor-in-Chief over the Island and on the same date the Lords of the Admiralty were authorized to appoint a Vice-Admiral and Officers of a Court of Admiralty for the Island of St. John. We are coming along! Temporary sheds or houses were built for the lodgement of Government officials. Then the proprietors petitioned the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to provide a church, a court house and a gaol at Charlottetown "to secure their property and to recommend and enforce obedience to the law." With only 150 families on the Island one might well wonder why a gaol ! but for a church we are told there was not even a barn in which church service could be held.

Mr. Patterson arrived from England in the late summer of 1770. Though he writes in his first despatch "At present for fish there are only lobsters and oysters neither very good;" he seems to have been much impressed with the prospects for the future prosperity of the Island, for he writes in his second dispatch to Lord Hillsborough, the Secretary of State most concerned with colonial affairs: "I promised Your Lordship some further accounts of the Island this autumn, and from everything I have tried, both in husbandry and in gardening, my expectations are fully surpassed, such as the raising of Indian corn, which I have done this year myself, and very good too. In every other part of America that I have been, grain, in general, deteriorates, especially oats and barley; but here I have raised both this year to the full as good as the seed sown, which was the best I could purchase in London .The oats were of the Polish kind, as I judged our summer might resemble theirs in Poland, more than that of England, and believe we would be right if we used more of the continental seeds of Europe than we do. I never met with or heard of such an increase of potatoes as I was told of yesterday by two servants belonging to Captain Holland. One of them planted six bushels and has from them raised two hundred bushels; the other had a hundred and sixty bushels from three. This they offered to take their oaths of. As to garden stuffs, there is no country produces better. In short, my lord, if only the proprietors

will exert themselves, this Island will, in a short time, be the garden of America."

Patterson was an Irishman, a man of very fair ability and of a sanguine temperament — perhaps too sanguine; Warburton tells us. He invested a greater part of his fortune on the Island, buying much property, all of which he subsequently lost, dying in England a ruined and broken man. His apparent doubt as to the proprietors exerting themselves was more than justified; only five of them came to the Island and a few "made any attempt to comply with the terms of settlement on which their lands were held: and the payment of the quit-rents was as little thought of, for in five years after the arrival of the officials the receipts amounted to little more than would discharge two years' salary to the establishment, which, as may easily be conceived, brought the officers into great distress and materially retarded the program of the settlement."

The Assembly did not meet till July, 1772. It was composed of the eighteen inhabitants 'who could make a tolerable appearance in the House'. The first act passed was for the regulation of the fishing of sea-cows which were being rapidly exterminated and licenses were issued for fishing these enormous beasts weighing sometimes as much as two tons. However it was impossible to enforce the law and soon this valuable source of oil and hides was lost. The complete isolation of the Island during the winter was a serious handicap and Patterson persuaded some hardy men to try crossing in canoes the half-frozen straits between Wood Islands and Pictou, and in this way for many years during the winter months mails were carried to and from the Island. "Governor Patterson and these courageous pioneers," Dr. Harvey says, "deserve much credit for thus inaugurating our winter mail and passenger service."

Shortly after Patterson's arrival he settled a number of Acadians in Lot 17 (St. Eleanor's) and the proprietor of Lot 18, fronting on Richmond Bay, brought several families from Argyleshire. The settlement of New London, Rustico and Elliot River commenced in 1773, and Cove Head and Three Rivers (Cardigan) were settled soon after by Sir James Montgomery, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who did more than any other proprietor for the settlers. About this time Robert Stewart, a proprietor, brought immigrants from Scotland in the barque Annabella. They thought they were going to North Carolina where they had relatives. The ship was cast away on the sandhills at the mouth of Malpeque Harbour in a snow storm in October and the passengers lost all their provisions and much of their clothing. French fishermen, living at Malpeque, gave many of them shelter but some nearly starved to death that winter.

We read in a letter dated October 15th., 1771. "Since my last letter nine families have arrived here, sent by Lieutenant Governor DesBrisay to settle on his Lot near Charlottetown. About twenty are arrived also at Malpeque who are come on their own account to seek a settlement on this Island and I hope they will be accommodated to their satisfaction, as it will be an encouragement to others to follow on the same lay." And so settlers came straggling along to the Island.

The first Supreme Court was held in 1773 when three prisoners were convicted of petty larceny and sentenced to be whipped. It sounds drastic but we must remember there was no gaol and the early settlers saw the need of stamping out such offences against society — we seem to be more lenient in such cases nowadays. A resolution was passed by the Council to open roads from Charlottetown to Malpeque, Three Rivers and St. Peters. The need of a church, courthouse and gaol was again urged and Patterson wrote direct to the Colonial Office asking for funds for this purpose. The sum of £3,000 was sent but Dr. Harvey tells us: "That money was not fated to raise any edifice, barred or steepled, which should lead the pioneer either by fear or by love to godliness." There were no carpenters capable of doing the work; Patterson advertised in New England for such workmen without success; time went by. There was no money in the Treasury to pay the salaries of the officials who had received no pay since coming to the Island, so the money was used to pay the salaries, including the Governor's! Later, when an enquiry was held before the Assembly, Patterson was exonerated. The failure of the majority of the proprietors to pay their quit-rents thus threw upon the Home Government the responsibility for the expenses of the Island administration.

In the summer of 1775 Governor Patterson returned to England on one year's absence to put before the Home Government and the proprietors the great need of the Island if it was to be supported in its development. His leave was stretched out to five years in spite of the fact that he was told on at least two occasions that it was His Majesty's pleasure that he return at the earliest opportunity. However he did seem to be working in the Island's interest while in England. The exciting things that happened during his absence we shall take up in our next broadcast.

VIII

During the absence of Governor Patterson the Attorney-General, Hon. Phillips Callbeck, took his place. The year 1775 was notable to the Island for more than the Governor's departure, for in this year the winter mail service by canoe was started and, the American colonies having revolted, two privateers from New England descended upon Charlottetown and carried off the two chief officials and all the plunder they could lay their hands on. Mr Callbeck went down to the wharf and greeted civilly the captains who had landed with armed parties; he was ordered on board and when he obeyed he was struck across the face. He then received orders to pass over his keys with the threat that otherwise his house and store-houses would be broken into. They carried off all the winter supplies of the town, looted Callbeck's and Patterson's houses, taking curtains, rugs, silver, bedding and all movable furniture and rifling the pantries and wine-cellars. While rummaging in Callbeck's house they broke open his wife's private boxes and read her letters, in one of which they discovered that she was the daughter of a Loyalist of Boston, and so they searched for her with the purpose, to use their own words, **"of cutting her throat"**. Fortunately she escaped, being out at their farm, but Mr. Callbeck wrote, "These brutal violators of domestic felicity have left her without a single glass of wine, without a candle to burn or a sufficiency of food of the bread kind, most of the furniture taken away and for all I know all her clothes and jewelry." One piece of furniture was evidently too heavy to carry — a Grandfather's clock which is owned by Mr. Walter Callbeck of Summerside, a descendant of Phillips Callbeck. In 'Americana' for September, 1913, the Secretary of the Scottish Historical Society of North America condemns in terms of the sternest indignation this act of piracy. He says, "The pillaging of the place was not an act of war (though done in the time and colour of war) but of plain, unvarnished piracy, and one which ranks with the most contemptible, cowardly, cruel, dastardly, unjustifiable, unnecessary and wanton acts recorded in history, since the laws of war have been in existence!" (This was written before the real atrocities of the two World Wars). The prisoners were put ashore near General Washington's headquarters where they were treated with the utmost courtesy and released. It is interesting to know that the two captains lost their commissions. After Callbeck and Wright returned home a petition was sent to Lord Howe, praying that action he taken for the immediate protection of the Island and a sloop of war accordingly sent with war arms and ammunition from Halifax. Later four companies of soldiers were sent and barracks were built. Mr. Benjamin Chappell records in his diary that in the same year Malpeque also was plundered and Callbeck reports that two privateers landed at St. Peters and 'began their accustomed wanton depredations by shooting oxen and sheep, and taking but few of them away for use'. This is almost the only part the Island took in the American Revolution except that sometimes a British frigate would appear in Charlottetown harbour with a captured ship.

Governor Patterson returned in June, 1780, after his prolonged absence and spoke most highly of Callbeck's management of affairs — as well he might. He

believed the population had doubled and said, "They are comfortable in their situation, have large stocks of cattle and abound with all the necessaries of life so far as they regard the table." You may be interested in hearing a list of the officials on the Island at that time: Governor-in-Chief, Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Secretary and Registrar, Surveyor of Lands, Minister of the Church of England, King's Agent, Clerk of the Crown and Coroner, Clerk of the Council, Naval Officer, Sheriff or Provost Marshal, a Private Secretary and a Schoolmaster. Needless to say the Schoolmaster's salary was the lowest; he was passing rich on £50 a year. Some may think this is a bit top heavy as one clergyman and one schoolmaster suggests rather a small population; others may feel it shows optimism as to the future of the Island. Later there was a Lieutenant-Governor as well, Mr. DesBrisay filling this post. One of the first acts passed by the Assembly after Patterson's return was to change the name of the Island to New Ireland. In urging its approval to the Home Government the Governor pointed out the confusion existing due to so many places having the name St. John, referring particularly to St. Johns, Newfoundland, as 'being the place longest known by that name to the mercantile and common people at home; and since ever it has been known the idea of fogs and barrenness have been annexed to it. We are so much confounded with this part in particular that people have sailed for Newfoundland, thinking they were coming hither.' The Home Government, however, would not assent to this name as it was already appropriated and stated that the Assembly should have presented a petition to the King, instead of "passing a presumptuous act which was warranted by neither law or usage." And so the Island had to put up with Merchant ships, settlers and letters going astray until in 1798 its name was changed to Prince Edward Island in honour of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who was Commander-in-Chief in British North America at that time. Though he never visited the Island, the Prince's interest in its welfare and the loyalty of its people induced the Assembly to take this step and this time the Privy Council assented to the change of name.

I was wondering how many names our Island had when I came upon a list in Helen Champion's book to which I have added a few more:

(1) Epageit or Abegweit (Cradle in the waves).
(2) Minegoo (the Island in Micmac).
(3) **Ile St. Jean.**
(4) St. John's Island.
(5) Garden of America (Governor Patterson's name for it).
(6) New Ireland.
(7) The Cradle of Confederation.
(8) The Garden of the Gulf.
(9) The Million Acre Farm.
(10) The Home of the Silver Fox Industry.
(11) Crescent Island (suggested by Mr. Lawrence Burpee).
(12) Prince Edward Island.
(13) P.E.I.
(14) The Island
(15) Spud Island
(16) Christmas Tree Island *

*Suggested by an English boy at the NATO Navigation Course, Summerside.

Ada MacLeod in an article in the Dalhousie Review called 'Some Loyalists of Prince Edward Island' quoted Sir Andrew MacPhail as saying that all the 'gentlemen' among the Loyalists went to Ontario. Her comment was: "It is probably true, but as for St. John's Island, covered as it then was with dense virgin forests, this was probably no great disadvantage because gentlemen have not always the markings of good axemen." In writing of the first of the Walker family coming to this Island from the lush meadows of Annan, Scotland, she tells that on viewing the giant maples and pines to be levelled in what is now New Annan he 'sat doon and grat' and it is recorded that when Chief Justice Stewart arrived he remarked, 'Why was I sent here? To judge the trees?' But there was scant time for weeping in those days, and bitter tears had already been shed by the Loyalists. Much is still heard and read about the woes of the exiled Acadians, but Longfellow did not need to go so far afield for his Evangeline. She might easily have been found among the exiles from his own land. One has only to read the novel 'Oliver Wiswell' by Kenneth Roberts, an American himself, to get an idea of the brutality with which those men and women were treated who remained loyal to England.

Many had their property forfeited and were banished with the threat of death should they return. In one month 20 ships left New York, carrying 3,000 men, women and children to the mouth of the St. John River; later 1,500 more were brought there. Patterson said that he left no honest means untried to get the suffering Loyalists to the Island and to have justice done them when here. However, there was so much uncertainty as to the tenure of the land, owing to the evils of absentee landlordism, that many were deterred from coming. A number of landlords offered one fourth of their lots to Loyalists and disbanded soldiers, but few availed themselves of the offer. Those who did found that the title deed could not be obtained and that the promises made them were seldom kept. Appeals were made by the Loyalists to the Home Government, but the influence of the Proprietors was paramount and it took three generations of agitating to bring about, in 1877, the abolition of this abominable system which prevented the Island from getting more of this valuable class of settlers. Ada MacLeod tells the story of some of the Loyalists families who came to Bedeque. One of the early comers was the founder of the Small family, Johannes Wilhelmus von der Schmall (decidedly a gentleman judging by the 'von') whose diary, kept through the Revolutionary War and afterwards, is a source of valuable information of the period. His descendants have many interesting heirlooms, especially handmade furniture. William Schurman, after spending months in gaol, set out for Canada with his wife, ten children and two faithful slaves. There is a tradition that on their journey they were saved from capture much as Robert Bruce was saved. Pursued by rebel soldiers they had taken refuge for the night in a cave; in the morning a spider had spun its web across the mouth of the cave and the soldiers passed by. The Schurmans came to Tryon, and then moved to Bedeque, where they prospered. Mr. Schurman became a member of the Island Assembly.

A neighbour of his was Thomas Hooper whose wife had been lying in bed with her new-born son when the rebels forced an entrance into their home, searching for her husband. They took the bed from under her and subjected her to such cruel treatment that she died a few days later.

In a letter with the heading 'Bedeque Harbour', Island St. John, September 17, 1785, Hooper wrote t his brother: "I have drawn 500 acres in two divisions, 250 on the above harbour, where I can take every kind of shell fish within a quarter of a mile from my door, and oysters in particular, a great abundance. The land appears to be good and has eight or ten acres cleared, formerly a French settlement. Major and I are at Charlottetown to get the articles allowed us by the Government. The Government pays us great attention and serves us in every respect. Major is applying for 300 acres of land to which he is entitled." Major got his land and made such good use of his time while in Charlottetown that when he was established he brought the governor's daughter as a bride to his new home. Richard Robins, another Loyalist, when returning with two neighbours from Charlottetown, a distance of fifty miles on the ice around the coast, was overtaken by a snowstorm; they reached Seacow Head, only a few miles from home, but Robins was too weak to climb the steep bank and took refuge in a cave. A rescuing party found him frozen to death.

Three Quaker Loyalists were William Wright, whose son built Queen's Wharf in Summerside in 1840, named after the young Queen; John Baker, who built a fine house at McDonald's Point; and Daniel Green, whose father had been a friend of William

Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. The names William Penn and that of his wife, Guielma, are still used in the Green Family. Daniel was granted 500 acres of land which is now Summerside; it was called Green's Shore and had been the site of an Indian hunting ground, for many Indian arrows have been found there. It was later a French settlement as the remains of a cellar and of a forge testify. There are many treasured relics of the past owned by the descendants of these colonists, but the treasure they undoubtedly cherish most is the unconquerable spirit of the United Empire Loyalists.

IX

After the Battle of Culloden in 1745 many of the lairds in the Higblands who had followed Prince Charlie were forced into exile and their estates were confiscated. The Highlanders were forbidden to carry arms, to meet together, to hunt and even the wearing — not of the green — but of the kilts was prohibited. The clan system was destroyed and the Highlanders began to emigrate. But it was chiefly a religious motive that brought the Glenaladale Pioneers to the Island in 1772. "The laird in South Uist in the Hebrides was an ultra-zealous Protestant who undertook the conversion of the tenants en masse," Mrs. MacLeod tells us in writing of these pioneers; his method was to station himself at the fork of the road and try to drive them all to the Presbyterian Church when they were on their way to their own Roman Catholic Church. This peculiar type of evangelism was ever afterwards known as the 'Religion of the Yellow Staff,' as that was the colour of the prod he used to get his converts. Next he tried to win the children over by starting schools for them, but this also failed; finally he gave the Catholics a document to sign, renouncing their faith and promising to have nothing more to do with their priests; if they refused to sign they were to be driven from their homes. After consulting with the church authorities they decided to emigrate but where was the money to come from? They could scarcely eke out a living on their little crofts. A deliverer arose in the person of John MacDonald, later known as the "Laird of the Glen"; he was of the Glenaladale clan and the settlers he brought to the Island

are known as the Glenaladale Pioneers. He was persuaded to come here in letters from a party of disbanded Fraser Highlanders who had come to the Island after the fall of Quebec, ten years before.

In the latter part of June, the ship "Alexander" sailed into Hillsborough Bay, past the Acadian capital of Port La Joie, burned by New Englanders a quarter of a century before, and dropped anchor at the new capital, Charlottetown, then a little village, laid out carefully two years before with wide streets and squares. But the stay was brief, for the settlers were anxious to reach their journey's end, and the captain protestingly threaded his way up the narrow, crooked channel of the North East River to Glenaladale Land Lot 36 (Glenaladale was one of the few proprietors fulfilling their obligations). The name of Scotchford, given by the settlers to the spot where they landed, was suggested by the ruin of Frenchfort passed on the way up the river. Workmen had been sent out the previous year by the leader under the charge of his brother Donald, so that a number of rude log cabins were awaiting them. Among these settlers was the first medical doctor of the Island — Dr. Roderick MacDonald, and also the first British-born priest, Rev. James MacDonald, who ministered to the Acadians at Malpeque as well. He had a log church built 30 x 20 ft., with a straw-thatched roof. The religious zeal of the Highlanders was much greater than that of the English, for we read that when an Anglican Bishop came to the Island in 1789 he refused to hold service in the coffee and ball-room. There Mr. Brisay usually officiated, and, though he was energetic in his efforts to arouse the people to the necessity of building a church, it was not until 1801 that the first Anglican Church was completed and ready for Divine Service.

Glenaladale did not himself come to the Island until a year after his Highlanders, and on his arrival he found conditions most unsatisfactory. A number were planning to leave, as provisions were scanty, a ship having failed to arrive with supplies, the crops of the previous year had failed, and, most serious of all, there was widespread dissatisfaction with the matter of rent and land tenure. A number of the discouraged moved to Cape Breton and others went farther east along the north shore of the Island. Glenaladale had provisions, farm implements, cattle, horses, sheep and swine brought to the Island and, the next year's crop being a success, the colonists became more contented and began gradually to prosper. But many a time during those first cruel years of toil and privation their hearts must have yearned for the homeland and cried:

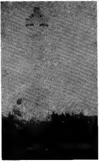
From the lone shielding of the misty island
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
Fair these broad meads, — these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

On the outbreak of the American Revolution John MacDonald joined the British Army and recruited a force among his compatriots of the Island which, with a similar body of Nova Scotia High-

landers became the second battalion of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. He returned after eight years in the forces with a distinguished record and the rank of Captain added to his other titles of "Glenaladale" and "Laird of the Glen". He was afterwards known by the affectionate name of "Captain John". His third son, John, was educated abroad for the Church and, after being a priest in Glasgow for five years, brought out a party of Irish Catholic immigrants whom he settled on the family lands on the south bank of the Hillsborough. The most distinguished of all the descendants of "Captain John" was Sir William MacDonald who lived in Montreal and is said to have done more for education in Canada than any other person. Though he was not a University man himself he contributed millions to McGill University, and MacDonald Colleges at St. Anne's and at Guelph were founded by him. It is rather interesting that, though Sir William made all his money in tobacco, he did not smoke himself. Mrs. Macleod writes that of all these early settlers none exerted such an influence as Rev. Angus Bernard (afterwards Bishop) MacEachern ... He spent nearly half a century journeying through the pathless forests of the Island and the mainland to the scattered settlements, and there is still preserved in St. John's Convent, Charlottetown, the combined boat and sled built by his own hands for crossing rivers in the spring. At the same time the Gaelic-speaking Dr MacGregor, first Presbyterian minister on the Island, was engaged in the same task and the two were firm friends. Bishop MacEachern was equally respected by the Protestants as by his own people. On the spot where stood the little log church at Scotchfort, there now rises a noble Celtic cross of

Scotch granite, erected in 1922 by the widely scattered descendants of these pioneers, in honoured memory of the fore-fathers who bore so worthy a part in the upbuilding of Church and Society in the province. Mrs. Macleod writes "Prince Edward Island is not without visible and treasured links with the days of Prince Charlie." A lovely miniature on ivory encircled with the green garter and buckle he wore at Prestonpans is in the possessions of the Hunt Family and Hon. Alan Stewart of Strathgartney has among other treasures the antlers of a deer shot by the Prince.

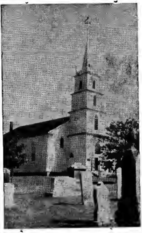
And now we come to the celebrated Selkirk Settlers. Eight hundred Highlanders were brought out to the Island in the year 1803 by the Earl of Selkirk. He was of the Douglas clan, famed in ballad and legend and when at Edinburgh University he had become a close friend of Sir Walter Scott. He was a remarkable man, of a restless and venturesome disposition and his name or titles have been given to towns, rivers, mountains and settlements from the Island to the Yukon. Ever since the Battle of Culloden conditions for the crofters in the Highlands had been growing steadily worse. Selkirk bought 80,000 acres of the lots of the defaulting proprietors in the vicinity of Point Prim and what is now known as Belfast; the latter name is not after the city of that name in Northern Ireland but a corruption of the French phrase La Belle Face, given to this site for its beauty. The story of the voyage of the Polly and her two sister ships has all the material for a romance of the sea. It is a bit surprising that Captain Marryatt, a writer of sea-stories popular when I was young, should have used in one of his tales



Monument to the Glenaladale settlers at Scotchfort a tragic incident which took place on the Island rather than taking as the basis of a sea romance the adventures of the famous ship the Polly. The story goes that when the Captain of the Polly was hailed by a British man-of-war in search of men for the navy — it was the time of the Napoleonic wars when the navy was recruited by press gangs — he signalled that his crew and passengers were all down with ship-fever; the captain of the man-of-war gave them what help he could and the Polly passed on, safe for the time. Another story is that one day a suspicious looking ship was sighted, which gained on them and was discovered to be a pirate ship. The resourceful captain again met the emergency. Fortunately the Polly had formerly been a man-of-war, so the captain opened up the port-holes, stationed crew and passengers about the ship in such a way as to give the impression that the ship was prepared for defence, and the pirate ship sailed away. For some days the Polly, when off the Newfoundland banks, was caught in an ice-pack and was in serious danger but again she escaped. Three children were born on board and three deaths took place. The Polly, which was much the largest ship of the three, brought over three-quarters of the eight hundred Selkirk settlers; they comprised nearly all trades and occupations, elders of the church, dominies (teachers, that is), farmers, soldiers, tailors, blacksmiths, millers and shepherds, in fact they were a complete self-contained group of sturdy Scots highly fitted to meet the emergencies and difficulties of creating new homes out of the wilderness. The Polly was the first ship to arrive at Charlottetown early in August, 1803; then they proceeded to Point Prim where they were dismayed to find no one to welcome them,

though Lord Selkirk had set sail from Scotland some days before their departure. They saw before them an impenetrable wilderness, for nature again possessed the land that had been cleared fifty years before by the French. They put up what slight shelter they needed and in a day or two Selkirk and his agents arrived and the work of conquering the wilderness began. Now no finer farmland can be seen on Prince Edward Island than that around Belfast and, though many of the descendants of these courageous, hardy pioneers have wandered far, all are intensely proud of their ancestors who came over in the Polly and her sister ships.

Mr. John MacGregor, a leader in the fight for democratic government on the Island, writes of the nationalities of the inhabitants and sums up their characteristics in the following words: "When travelling through the settlement we discover the inhabitants to consist of Englishmen from about every country in the Kingdom; Scotchmen, who, it is true, predominate, from the Highlands, Hebrides and the southern counties; Irishmen from different parts of the Emerald Isle; Acadian French; American Loyalists; and a few Dutch, Germans and Swedes. The English farmer does not reconcile himself so readily as the Scotch settler does to the privations necessarily connected, for the first few years, with being set down in a new country . . . and it is not until he is sensibly assured of succeeding and bettering his conditions that he becomes fully reconciled to the country. The American Loyalists, are, in general, industrious and independent in their circumstances, extremely ingenious, building their own homes, doing their own joiner work, mason work, glazing and painting. The men



(4) by another portage to Fortune;
Belfast Church where many of the Selkirk settlers are buried including Lord Selkirk's daughter.

make their own shoes, their ploughs, harrows and carts, as well as their sledges; the women spin, knit, and weave linens and coarse woollen clothes for domestic use." It was not long before Scots, Irish, English, Loyalists and French were united as Islanders, striving for free land, free education for all, self government representing the whole community, happy in their new home of peace and plenty, cradled on the waves.

X

As early as 1770, when Governor Patterson arrived on the Island, trouble due to absentee-landlordism began and continued for over one hundred years, until in 1877 the Land Purchase Act was passed which vested in the Government of Prince Edward Island all lots previously sold. Our Island thus had a taste of the conditions existing in Ireland for centuries.

Of all the settlers the United Empire Loyalists seemed to have suffered most. They were allowed to settle on the land with the assurance that their titles were good, many of the proprietors having offered them one quarter of their lots. They cleared the land, built houses for themselves and their families, cultivated the fields. Then they were told that they would have to move, that they had no rights whatever. But the Island Government was also in a bad way, owing to the non payment of the quit-rents by the absentee proprietors. These quit-rents had been designed to meet the expenses of government and many of the officials had to depend on what private means they might have as there were often no salaries forthcoming. Here is how Judge Warburton speaks of the proprietors:

"Some few of these gentlemen honourably endeavoured to fulfill their obligations, but the great majority quite ignored them. Bills drawn on the proprietor's agent by the officers of government, who depended on the quit-rents for their pay, were dishonoured. Those who were without private resources were, for long periods, left without means of support.

Year in and year out, there is the same story of these men's shameless breach of the conditions upon which they held their lands, and of the undertaking they had entered into when they procured the establishment of a separate government for the Island. Many of them held their lands simply for the purpose of speculation, without the slightest intention of performing the conditions of their grants."

Unfortunately they possessed sufficient influence with the authorities in England to thwart the efforts of the local government and legislature to compel them to discharge their obligations. Governor Patterson did much to alleviate the grievous wrongs under which the people of the Island laboured, he made every effort to bring new settlers here and to get fair treatment for them, but there is an undoubted stigma left on his name for misappropriating funds sent from England for building a church, a court house and a gaol. You will remember he and the other members of the government had received no salary for years and he used this money to pay up the arrears; however, there was a phrase used which put scarcely the best light on his action. The money was paid the officials, (I quote); "So that they might live and dress in a way befitting their station." In spite of the bitter denunciation of Chief Justice Stewart and others, Patterson managed to get the Assembly to exonerate him. He did not gain popularity by taking five years when given one year's leave of absence in England though he probably used the opportunity thus afforded to bring to the attention of the home Government the conditions on the Island due to the failure of the proprietors to carry out their obligations.

After his return to the Island he decided to sell the land of the defaulting landlords and he did so before notice of the proposed sale reached them in England, buying large areas of the land himself at bargain prices. The Island Assembly approved the sale in a bill which was disallowed by His Majesty King George III and the Government was commanded to submit to the Assembly another bill annulling the sales.

It is extremely interesting to read that the Assembly gave summary treatment to this bill which they said was "highly detrimental to the settlement of the colony . . . and that it also appeared to them that it was founded on misrepresentation."

And so little Prince Edward Island began its fight for democracy. Governor Patterson was recalled and General Edmund Fanning, a Loyalist, was sent to take his place. Governor Fanning held office for eighteen years, the longest period of any Governor in the Island's history. His first Assembly he dissolved as there was much ill-feeling between those favoring himself and those who had supported Patterson. He issued writs for a new one in March, 1790, in which, he reported to the Secretary of State, harmony prevailed. It must indeed have carried out his wishes for it lasted twelve years and had been called the "Long Parliament of Prince Edward Island."

Mr. Hart says: "Fanning's regime was an era of calm before and after a period of political storm. No great changes were made for better or worse during all his eighteen years of office." A writer of the time says of Fanning: "His ruling passion was that of acquiring landed property in the colony and he succeeded

in securing to himself some of the best tracts without proceeding to any violent measures." It was his daughter, you may remember, Lady Wood, who left a will instructing that her lands on the Island should be sold and half of the proceeds used for the Micmac Indians of the Island.

There are two interesting items in the public accounts for May, 1789:

"To cash paid Benjamin Chappell for repairing the Stocks (The contrivance for punishing offenders) . . . 15s". (He is the writer of the first diary on the Island.)

"To cash paid Ann Richardson for the use of her house for church for one year . . . £40".

Fanning seemed to think that the latter item was reckless extravagance, for he decided to buy a house, "one part of which he appropriated for the performance of public divine service during the time he shall he continued in the government of this Island, whereby there is and will be a saving of £10 a year to the public, which sum has heretofore annually been paid for the hire of a room for a church." He retired with a pension of £500 in 1804 while poor Patterson who really did much more for the development of the Island, died in extreme poverty in London, leaving his wife destitute.

Colonel DesBarres came to the Island in 1805 with the resounding titles of Lieutenant-Governor, Commander-in-chief and Vice-Admiral of Prince Edward Island. He, like Captain Holland, had been aide-de-camp to Wolfe at Quebec and was now eighty-three years of age. In spite of his advanced age, this spirited old soldier set about raising a force of militia for the protection of the colony and with the outbreak of the War of 1812, he urged the Assembly to adopt measures for the Island's defense.

However, no attack was made. Perhaps the ghost fleet of which the Governor was Vice Admiral frightened off the Americans! During his regime the Island prospered quietly and immigrants came from Guernsey and from Argyllshire.

Charles Douglas Smith succeeded DesBarres as Governor; about him I am going to quote from Mr. George Hart as he sums up in a masterly way his character and actions: "Like Charles I of England he was doubtless a firm believer in the divine right of governors, for, during his sojourn here he kept the colony in a ferment with his many acts of injustice and tyranny. But, unlike Charles I, he had not the nobility of bearing which hides a multitude of sins. As a man, Smith was puffed up by his own importance, overbearing and insolent. As a governor he showed tremendous ignorance of or contempt for British constitutional procedure and British fair play. His period of rule — or rather misrule — was a time of strife between Governor and Assembly. The people's representative stood up valiantly for their rights. They impeached him for many offences among which was "a gross abuse and misapplication of public money." Having two arrogant sons-in-law and a son under age Smith had ample opportunity of creating a "family compact" and using nepotism to the full. His son was given the rank and salary of a naval officer and the post of Acting Provost Marshal.

Once while holding these exaulted positions, this youth, in a playful or vengeful mood, broke a window in the Legislative Chamber when the Assembly was in session; to use his own words: "I up with my fist and slashed it through the window." For this act of vandalism he was lodged in gaol. Justice for such offenses against property was evidently meted out more promptly in those days than it is today, — but it was not always justice, as we shall see in our next broadcast when we glance at some of the methods of punishment used by our ancestors on the Island.

Smith caused much suffering when he demanded that the inhabitants pay the old arrears in quit-rents. But the people would stand his despotism no longer. A great petition and 'grand remonstrance' was drawn up and signed by men from all three counties. Captain John Stewart was commissioned to carry the petition to the King. The Governor countered by ordering his arrest, but Stewart made his escape in a barrel which was smuggled on board ship. He reached London and presented the Island's petition to King George IV and Smith's reign of injustice was over. His successor was a man of very different calibre, but we must leave the study of his regime till next week as I want to tell you the story of Blumine.

Many of you will have heard of Blumine. Mrs. Macleod told her story in the Dalhousie Review, for April, 1925. I can give you only a resume of it, quoting from her introductory paragraph:

"The little province by the sea has given to the world many notable sons and daughters. But of them all none perhaps excels in romantic interest the Maiden

who in a manner links Prince Edward Island to Carlyle, the great sage of Chelsea. She was Margaret Gordon of Charlottetown, the first love of Carlyle."

In 1785 a young doctor, Alexander Gordon, came to Charlottetown from Logie O'Buchan, Scotland, and was attached to two companies of the Black Watch then stationed there. Governor Patterson's daughter, Margaret, and the dashing young medical officer fell in love and married.

Mrs. Macleod quotes from an old account book of his, and she says there were many more similar items.

July 10, 1787 — 1/2 doz. pairs of stockings 3/8.

July 15, 1787 — 1 pair large best-plated buckles, 9/0.

July 30, 1787 — 1 pott pomatum, 1/.

August 2, 1787 — 1 pair garters, /9.

He seems to have been, as Mrs. Macleod says, 'a bit reckless', for though his father-in-law gave him, for loyal service during the American War, 36 acres of land he could not manage to make both ends meet and, when their youngest daughter, Margaret, was about three or four years old, his property was seized for debts and the family left Charlottetown for Halifax where they lived in poverty for a few years, until Dr. Gordon's death. Two of his daughters were then sent back to Scotland and were brought up by an aunt in Kirkcaldy with a combined income of £45 a year. Here came as a teacher young Thomas Carlyle and fell in love with the tall, fair, graceful, Margaret Gordon. However the aunt was inflexible, she had higher ambitions for her niece than the impecunious young school teacher. Thomas Carlyle passed on to a leading position in the literary world of his day. He always remembered his "Blumine," the Goddess of Flowers, describing her with a lovely and charming touch in "Sartor Resartus" and his "Reminiscences", and speaking of her frequently to his friends. Jane Walsh, whom he married later in life, was even a bit jealous of Carlyle's "Rose Maiden". This marriage was not happy as both Thomas and Jane were very difficult to live with and a wag has said that if Jane had married some one else, and Thomas his first love, four people, instead of two, would have been unhappy.

Margaret Gordon married Alexander Bannerman, who was later knighted, and just fifty years after she and her family left Prince Edward Island in want and under a cloud, she returned to Charlottetown as Lady Bannerman and Governor's lady with cannon booming and all the town illuminated in her honour. A Charlottetown friend wrote thus of her in a letter: "Few women of her century had such true and wide culture or grasp of intellect, and withal she was one of the most humble and sincere Christians I have ever met."

XI

With the removal of Smith as Governor of Prince Edward Island the people had won the first round in their fight for freedom. It was the same struggle as was carried on elsewhere, for the control of the expenditure of public funds, in other words for responsible government, for he who pays the piper should be allowed to call the tune. Although the Island raised all the money by this time for carrying on the government, except for paying the Governor's salary, the Governor and his Council had complete control over expenditures and were responsible only to the Colonial Office in far-away London.

For seven prosperous years from 1824 to 1831 there was a lull in the struggle, for John Stewart, having presented his petition to the king for the removal of Smith, came back accompanied by Col. John Ready as Lieutenant Governor, a man who must ever be held in honour by us, for he did everything possible to understand our problems and to promote our interests in the seven years he held office.

Judge Warburton says of him: "He was not long in winning the confidence and respect of the people. During his first summer here he visited almost every section of the Island. He made the public interests his own and acquainted himself with the country and its needs. With energy and ability he devoted himself to the work of building up and improving the province. Not by precept alone, but by his own example and active exertions, and largely at his own expense, he led the way in promoting the Island's welfare. He encouraged agriculture, which he saw must be the staple industry of the Island. To improve the stock he imported from England, for breeding purposes, some of the finest animals that have been brought here. He gave an impetus to the profession of agriculture which it has never lost." Shortly after his arrival he caused a general election to be held. In the opening session His Excellency gave, as his reason for so soon calling the members together, the need of revising and continuing such beneficial acts as had expired, or were about to expire, and for considering such other measures as were necessary for the welfare and good government of the Island.

Much useful legislation was enacted at this session; among other matters measures were taken for the encouragement of education, for the preservation of oysters, appointing juries, regulating pilots and the fisheries, preventing forest fires, etc., etc. A large sum from the small revenue was devoted to roads and bridges. The British Parliament had passed an act to regulate the trade between His Majesty's possessions in America and the West Indies and opening free ports in the various colonies; the Assembly drew the attention of the Governor to the fact that no free port had been mentioned for the Island and begged him to bring the matter to the notice of the Secretary of State. They suggested that Charlottetown, Three Rivers and Princetown be opened to this commerce — Summerside was still only Green Shore. Governor Ready endeavoured to make himself fully acquainted with conditions everywhere on the Island and on the opening of the second session he congratulated the Legislature on the increasing industry and tranquility apparent on all sides. However, the struggle between the Assembly and the Council with regard to the expenditure of funds came up in an intensified form in this and subsequent sesions. The Secretary of State for the Colonies took the Assembly's part in the controversy and wrote the Governor to express to the Council his regret that they should lay claims to rights which were outworn and which were not easy to reconcile to the principles of the British Constitution. Still the quarrel continued.

A bill was introduced to prevent the importation and circulation of base copper coin and much difficulty was experienced on the Island because of the scarcity of proper circulating currency. There is an interesting article in Mr. Benjamin Bremmer's "An Island Scrap Book" from which I should like to quote. It is the story of the Holey Dollar.

"The story of this interesting specimen of Canadian money brings us at once into the atmosphere of pirates on the Spanish Main who reckoned their gains in 'pieces of eight.' A few centuries ago the Spanish Government minted a large thick silver coin that was current over much of the world and was known as the Spanish Dollar. It had such a wide circulation and was so eagerly sought after that the British Government merely restamped it and used it for circulation in the Old Country. At the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the last century this coin was in circulation in Eastern Canada and the New England States. Its purchasing power varied in different localities, being very high in Halifax and as a consequence enterprising merchants collected them and sent them to Halifax to make profit on the exchange." Due to this and other

causes the currency problem on the Island became serious and, for once in his long regime, Governor Smith had an inspiration for the benefit of the Island. He had collected all the Spanish dollars available and ordered a disc cut from center of them valued at one shiling, the remaining portion being valued at 5 shillings; thus there were two coins where one had been before and the advantage was that they were negotiable only on the Island. However, there was a canny Scot (I believe) who discovered that the shilling piece had almost two shillings' worth of silver in it, and he began secretly collecting the coins to send them to England to be melted down. When he had a goodly number be shipped them off but Davey Jones received them and for all we know they are still reposing in his locker. These two coins are extremely rare now and far too expensive for the ordinary collector. Mr. Bremmer tells us that a numismatist in Vancouver is the only proud possessor of the pair of coins as far as he knew. Still the difficulty of the currency remained unsolved. Various experiments were tried, paper money was used for a short time, then actually leather notes were introduced; it was even suggested that grain be used as a means of exchange. One writer of the time remarked that he expected to see birch bark and shingles introduced as legal tender. About the middle of the century merchants had designed and imported kegs of copper coins. In 1871, two years before we entered Confederation, we adopted the decimal system and used dollars and cents and so our currency problem was solved.

When, in my last broadcast, reference was made to the imprisoning of Governor Smith's son for breaking a window I suggested that some typical cases of

the administration of justice in the early days in Charlottetown should be glanced at tonight. In 1804 a man at the other end of the social scale, a negro called Black Jack, was found guilty of stealing 10d and the court was pleased to pass the following sentence, "that the said Black Jack be placed at the end of a cart or sled and be whipped from the gaol to the stocks, thence to the wharf and thence back to the gaol, but during the said whipping he is to receive not more than sixty lashes." Such humane treatment was not exhibited later, in Governor Smith's day, when a man had been thus beaten and the Governor, considering the punishment not sufficiently severe, ordered that he should be beaten again the next day. They were unable to carry out his instructions as the man had already died. "Those were the days", Mr. Burpee tells us in the 'Canadian Geographic Magazine', "when hungry men were hanged for stealing a loaf of bread and sentenced to 39 lashes for minor offences; (one wonders what were the minor offences); and when a jury brought in a verdict of 'not guilty' because, they said, though they had no doubt of the man's guilt, he had a wife and seven children, and to send him to gaol would be a severe burden on the community." We have in these cases evidence of man's inhumanity to man, I suppose. What shall we say of the present day laxity? Is it just an automatic swinging of the pendulum? There was a day, we are told, when Summerside 'made the punishment fit the crime.' A thief who had abstracted five pounds from a merchant's till was taken to Queen's Wharf, a rope tied around his waist (not his neck as might have been done perhaps in Charlottetown!) and he was ducked in the chill October waters, a separate douse for each pound he stole.

In Governor Ready's first session of the Assembly measures were taken up and enacted for the encouragement of Education, we are told. At long last the government body was becoming conscious of the sinister neglect of education on the Island. Time and again in Smith's regime the Assembly had passed bills and voted money for education, only to have them thrown out by the Council.

As far back as 1790 Governor Fanning had announced to the Legislature: "It becomes my indispensable duty in obedience to His Majesty's royal instructions, to recommend to you the expediency of entering upon some methods for the erecting and maintenance of schools, in order for the training up of youth to necessary knowledge of the principles of religion and virtue." We find eleven years later that he is urging the erection of a school house and the endowment of a public school, though an act for raising a revenue for erecting and maintaining Public Schools in this Province, passed by the Assembly, had been thrown out by the Council. In spite of all the agitation as late as 1828 the amount spent per year on education for the whole province is the incredibly small sum of under $1,400.

Following is a description of schools and teachers of these early days which I found in the 'Prince Edward Island Magazine': "Usually persons of shipwrecked character and blasted prospects in life, after every other resource failed, became a teacher; sometimes a man too proud to beg, too upright to steal, would consent to wield the birch." If the population of a village moved away the school house was moved along with them. In those days teachers would compete for schools, not schools for teachers, though the lot of the teacher was not a happy or, one would think, a very profitable one; he was boarded from house to house and was held in no respect whatever but rather as a 'handyman'. One teacher, who had been a court crier, in the old country, is said to have summoned his children into the schoolhouse with 'Oyez, oyez, oyez! Come into the school.' Before dismissing school at noon he would say grace and also before dismissing it in the afternoon. One district had a schoolhouse which had been a cabin on a ship that was wrecked; and the teacher had also been ship-wrecked! This teacher boasted that he had the loudest school in the Island; his children read and spelt aloud in unison and their voices could be heard for a long distance landward and out-to-sea. In these schools the birch rod and the fool's cap seem to have been the chief equipment; fighting boys were made to play 'Wrap Jacket', that is each was armed with a switch and they beat each other until one was exhausted. About the middle of the century in country districts, teachers being difficult to get, the post was sometimes filled up by a 'farmer-teacher.' He would be up early and get a lot of work done and then go to school and have a rest. If any of you who are listening in had ancestors who were teachers I hope they did not belong to any of the types described in this talk.

In 1829 an act was actually got through both houses establishing an academy in Charlottetown but it was not till 1836 that a loan could be raised to put up the building. In 1860, when Edward VII as Prince of Wales visited the Island this Central Academy was

renamed for him. About the same time St. Andrew's College, later to become St. Dunstan's University, was founded by Bishop McEachern. It was not until 1830 that Roman Catholics, through the Imperial Parliament, received the franchise and other rights and privileges previously enjoyed only by the Protestants. It took almost one hundred years for the authorities to agree that women also were citizens and capable of casting a vote. One may wonder if women's status has anything to do with the changed attitude in Government circles towards the education of our children.

There were three Grammar Schools, one in each county; the masters were appointed by the Governor; the master of the Charlottetown school received the munificent salary of £100 (under $500); the masters of the other two schools received £50 each and the masters of the district schools were reimbursed annually to the extent of £12 (less than $60); and in spite of their naural lack of preparation these district school teachers had to pass an examination before the Board of Education appointed by the Governor in Council. Those were indeed the good old days.

XII

Tonight our talk is about "Wooden Ships and Iron Men", about ship-building and ship -wrecks. It is only in the nature of things that Prince Edward Island should have produced, in proportion to its size, more able-bodied seamen and deep-sea captains than any other part of British North America. The story of ship-building here began as early as 1721 in the French regime when a ship of 100 tons was built at St. Peters, for carrying codfish to Europe. Another was built about the same time for seal and sea-cow industry, and one of 65 tons for the West Indian trade.

However, the "age of sail" did not begin for the Island until early in the 19th Century. Mr. Hart says of the Island "it came of age with a sickle in one hand and a ship's tiller in the other." Our groves of fine birch, pine and oak stood ready for the axe and every harbour, creek and bay soon echoed the sound of the ship-builders' hammer. The chief places where ship-building was carried on were Murray Harbour, Charlottetown, Summerside, Georgetown, Cardigan, St. Peters, Souris, Morell, Bedeque, Bideford and Port Hill. Between 1830 and 1873, when we entered Confederation 3,000 ships were built on the Island, averaging 200 tons.

In 1851, the year that responsible government was granted to the Island, James C. Pope built Summerside's first ship and about ten years later Summerside, which had been known as Green's Shore, became the second most important port on the Island. "At first,"

Mr. Hart says, "Island men were only builders and financiers who built their ships to sell abroad. Most of the smaller vessels were used in the coastal trade and the larger ones were loaded with timber and sold, cargo and all, in England and occasionally in the West Indies." But Islanders soon came to realize that they had other products to sell and that their supply of trees was not inexhaustible. There were markets for potatoes, oats, wheat, and cattle fattened on the rich Island pastures; in a short time our ships and our sailors were to be seen in all parts of the world. Our people had become sea-conscious and they sailed the Seven Seas. It is said that out of a class of boys in one country district school thirteen schoolmates became shipmasters.

Again I quote from Mr. Hart: "Island seamen became noted for their great skill and physique. Point Prim gave perhaps more men to the sea than any other district. These were the descendants of the Skye pioneers, hardy men, rugged men, men born to command, Kings of the sea." This lure and love of the sea is given perfect expression by Masefield in his "Sea Fever". May I quote it in full?

I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

The worst disaster that ever befell fishermen in this part of the world was the great "American gale" in October, 1851. Off the north coast of the Island is a wide stretch of the best mackerel fishing to be found anywhere and many fishermen from Nova Scotia and New England frequented these fishing grounds. The sun rose clearly on the morning of Friday, October 4th, and the sea was as calm "as innocence asleep." More than one hundred schooners all sails set were seen standing in towards the Island — a magnificent sight — the captains were probably expecting to get their fish in the shallow water; it was late in the season but often the best catches are made then. During the day the brilliant sunshine turned to a grayish sky and towards evening it became black and threatening; the wind was blowing freshly from the south-east and about 4 P.M. the fleet started to take off, but they were too late trying to work clear of the land or to lie at anchor and outride the storm. After sunset a heavy swell arose and the captains watched their glasses with anxious faces.

The next morning, what wind! What rain! What devastation! The water was convulsive, the beach a seething mass of foam, the roar was deafening and terrifying. The wind had shifted east and then north; the night that followed was indescribable; the storm continued in undiminished fury all day Saturday and Saturday night. Continuing on Sunday it diminished towards night. The rain and the spray had made it impossible for the watchers on land to see what was taking place at sea. As the storm abated help could be given; our sand dunes were a blessing; had our north shore been rock-bound probably none would have been saved and no dories recovered. It is impossible to describe the desolation. On the Cavendish shore one of the wrecks was seen with thirteen men almost naked from the buffeting of the gale lashed to the rigging. A waterlogged vessel was aground; boarding it the searchers found ten men — all the crew — dead in the cabin; in an adjoining cove fourteen men, who had tasted no food since the beginning of the gale on Friday, and this was Sunday, in desperation made two empty casks fast to ropes and threw them into the water; they floated ashore and the ropes were fastened to trees by the landsmen; four of the men were able to save themselves by this means. Later the hull was lifted by a tremendous wave and landed in the sand near a cliff and the other men were enabled to scramble to safety.

At Rustico the loss of life was shocking beyond words; one New Englander lost four sons and a nephew, the details are too harrowing. On Monday, between East Point and North Cape lay eighty wrecks and about 150 drowned men. Many ships and men were lost out at sea. In the "News of Gloucester," (Mass.), the most important fishing town in New England, the storm was reported and I wish to quote from this paper the expressions of gratitude of the survivors towards the people of the Island:

"They (the survivors) all speak in the warmest terms of gratitude of the universal hospitality and kindness which they and all the shipwrecked men received at the hands of those generous and humane

Islanders. In the midst of the storm they were on the shore to render every aid in their power to save life. After it had abated they cheerfully offered their services to assist in the preservation of property. They bore from the wrecks the bodies of those who had perished, prepared them for the grave at their own expense and administered to them the last sad rites of humanity. Nor was that all, they opened their doors to those who had no shelter, fed and clothed the destitute and bestowed upon the sufferers every possible assistance that could alleviate their misfortune, and every attention humanity could devise. At the instance of many of our returned townsmen our exchanges of Halifax, and P.E. Island papers, are requested to make known to their readers the feelings of grateful remembrance in which the wrecked fishermen of Gloucester will always hold the generous hospitality extended to them in their misfortune."

Everyone has heard of the clipper ship, called the Marco Polo, for the famous Venetian traveller of the Thirteenth Century. She was considered the fastest ship of her day, was built in Saint John, N.B., and after thirty-two years on the sea making history, returned to the Maritimes to rest her bones on the beach at Cawnpore, Cavendish. Mr. G. H. Bell, of Summerside, and his brother Captain Harry Bell watched her from their ship with a telescope, as she approached the shore and ran aground in hazy weather. Mr. Bell tells me that across the bow were two carved reclining figures of Marco Polo with an elephant standing between them and that the figurehead under the bow sprit was in the form of a woman. Of all the things that must have been salvaged from this famous ship we know of only two treasures: one of the Marco Polo figures, which was for years nailed to the wall of Mr. John Johnstone's barn at Long River, was given by him to Mr. F. E. Holman of Saint John for the Historical Museum there; the other is the elephant which was found in a woodpile, badly defaced and mutilated. It was "too hard to chop up" and so was salvaged. It had been beautifully restored and Chief Justice **Thane A. Campbell** has it hanging on the wall of his dining room in Stanley.* The life story of the Marco Polo is told by F. W. Wallace in his book "Wooden Ships and Iron Men." I am going to quote a part of it for you:

"One of the most famous ships that sailed the seas in the days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men" was the Marco Polo. This remarkable ship was built at Saint John, N.B., in 1850 and in the heyday of her career was considered the fastest ship afloat. She was a three decker of 1600 tons, 184 feet in length and designed for the East India trade. Her dimensions were such that it was designed to await the spring tide before launching. They were unable to check her rapid movement when she was sliding down the ways, and she ran aground in the mud on the opposite side of the creek and then beeled over. Two weeks later she was hauled off slightly "bogged", but not otherwise damaged. Her maiden voyage was to Liverpool with a cargo of timber and scrap iron."

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* Since giving this broadcast I have received a letter from Mr. R. K. Clements of Montague saying that he has in his office the other figures of Marco Polo.

Although not designed for a clipper ship it was claimed by sailor-men of that day that the slight twist received by her hull during the time she lay on the flats accounted for her speed, but many of the fast voyages to her credit were no doubt largely due to the men who commanded her.

She was taken over by the Black Ball Line and put on the Australian trade route at the time of the tremendous gold rush there in 1852. She was luxuriously fitted up — even for our day — for the emigrant service. Here is Mr. Wallace's description in part: "On deck forward of the poop, which was used as a ladies' cabin, was a 'home on deck' used as a dining salon. It was ceiled with maple, and the pilasters were panelled with ornamental silvered glass, coins of various countries being a feature of the decorations. Between each pilaster was a circular aperture about six feet in circumference over which was placed a sheet of plate glass with a cleverly painted picturesque view in the centre with a frame work and scroll in opaque colors and gold. The saloon doors were panelled in stained glass bearing figures of Commerce and Industry . . . The upholstery was in embossed crimson velvet; the berths in separate staterooms were rendered cheerful by circular glass hatchlights of novel and effective construction." It sounds quite palatial for a ship taking men to the gold fields, doesn't it? But it does not seem to have interfered with her speed, for with Captain James Forbes in command she beat the new steamer 'Australia' by a week in sailing from Liverpool to Melbourne in 68 days, her best days run on the voyage being 364 miles.

The Marco Polo made in all six trips to Australia, carrying on her first trip 930 passengers and a crew of 80 men. On her second trip she brought back £280,000 worth of gold dust. She continued in the Australian trade until 1867. "After this," Wallace says, "she trailed out from the company of the clipper packets — water soaked and strained — and went into tramping, but finally came under the Norwegian flag and staggered across the Western Ocean, timber-laden and with a windmill pump discharging the water which seeped in through her strained and sodden fabric which had to be held together with frappings. In August, 1883, on her way from Quebec she sprang a leak in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and was stranded at Cavendish where she broke up completely in a gale some weeks later."

Where are now the captains
Of those racing roaring days
Who of knowledge and of courage
Drove the clippers on their ways —
To the farthest ounce of pressure,
To the latest stitch of sail,
'Carried on' before the tempest
Till the waters lapped the rail?
Oh, the merry, manly skippers
Of the traders and the clippers,
They are sleeping East and West,
And the brave blue sea shall hold them,
And the oceans five enfold them
In the haven where they rest.

Where are now the Captains
Of the gallant days agone?
They are biding in their places,
And the Great Deep bears no traces
Of their good ships passed and gone.
They are biding in their places,
Where the light of God's own grace is,
And the Great Deep thunders on.
Yea, with never port to steer for,
And with never storm to fear for,
They are waiting, worn and white,
And they hear no more the calling
Of the watches or the falling
Of the sea rain in the night.

We know that one captain is lying safe in a church-yard in Liverpool. On his tombstone is written, "Sacred to the memory of Captain James Nicol Forbes, who commanded the famous clipper ship the Marco Polo."

XIII

As this is the last broadcast in this series I hope you will bear with me if I recall to your minds the land question and our fight for democratic government which were interwoven in the development of our Island story. I spoke of the seven prosperous years under Colonel Ready and the regret felt by all at his departure. His tenure of office was distinguished by "activity, energy and usefulness," it was said at the time; the population largely increased and commerce and agriculture took on renewed life during his term on the Island. He was followed by Colonel Young — the governorship of the colonies seems to have been then, as now, a reward for distinguished military service, though often they must have looked back with regret to the field of battle. A great wave of new settlers came to the Island during Young's short term of office, due to a number of bad years in the British Isles. They came from the Island of Skye, from Ireland, from Devon, Cornwall, Norfolk and Suffolk. The Island increased also in wealth; forty new ships were built in one year and overseas trade increased amazingly. In 1832 a link was forged with the outside world when a little steamer, the Pocahontas, began to carry mail and passengers twice a week between Charlottetown and Pictou, the first regular communication with the mainland. All this prosperity brought little happiness to the farming communities for, no sooner did the landlords hear of it, then they demanded the payment of rents adding the arrears which had been accumulating throughout the years of struggle and hardship. Evictions were attempted by the bailiff such as took place in Ireland. Mr. Hart says, "On one occasion some of the King's County farmers resisted the bailiff and hamstrung his horses." Sir Charles Fitzroy, who was the Governor at this time, advised the landlords to sell a part of their lands or to allow the tenants something for their improvements. An effort was made in 1839 to curtail the power of the Council, which had been opposing every reform initiated in the Assembly, by creating a Legislative Council apart from the Executive Council as one public man remarked, "It was just cutting a rotten orange in two in order to improve its flavor". It was not until 1853 that the Land Purchasing Act was passed through the two Houses but the Imperial Parliament would not guarantee a loan to buy the land from the proprietors in order to sell it at a moderate rate to the tenants, and in consequence very few estates were bought. A Land Commission was appointed in 1860 to investigate the whole question, and Judge Warburton says their report the next year was a valuable one, recommending the enforcement of the Land Purchase Act with certain guards and modifications. Twenty years before this Lord Durham, then Governor of British North America, had been asked by the Colonial Secretary for his opinion on the subject. He expressed it in no uncertain terms; it is altogether too long to quote but I must give a few excerpts from it to show how an unprejudiced person viewed the question. "The extreme improvidence — I might say the reckless improvidence — which dicated these grants (the lots drawn for in London) is obvious; the total neglect of the government as to the enforcing the conditions of these grants is no less so . . . but in the meantime the inhabitants of the Island are subjected to the greatest inconvenience — nay the most serious injury — from the state of the property in land. The absent proprietors will neither improve the land themselves nor let others improve it . . . Your Lordship can scarcely conceive the degree of injury inflicted on a new settlement hemmed in by wilderness land which has been placed under the control of government and is entirely neglected by absent proprietors." But, as we know, nothing was done nor was the report of the Commissioners of 1861 acted upon. The inhabitants were kept in a state of uncertainty until 1877 when the British Government agreed to enforce the Land Purchase Act, and so all the estates not already purchased by the Island Government were vested in it, and at long last our people were enabled to reap the reward of their labour. In the fight for freedom on this Island we owe the deepest gratitude to three generations of men whose determination, tempered by patience and restraint, brought us "self government, free schools and free land." But how many of us know even the names of these men? Are our children in school taught to honour them as patriots? Perhaps if they had risen in rebellion and killed to gain their goal they would have been honoured more! Who knows?

Why should this be so? I would mention only two illustrious men who devoted their lives to the service of their Island home. One is George Coles, born and bred in Charlottetown, who became leader of the Liberal Party on the Island; the other, Edward Whalen, came as an immigrant boy with his mother to Halifax. The Hon. Joseph Howe got interested in this poor boy and educated him. At the age of 18 in 1843 he came to Charlottetown and at once began to work with Coles in the struggle for reform. The newspaper, 'The Island Argus', for August 31st, 1875, speaks thus in part about these two men: "Closely allied to Mr. Coles in the work for reform was the late Hon. Edward Whalen. These two names are inseparably associated with the liberal and progressive measure of the past . . . Coles was daring, original, practical and invincible, but his education was defective and his knowledge of history, government and political science necessarily limited. Whalen was clear, quick, polished, well bred, skilful in debate and eloquent with tongue and pen . . . The original mind of Coles conceived ideas and invented plans; Whalen gave them shape and comeliness. Then both united in carrying them into execution — one by rousing appeals from the platform to the stalwart yeomen of the country — in unpolished language to be sure, but vigorous appeals to the reason and understanding; the other by eloquent language, a smooth composition suited alike to the learned and uneducated, or withering satire that silenced if it did not convince his opponents." "Together these two men" writes Mr. Hart, "gave to their generation and to posterity a free education and a voice in the government."

It would seem unnecessary to tell the story of Confederation. Everyone knows that the meeting in the Provincial Building, Charlottetown, in 1864 originated by Sir Charles Tupper persuading the governments of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to appoint delegates to meet at Charlottetown to consider the advisability of the three provinces uniting. While this meeting was going on a ship arrived from Quebec with eight Ministers of the Crown who proposed that a wider union be discussed —

of all of British North America. Here began the plans that ultimately were consummated at Quebec and brought about Confederation which was confirmed by the Imperial Government in the British North America Act of 1867. Those were indeed men of vision who "Providence being their guide, builded better than they knew." However, it was not all plain sailing; neither Nova Scotia nor New Brunswick was satisfied with the terms when first presented to them. It took six years for Prince Edward Island to become "Canadian." The opposition was widespread; Edward Whalen, the strongest supporter of Confederation, had died. It may surprise you to know how determined was the opposition here. It was expressed in a resolution passed by the Assembly. I shall quote it in full: "This House cannot admit that a federal union of the North American provinces and colonies which would include Prince Edward Island could ever be accomplished on terms that would prove advantageous to the interests and well-being of the people of this Island, separated as it is, and must ever remain, from the neighboring provinces by an immovable barrier of ice for many months in the year; and this House deems it to be its sacred and imperative duty to declare that any federal union of the North American Colonies that would embrace this Island would be as hostile to the feelings and wishes, as it would be opposed to the best and most vital interests of the people."

Pressure was brought to bear on this recalcitrant little island; the Colonial Secretary sent a letter urging the Island to join Canada and made a suggestion that otherwise the Island might be called upon to pay the Governor's salary; the Canadian Government imposed

a duty on Island exports; finally a delegation of three members of the Cabinet came down from Ottawa to offer more generous terms. Tempora mutantur, times have indeed changed; neither Canada nor Britain is making any effort today to bring Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation. The Island remained self-sufficient and obdurate.

In 1871 something happened to make the Islanders realize they could not stand alone. The Hon. J. C. Pope and his coalition government passed an act in two days for the construction of a railway from Georgetown to Cascumpec; this railway was to cost not more than $5,000 a mile. The need of a railway was indeed great; the roads were impassable in spring, winter and autumn owing to the nature of the soil; lumbering stage coaches, truck horses and oxen were the only means of transport by land. One travelled by ship when going from Summerside to Charlottetown; in fact no journey of any length was made by land. Besides a railway would mean an increase in our trade, enable us to develop our resources and would make for better communication with the mainland. The building of the railway was a wise step from a commercial point of view; but so small and youthful a country with a population of only 80,000 was not able to shoulder the enormous cost. The cost of the railway was enormous, because the builders had no contract for the whole job and the railway went wandering around every little hill and brook. It would never pay for itself as expected; the people could not be taxed heavily enough to meet the cost; the treasury was empty. We had to eat humble pie and go to the Dominion. After trips to Ottawa and much controversy we were offered most generous terms. The Dominion was to advance $8,000,000 for buying the land from the large proprietors; the Island was to receive $50 per head of its population; the Dominion Government was to foot the bill of certain public services; continuous steam service with the mainland was to be established; the Island should be represented in the Dominion Parliament by six members; the railway debt was to be assumed by Canada which would then own the Prince Edward Island railway. The Assembly agreed — as well they might — there was nothing very heroic in our entering into the Dominion. One can imagine the first members to go to Ottawa feeling a bit shame-faced.

Nevertheless Mr. Hart describes thus the celebration in Charlottetown when we were received into the Dominion of Canada. "On July 1st, 1873, Canada celebrated the sixth anniversary of her birthday by welcoming the Island into the family. At an early hour on that day Charlottetown was gayly decked with bunting and flags, streamers and bright ribbons. Even the ships in the river and harbour — and there were many in those days — were decorated in honor of the occasion. At noon the Dominion flag was run up on the Colonial Building, on the Post Office and at Fort Edward. From the fort a salute of twenty-one guns boomed, the people who had gathered at Queen's Square sang lustily the National Anthem and the church and city bells rang merrily. Then from the balcony of the Provincial Building the Sheriff read in loud, clear tones the Union Proclamation telling the world that Prince Edward Island had become a province of the Dominion of Canada. At last Islanders had become Canadians and from that date the story of the

Island province is part of the history of Canada."

But we as Islanders are distinguished for our modesty about our Island and our achievements. Still we must not hide our light under a bushel; there are a few things about which we may honestly be proud. In 1852 the first telegraph cable in America was laid between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine; many people will be surprised to know that the first automobile to be run in America was invented by Rev. Father Belcourt of Rustico in 1866. It got under way and ran for half a mile in the presence of 900 guests! In New Glasgow was built the first Canadian ship to sail to New Zealand. We have produced presidents of banks, statesmen of the first rank both in Canada and the United States, professors in universities in both countries from the Atlantic to the Pacific and leaders in the Church of outstanding ability. Then to come down to material things are not our potatoes and oysters known to be the best in the world? And of course we are the centre of the black and silver fox industry. But there, if I go on I shall be boasting! However, I should never go so far as the lady who, when visiting in Toronto, made some purchase at a wholesale house and gave her address to have them sent to Summerside, Prince Edward Island. The salesman asked, "Prince Edward Island? Do you have dollars and cents there?" She answered with the utmost scorn in her voice, "Young man, there are nine provinces in Canada and Prince Edward Island is the most important!"

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

—[illegible]

Cavendish
Prince Edward Island
November, [illegible]

OUR ISLAND STORY

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of long ago.

7

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the leaf [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] by the New World [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the French [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Mr. [illegible] says that the closing years of the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] England, the [illegible] French [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] England [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and the Colonies in the [illegible] the French [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Treaty [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Carpenters and workmen were brought in [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Lord [illegible] with the [illegible]

The [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

of St. John [illegible] France, [illegible] much spirit. [illegible] Canada.

The island [illegible] French [illegible]

The [illegible] the island [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

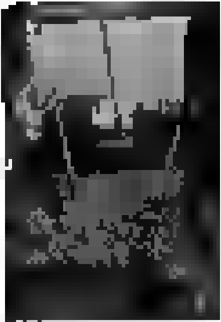
[illegible]

The Lords of Trade [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] of St. John [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] with the [illegible]

In [illegible] the proprietors of the said [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of St. John [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] and of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] of [illegible] of St. John [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] their property and [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The first Supreme Court was held in [illegible]

In the summer of [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] St. John's Island

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] The Island

[illegible]

[illegible] Christmas Tree Island

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]. The [illegible] from the [illegible] of the [illegible] in the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] of the [illegible] by the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] of the [illegible]

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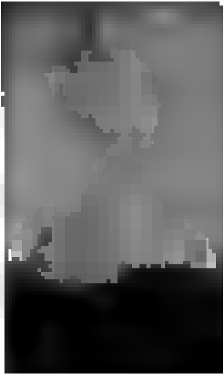

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

*

[illegible] of the year the Lions. The [illegible] of these [illegible] branch of the conditions upon which [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] they proposed the [illegible] of [illegible] by the [illegible] for the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of their [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

In an [illegible] manner [illegible] Prince Edward Island to Carlyle, [illegible] to [illegible]. She was Margaret, Edward [illegible], [illegible] and to Carlyle."

In 1788 [illegible] young doctor, Alexander Carlyle, [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] to the [illegible] of the [illegible]. [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] daughter, Margaret, and the [illegible] young [illegible] [illegible] and married.

Mrs. Herbert [illegible] from [illegible] old [illegible] book of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

July 12, 1788 [illegible] large [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]

[illegible] 1789 [illegible] [illegible].

April 5, 1791 [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. Herbert [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the American War [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] daughter [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] young Thomas Carlyle [illegible] [illegible] Margaret Carlyle [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of the Island. [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] and [illegible] of the Island.

[illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] of the Governor of the [illegible] [illegible] the Island [illegible] Governor [illegible] the Island [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

prepared for him. About the same time St. Andrew's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] supplied only by the Corporation. It took almost one hundred years for the authorities to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the education of our children.

There were three Grammar Schools, one in each [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Council. These were [illegible] and good [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] go round in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] go round in the [illegible] again
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And all [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible]
Of [illegible] days
[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
To the [illegible]
By the [illegible] of the
[illegible] the [illegible]
Till the [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
Of the [illegible] the [illegible]
Then the [illegible] and the [illegible]
And the [illegible] the [illegible]
And the [illegible]
In the [illegible] where they [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
Of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]

The [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

of all of British North America. They began the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Thomas [illegible] Americans [illegible] Prince Edward Island would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Island would be [illegible] [illegible] the people."

Pressure was brought to bear on the [illegible] Island, the Colonial [illegible] Canada [illegible] the Island [illegible] Government [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] in Canada

[illegible]

[illegible] Prince Edward [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Prince Edward [illegible]